

## Autumn Leaves

Bob Dylan

The falling leaves  
Drift by the 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