

The Autumn Stone

Small Faces

I was nowhere, till you changed my mind
Love is sent through being good to you
Then you were somewhere, Somewhere hard to find
Only what you always were, it's true

I'm looking for an open door
Where I can sit and play in peace and quiet

Tomorrow changes
Fields of green today
Yesterday is dead, but not my memory
We were strangers
And then you came to stay
The sweetest spring old morning sings to me
So now I've found a living sound
That moves, that breathes, and then makes love to me