

The 77S "Indian Winter"

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Indian winter turn to Indian spring
Please can an Indian chant
Until the buds bloom green again?

Chant Dance Indian

I was supposed to know
How my sweet life would go

Indian winter turn to Indian summer
Can an Indian dance
Away the rain clouds gathering?

Rain Dance

Now I seem to find
I'm losing time and mind

Fly, outside of time
See the thin line
Between what you love and hate
And try to realize
That what you despise
Is lying and being lied to

Chant Dance Chant Dance

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