

Autumn Leaves

Casey Abrams

The falling leaves, drift by the window
The autumn leaves of red and gold
I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sunburned hands I used to hold

Since you went away the days grow long
And soon I'll hear old winter's song
But I miss you most of all, my darling
When autumn leaves start to fall

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The leaves of red, and the leaves of red and gold
I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sunburned hands that I used to hold

Since you went away the days grow long
And soon I'll hear old winter's song
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