

Tori Amos

"Indian Summer"

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Indian summer
Fresh mown grass
Girls in the attic
Looking on them
Indian summer
Call me back
Someone tell me there is another way

Is it loud
Is it autumn that you're talking about
Is it why
Is it lost on what I'm talking about
Is it just that you can't find a way out
Find another way
Teach me how to pray

Indian Summer
Through the year
On the medicine wheel
Call me back
Trap me in between
Somewhere west
Somewhere south
It seems these days
Anything west gets the blade
Gets wasted

Is it right
Is it real what you're talking about
Everything that I feel
You're talking about
Sometimes I don't know what I'm hearing now
Is there another way
There is another way
Another way to pray

Here, here, here, here

Girls take your hands like you pray
Over the ground
Then back on your body
Girls take your hands like you pray

Through the blades of grass
Gently, gently, gently
There is another way
Yes, another way
Another way to pray

Indian summer
Fresh mown grass
Can you Mr Bush
Light the sage
Can you, anyone that's listening
Find a way
It is clear, it is clear
That we need another way
Another way to pray

Do you feel
Do you feel now
What I'm talking about
Everywhere that I look
I know no one's coming out
Out of it
What it is
And what they're feeling now
There is another way
Another way to pray

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