

Susan Boyle "Autumn Leaves"

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"Autumn Leaves"

Autumn leaves under frozen souls,
Hungry hands turning soft and old,
My hero cried as we stood out there in the cold,
Like these autumn leaves I don't have nothing to hold.

Handsome smile, wearing handsome shoes,
Too young to say, though I swear he knew,
And I hear him singing while he sits there in his chair,
While these autumn leaves float around everywhere.

And I look at you, and I see me,
Making noise so restlessly,
But now it's quiet and I can hear you sing,
'My little fish don't cry, my little fish don't cry.'

Autumn leaves have faded now,
That smile I lost, well I've found somehow,
Because you still live on in my father's eyes,
These autumn leaves, all these autumn leaves, all these
autumn leaves are yours tonight.

Mmmmmmm....

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