

## Write This Down

### "Garden Of Dreams: Indian Summer"

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Days getting shorter, nights turning cold  
Last days of summer, tales being told  
Canning the fruits now, sweetness your soul  
Birds have flown, now kids are grown  
Sunlight still fighting the afternoon  
Lift up the curtains and hand me my cane  
Go for a walk now down old Sunny Lane

Take me to places with more smiling faces  
Take me to cities, all cultures and races  
Show me a warlord that's way out of fashion  
Show me a world where there's a place for compassion

Days getting shorter, nights turning cold  
Last rays of sunlight in valley below  
Bring home the roses, but leave out the thorn  
Ladies gone to the shadowlands  
Sunlight still fighting against the rain  
Let down the curtains and hand me my cane  
Go for a walk once more old Sunny Lane

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