



AUTUMN LEAVES w. Jacques Prevert, Johnny Mercer

m. Joseph Kosma

4/4 1...2...1

The falling leaves drift by my window the Autumn Leaves of red and gold.

I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sunburned 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.