Stereophonics, Indian Summer

Every time that I see her, A lightning bolt fills the room, The underbelly of Paris, She sings her favorite tune, She'll drink you under the table, She'll show you a trick or two, But every time that I left her, I missed the things she would do.

She was the one - for me, She opened my eyes - to see, She was the one - for me, Well alright.

It was a cold September,
Before the Indian summer,
That's the thing I remember,
Then she gave me her number,
Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended,
She was the one - for me,
Well alright.

Vodka with Coca Cola, Cocaine tucked in her shoes, Cigarettes over coffee, Her halo slipped to a noose, Take a slow boat to China, You fly a rag 'round the moon, She could take it or leave it, I knew it had to end soon.

She was the one - for me, She opened my eyes - to see, She was the one - for me, Well alright.

It was a cold September,
Before the Indian summer,
That's the thing I remember,
When she gave me her number,
Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation,
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended,
She was the one - for me,
Well alright, alright, alright, yeah