

Harper Simon

"Leaves Of Golden Brown"

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Come on over
Throw a jacket over your shoulder
Dream a while
What more can I say
Maybe it's not your day
But the leaves of golden brown
Are gonna fall away

Vows are broken
Rain falls in the ocean
Friendships die
Or occupy a space
In a fabricated place
Look for easy answers in a stranger's face

Love's a second language to you
Connection turns the black to blue
Stars fall into disarray
When you wander out of frame
And the cold wind blows
Scattering leaves across the ground:
It makes a pretty lonesome sound

Come on over
Throw a jacket over your shoulder
Dream a while
What more can I say
Maybe it's not your day
But the leaves of golden brown
Are gonna fall away

Driving through the pines and birches
Past the Pentecostal churches
Another heart in disrepair
Looking for a life to share
And the cold wind blows
Scattering leaves across the ground:
It makes a pretty lonesome sound

