

## Chris Webby

### "Indian Summer"

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Summer is lost now  
The frost, it closing in  
To the cold gospel dollar  
The poor man walks in sin  
I can't get no entrance, the doors all in rows  
I pray into the distance, let me out of these heavy  
clothes

I'm begin', Indian summer, I need some return  
So hard to get warm now  
It's so easy to get burned  
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned  
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned

When a sister called up, said how long have broken  
down?  
I said there too much ice around here, to find no solid  
ground  
While I just squeeze a season, from this paper bag  
I pray to the burning tires, and wrap my feet in rags

Begin', Indian summer, I need some return  
So hard to get warm now, so easy to get burned  
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned  
It's so hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get  
burned

Now the skies empty  
The street is sweating tears  
Communion at the station  
For a million grinding years  
While I'm riding out this century  
The harvest engine sing  
From the church of mercenaries  
To a naked virgin spring

I'm singing, Indian summer, I need some return  
So hard to get warm now  
So easy to get burned  
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned  
It's so hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get

burned

Hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned

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