Luna, Into The Fold

Breakfast in cemetery
Boy tastin wild cherry
Touch girl, apple blossom
Just a boy playin possum
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
And go our seperate ways
What is that cheerful sound?
Rain fallin on the ground
We'll wear a jolly crown
Buckle up, we're wayward bound
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
And go our seperate ways
Motorbike to cemetery
Picnic on wild berries
French toast with molasses
Croquet and Baked Alaskas
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
We'll come back for Indian Summer
And go our seperate ways
Cover me with rain
Walk me down the lane
I'll drink from your drain
We will never change
No matter what they say