Slowly

The falling leaves drift by the window, the autumn leaves, of red and gold.
I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sun burned hands I used to hold.

Since you went away, the days grow long, and soon I'll hear old winter's song. But I miss you most of all, my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall.

Music by JOSEPH KOSMA
English lyric by JOHNNY MERCER
French lyric by JACQUES PREVERT