

Les feuilles mortes

Yves Montand

The falling leaves
Drift by the window
The autumn leaves
Of red and gold I see your lips
The summer kisses
The sunburned 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 Start to fall
Start to fall
Autumn leaves

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