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.

Lyrics submitted by Ray Campbell.

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