

Angie Aparo "Falling Leaves"

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Daddy brings the bread, mother brings the milk
Baby is beginning, grandmother is ill
Everything I own doesn't matter anyway

All the falling leaves, they make no sound
They sweep them off the street
Life goes on, the love you've found
You're beautiful to me

We can't afford the rent, let's go on vacation
All the money's spent but life is an invention
Maybe we are rich 'cause we have each other

All the falling leaves, they make no sound
They sweep them off the street
Life goes on, the love you've found
You're beautiful to me

Can you hear the bell ringing in the church
Somebody got married, somebody returned
I see all the falling leaves they make no sound
All the falling leaves make no sound

You sweep them off the street
Life goes on, the love you've found
You're beautiful to me

All these falling leaves keep falling
All these falling leaves keep falling
All these falling leaves keep falling
All these falling leaves

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