Autumn Leaves
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.


Bridge: 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.


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San Jose Ukulele Club