

Leaves That Are Green

[Pete Philly](#)

I was twenty-one years when I wrote this song
I'm twenty-two now but I won't be for long
Time hurries on
And the leaves that are green turn to brown
And they wither with the wind
And they crumble in your hand
Once my heart was filled with the love of a girl
I held her close, but she faded in the night
Like a poem I meant to write
And the leaves that are green turn to brown
And they wither with the wind
And they crumble in your hand

I threw a pebble in a brook
And watched the ripples run away
And they never made a sound
And the leaves that are green turned to brown
And they wither with the wind
And they crumble in your hand
Hello, hello, hello, hello
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
That's all there is
And the leaves that are green turned to brown

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