

Autumn Leaves

The falling leaves drift by my 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.



*Music by Jacques Prevert, lyrics by Joseph Kosma
Translated by Johnny Mercer*