

By: J. Kosma & J. Mercer

A Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab

The fall - ing leaves drift by my win - dow The au - tumn

Dø G7 Cm

leaves of red and gold; I see your

A Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab

lips the sum - mer kiss - es, The sun - burned

Dø G7 Cm

hands I used to hold. Since you

B Dø G7 Cm7

went a - way the days grow long And soon I'll

Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab

hear old win - ter's song, But I

C Dø G7 Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7

miss you most of all, my dar - ling, When

Ab Dø G7 Cm

au - tumn leaves start to fall.