

Small Fred

"The Last Time I Had Autumn"

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Northfield Minnesota frost upon the plow

The barley and the soybeans are at the feed lot now

Leaves as dry as paper crumble neath my tread

Colors of October like memories of the dead

And the last time I saw autumn's fire was a thousand
years ago

I put my faith in autumn -- seasons come seasons go

And every sign of autumn now is bound to make me
blue

The last time I had autumn I had you

The last time I had autumn I had you

The crooked streets of Cambridge are skirted now with
snow

There's a bookstore crammed with browsers every
twenty yards or so

And one night last December I searched each one high
and low

To find the gift you wanted that only I would know

And the last time I felt winter's blast was a thousand
years ago

I put my faith in winter -- seasons come seasons go

And every gust of winter now is bound to make me blue

The last time I had winter I had you

How many times must I pull the car to the shoulder

Just to cry by the side of the road

How many times must I reach and grasp at nothing

Before I can let you go

In the hills above Las Cruces forget-me-nots have
bloomed

I walk the ridge till sundown and whistle a lover's tune

They've put me in the same old bed and the people
here are kind

I get the urge to call you and put it from my mind

For the last time I breathed springtime air was a
thousand years ago

I put my faith in springtime -- seasons come seasons
go

And every breath of spring now is bound to make me
blue

The last time I had springtime I had you

The last time I had springtime I had you

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