

# Leaves That Are Green

Paul Simon

I was twenty-one years when I wrote this song  
I'm twenty-two now but I won't be for long  
Time hurries on.  
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,  
And they wither with the wind,  
And they crumble in your hand.

Once my heart was filled with love of a girl.  
I held her close, but she faded in the night  
Like a poem I meant to write.  
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,  
And they wither with the wind,  
And they crumble in your hand.

I threw a pebble in a brook  
And watched the ripples run away  
And they never made a sound.  
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,  
And they wither with the wind,  
And they crumble in your hand.

Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Good-bye  
Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye  
That's all there is.  
And the Leaves That Are Green turn to brown,  
And they wither with the wind,  
And they crumble in your hand.