

# Autumn Leaves – Eugen Cicero

The falling leaves drift by the window  
The autumn leaves of red and gold  
I see your lips, the summer kisses  
The sun-burned 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  
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



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych