Autumn

Carla Bruni

There is a wind where the rose was Cold rain where sweet grass was And clouds like sheep, stream o'er the steep Grey skies where the lark was Where the lark was

Naught gold where your hair was
Naught warm where your hand was
But phantom's forlorn beneath the thorn
Your ghost where your face was
Where your face was

Sad winds where your voice was Tears, tears where my heart was And ever with me, child, ever with me Silence where hope was Where hope was

There is a wind where the rose was There is a wind where the rose was