

Milk and Honey

Nick Drake

Gold and silver is the autumn
Soft and tender are her 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 leaves and then there winter
Spring is born and wanders free

Gold and silver burns my autumns
All too soon they'd fade and die
And then I'd know, there'd be no others
Milk and honey were their lies