

Autumn Is Your Last Chance

Robyn Hitchcock

I walk through the heather
Underneath the sky
The leaves have never looked as good
As now they're going to die
But I know why
I smile in the heather
Where we used to stroll
The dew on the cobwebs
Shines like gold
But I don't care
If it shines all year
'Cause you're not there and
I don't care and
You're not there