

# Indian Summer

Brooks & Dunn

The tall weeds lay flat down  
On the hard flat Kansas ground.  
And a sad song in her head,  
Kept goin' round.

She barely even knew his name,  
But she liked the way he played the game.  
Everybody cheered,  
When he scored that last touchdown...

Indian Summer,  
The wonder,  
The hunger,  
And the sound of distant thunder.  
Indian Summer.

Tangled in a moment of truth.  
Bottle of wine in a motel room.  
Blue haze circled 'round  
The cold gray moon.

While the wind chased the leaves outside.  
Passion found a place to hide.  
Late September heat,  
Couldn't be denied.

Oh Indian Summer,  
The wonder,  
The hunger,  
And the sound of distant thunder.  
Indian Summer.

She never even finished school.  
People like to talk, they can be so cruel.  
Her California was a place,  
To start brand new.

So she left that dust bowl town.  
Sometimes when the lone wind howls.  
I wonder where we'd be,  
If i never scored that last  
Touchdown.

Summer.  
The wonder,  
The hunger,  
And the sound of distant thunder.  
Indian Summer.

Oh woah!