

Garden of Dreams - Indian Summer

The Flower Kings

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