

Early Autumn

Anita O'Day

When an early autumn walks the land and chills the breeze
And touches with her hand the summer trees
Perhaps you'll understand what memories I own
There's a dance pavilion, all shuttered down

A winding country lane, all russet brown
A frosty windowpane shows me a town grown lonely
That spring of ours that started, so April-hearted
Seemed made for just a boy and girl

I never dreamed, did you, any fall could come in view
So early, early
Darling, if you care, please let me know
I'll meet you anywhere, I miss you so
Let's never have to share another early autumn