

Autumn Leaves

Words & Music by Jacques Prevert, Johnny Mercer, Joseph Kosma



The fal - 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. 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.