

Season Suite: Fall

John Denver

Reflections in the water like shadows in my mind
Speak to me of passing days and nights and passing time
The falling leaves are whispering, 'Winter's on it's way'
I close my eyes, remembering the warmth of yesterday

It seems a shame to see September swallowed by the wind
And more than that, it's, oh, so sad to see the summer end
And though the changing colors are a lovely thing to see
If it were mine to make the change, I think I'd let it be
But I don't remember hearing anybody asking me