

Chris Whitley **"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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