# 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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