Autumn Leaves
(Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma
English Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Med. Swing

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.

Melody is freely interpreted rhythmically.