

## Autumn Tree

Milo Greene

Under the autumn tree  
The chair where you would swing  
The yard so full of leaves  
It comforts me

A man that resembles me  
Watching his young lady sleep  
Now I'm off to dream  
Comfort me

Is this my old shape?  
My mind is away  
How long have you been gone?  
And the cold winter's aged  
The soft of your face  
And I can't move on

My good morning sun  
Fish from early hunt  
I wake but you're gone  
Linger on

Is this my old shape?  
My mind is away  
How long have you been gone?  
And the cold winter's aged  
The soft of your face  
And I can't move on  
Linger on,  
Linger on,  
And I can't move on  
Linger on,  
Linger on,  
And I can't move on  
Linger on,  
Linger on,  
And I can't move on  
Linger on,  
Linger on,  
No, I can't move on