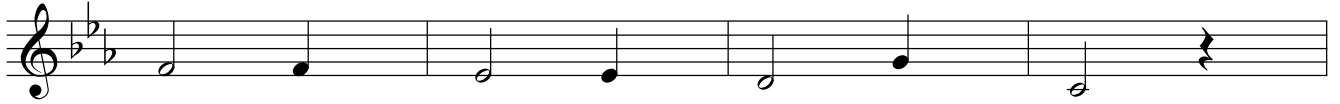


# Autumn Leaves

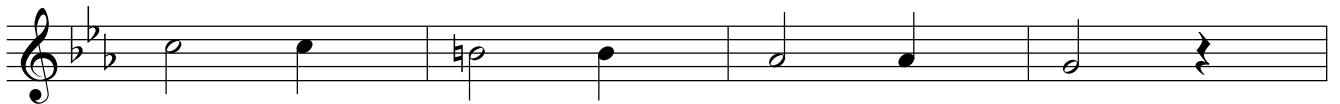
Erskine



Leaves are fal - ling rust and gold,



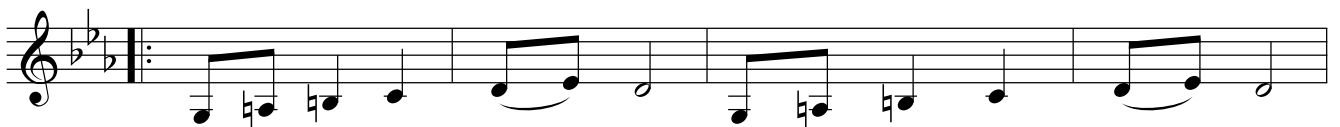
aut - umn leaves of col - ours bold.



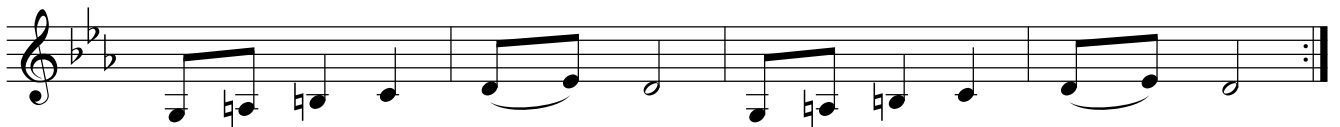
Days grow short - er, trees look old,



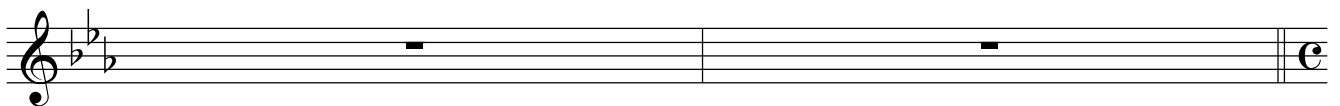
soon the wea - ther turns to cold.



Twist - ing and a - twirl - ing, in the breeze they're whirl - ing.



Float - ing and a - fall - ing, as the wind is call - ing.



Crunch-ing as I close my hand, aut - umn leaves turn in - to sand.



Crisp-ly un - der - neath my feet, I hear the leaves sound — in de-feat.