Rusty Green

John Denver

Rusty green, the summer's almost gone. I see winds clouding up the $\mathop{\hbox{sun}}$

And I can't find my way, everything's gray.

Rusty green eyes on my mind, memory someplace out of time All the things we would do, I still love you.

It's a sad song to sing, painted rusty green. A green fading pi cture of spring.