

## Autumn Leaves

Eva Cassidy

The falling leaves  
Drift by my window.  
The falling 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 song  
But i miss you most of all my darling  
When autumn leaves start to fall

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