Autumn Leaves (Lyle Ritz version)
by Joseph Kosma and Jacques Prevert (1947)

The falling leaves, drift by my window The autumn leaves of red and gold

I see your lips, the summer kisses The sun-burned hands, I used to hold

Since you went away, the days grow long And soon I’ll hear old winter’s song.

But I miss you most of all, my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall

**Instrumental:** same chords as verse