

Milk And Honey

Jackson C. Frank

Gold and silver
Is the autumn
Soft and tender
Are the skies
Yes and no
Are the answers
Written in
My true love's eyes

Autumn's leaving
And winter's coming
I think that I'll be moving along
I've got to leave her
And find another
I've got to sing my heart's
True song

Round and round
The burning circle
All the seasons
One, two and three
Autumn comes
And then the winter
Spring is born
The world is free

Gold and silver
Bounds my heart on
All too soon
They fade and die
And then I'd know
There'd be no others
Milk and honey
Where they lie