Red Leaves

Andrew London

Took a train to old New York
River to Long Island sound
Howling wind along the tracks
The red leaves fall to the ground

The winter did not bless us then
We froze inside a dim-lit room
Waiting for the pain to end
A patient prayer for spring to bloom

I am home when you are near
Just half a whole, my dear
And when I write, please see me through
The red leaves keep me close to you

And there I saw your face again
The leaves my daughter walking in
You and I were standing still
And let winter begin again

I am home when you are near
Just half a whole, my dear
And when I write, please see me through
The red leaves keep me close to you

On my way, back to life
On the solemn streets past neon lights
The hurried people pass us by
In leaves of red my daughter lies

Be still my love and dry your eyes
In leaves of red our daughter lies.

Lyrics submitted by hwnw.

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