

Leaves That Are Green

Paul Simon

I was twenty-one years when I wrote this song
I'm twenty-two now but I won't be for long
Time hurries on.
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,
And they wither with the wind,
And they crumble in your hand.

Once my heart was filled with love of a girl.
I held her close, but she faded in the night
Like a poem I meant to write.
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,
And they wither with the wind,
And they crumble in your hand.

I threw a pebble in a brook
And watched the ripples run away
And they never made a sound.
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,
And they wither with the wind,
And they crumble in your hand.

Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Good-bye
Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye
That's all there is.
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,
And they wither with the wind,
And they crumble in your hand.