

## Rusty Green

John Denver

Rusty green, the summer's almost gone. I see winds clouding up  
the sun

And I can't find my way, everything's gray.

Rusty green eyes on my mind, memory someplace out of time  
All the things we would do, I still love you.

It's a sad song to sing, painted rusty green. A green fading pi  
cture of spring.