

# Autumn Leaves

Kosma/Mercer

The fall - ling leaves drift by my win - dow The au - tumn

leaves of red and gold I see your

lips, The sum - mer kis - ses the sun - burned

hands I used to hold When 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