

# AUTUMN LEAVES

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The fall - ing leaves drift by the win - dow, The au - tumn  
 leaves of red and gold. I see your  
 lips, the sum - mer kiss - es The sun - burned  
 hands I used to hold. Since you  
 went a - way the days grow long, And soon I'll  
 hear old win - ter's song. But I  
 miss you most of all, my dar - ling. When  
 au - tumn leaves start to fall. The fall - ing fall.