

# Autumn

Carla Bruni

There is a wind where the rose was  
Cold rain where sweet grass was  
And clouds like sheep, stream o'er the steep  
Grey skies where the lark was  
Where the lark was Naught gold where your hair was  
Naught warm where your hand was  
But phantom's forlorn beneath the thorn  
Your ghost where your face was  
Where your face was Sad winds where your voice was  
Tears, tears where my heart was  
And ever with me, child, ever with me  
Silence where hope was  
Where hope was There is a wind where the rose was  
There is a wind where the rose was

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