

# Autumn Tree

Milo Greene

Under the autumn tree  
The chair where you would swing  
A yard so full of leaves  
comfort meA man that resembles me  
Watching his young lady sleep  
Now i'm off to dream  
comforts meIs this my old shape, my mind is away,  
How long have you been gone  
The cold winter aged the soft of your face  
And i cant move onMarket morning sun  
Fish from an early hunt  
I wait but you're gone  
linger onIs this my old shape, my mind is away,  
How long have you been gone  
The cold winter aged the soft of your face  
And i cant move onLinger on  
Linger on  
I cant move on

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