

# Gold on the Leaves

Luluc

Gum trees, put me at ease  
Their tall grey limbs, their sheltering green  
And though I like to roam far  
sometimes I long to be where I'm from  
The setting sun, retreats on the horizon  
The light on the leaves, there's gold in the trees  
See these days, I'm bound to cities and crowds  
but some days I yearn, and I have to return  
To the shimmering heat; the bold hot sun  
that bears down endlessly  
A shy little breeze, gathers with me  
I sit and I gaze at the space where you used to be  
The shimmering heat; the bold hot sun  
that bears down endlessly  
The rains will come, washed and undone  
I sit and I dream of the way we used to be

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