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.

— Bill Evans — "PORTRAIT IN JAZZ"
And soon I'll hear old winter's song.

But I miss you most of all, my darling,

when autumn leaves start to fall.

(The falling)