

## Autumn Leaves

Frank Sinatra

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's song

But I miss you most of all  
My darling  
When autumn leaves  
Start to fall

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When autumn leaves  
Start to fall