

## Indian Summer Day

I have tended the fields so the seeds of love and respect of the fall harvest yields were killed by bitter cold and neglect

The reward of many long hours labor should be peace at the end of the day, end of the day.

I will buy my time watching the lone star burn the sky, till the late autumn comes drying the tears from my eyes.

I will remember you when a new love comes my way. Down the road on an Indian summer day.

I have given my time to achieve the best possible means, but my efforts I find have gone quite unnoticed it seems.

But thanks for all I gave was, was goodbye, I'm on my way, on my way.

I will buy my time as faded roses wilt and die till the late autumn comes and I can let my demons die.

I will remember you when a new love comes my way. Down the road on an Indian summer day.

There was a time when... A restless breeze would wake our souls

There was a time when... in the distance ?

But when the storm came, Our fragile ?

Well, I fought the good fight, knowing not what the fighting is for

But with each passing night, I realized more and more.

There is no use in even trying when you don't really need what you win

Don't need what you win.

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