

## **Morrison Van**

### **"Golden Autumn Day"**

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Well I heard the bells ringing, I was thinking about  
winning  
In this God forsaken place  
When my confidence was well, then I tripped and I felt  
Right flat on my face  
Now I'm standing erect, and I feel like coming back  
And the sun is shining gold  
Put a smile on my face, get back in the human race  
And get on with the show  
And I'm taking in the Indian Summer  
And I'm soaking it up in my mind  
And I'm pretending that it's paradise  
On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day  
On a golden autumn day, an a golden autumn day

In the wee midnight hour I was parking my car  
In this dimly lit town,  
I was attacked by two thugs, who took me for a mug  
And shoved me down on the ground  
And they pulled out a knife, and I fought my way up  
As they scarpered from the scene  
Well this is no New York street, and there's no Bobby on  
the beat  
And things ain't just what they seem

And I'm taking in the Indian Summer  
And I'm soaking it up in my mind  
And I'm pretending that it's paradise  
On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day  
On a golden autumn day, an a golden autumn day

Who would think this could happen in a city like this  
Among Blake's green and pleasant hills,  
And we must remember as we go through September  
Among these dark satanic mills  
If there's such a thing as justice I could take them out  
and flog them  
In the nearest green field  
And it might be a lesson to the bleeders of the system  
In this whole society

And I'm taking in the Indian Summer  
And I'm soaking it up in my mind  
And I'm pretending like it's paradise  
On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day  
On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day,  
golden autumn day ...

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