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 wasNaught 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 wasSad 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 wasThere is a wind where the rose was
There is a wind where the rose was

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