

# Falling Leaves

## Grandpa Jones

Falling leaves that lie scattered on the ground  
The birds and flowers that were here now can't be found  
All his friends that he once had are not around  
They are scattered like the leaves upon the ground.

Some folks drift along through life and never thrill  
To the feeling that a good deed brings until  
It's too late and they are ready to lie down  
Beneath the leaves there scattered on the ground.

Lord let my eyes see every need of every man;  
Let me stop and always lend a helping hand  
Then when I'm laid beneath that mossy ground  
There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground.

To your grave there's no use taking any gold;  
It's no use when it's time for hands to fold.  
When you leave this world for a better home some day  
The only thing you'll take is what you gave away.

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Lyrics submitted by Ray Campbell.

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