

Milo Greene "Autumn Tree"

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Under the autumn tree
The chair where you would swing
The yard so full of leaves
It comforts me

A man that resembles me
Watching his young lady sleep
Now I'm off to dream
Comfort me

Is this my old shape?
My mind is away
How long have you been gone?
And the cold winter's aged
The soft of your face
And I can't move on

My good morning sun
Fish from early hunt
I wake but you're gone
Linger on

Is this my old shape?
My mind is away
How long have you been gone?
And the cold winter's aged
The soft of your face
And I can't move on
Linger on,
Linger on,
And I can't move on
Linger on,
Linger on,
And I can't move on
Linger on,
Linger on,
And I can't move on
Linger on,
Linger on,
And I can't move on
Linger on,
Linger on,
No, I can't move on

