

Wheeler Cheryl

"When Fall Comes To New England"

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When Fall comes to New England

The sun slants in so fine

And the air's so clear

You can almost hear the grapes grow on the vine

The nights are sharp with starlight

And the days are cool and clean

And in the blue sky overhead

The northern geese fly south instead

And leaves are Irish Setter red

When Fall comes to New England

When Fall comes to New England

And the wind blows off the sea

Swallows fly in a perfect sky

And the world was meant to be

When the acorns line the walkways

Then winter can't be far

From yellow leaves a blue jay calls

Grandmothers walk out in their shawls

And chipmunks run the old stone walls

When Fall comes to New England

The frost is on the pumpkin

The squash is off the vine
And winter warnings race across the sky
The squirrels are on to something
And they're working overtime
The foxes blink and stare and so do I
'Cause when Fall comes to New England
Oh I can't turn away
From fading light on flying wings
And late good-byes a robin sings
And then another thousand things
When Fall comes to New England
When Fall comes to New England
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