

Autumn This Year

Steve Forbert

Ba da ba da ba da ba da ba da...

Autumn this year is gonna break my heart
Leaves start falling and the feeling starts
Days turn shorter and the nights turn cool
And children walk home from school
And children walk home from school

Ba da ba da ba da...

Blue sky's clearer when that old mill stream
Flows cold water down a clean pipe dream
Airs like apples in the mild day sun
When summertime's race has run
When summertime's race has run

It gets in your throat
That melancholy mood
Its bound to make you sadder
But its good soul food
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh...

Round moons yellow and its gold light glows
Bare, black branches in a blind breeze blow
Old folk fables tend to talk like wine
And younger times haunt my mind

Halloween comes and its the last sweet night
Everything changes in the next days light
One tough cricket sings his last lone song
And wintertime comes on strong
And wintertime comes on strong