

## Joe Walsh "Indian Summer"

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I was taken by surprise by the thunder  
Sit and stared out at the rain  
Taken back, I was younger  
In a vacant lot day  
And the fall brought an Indian summer  
And plenty of places to play  
I can still hear 'em calling (far away)  
I can hear thunder (far away)  
Well the summers are hot and the winters get cold  
Not a lot smarter, but another year old  
Sometimes I'm still at the fishing hole  
And you never needed bait where we used to go  
Just a safety pin hook on a bamboo pole  
Take the big ones home; let the little ones go (far  
away)  
And I can hear thunder  
Walking down the alley  
And it's not as easy as it used to be  
Finding time to let my mind wander  
I can still hear 'em calling  
Indian summer

