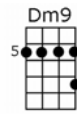
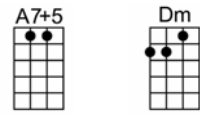
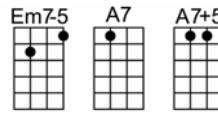
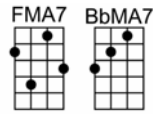
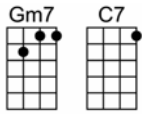


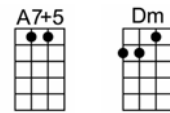
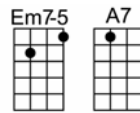
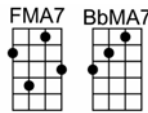
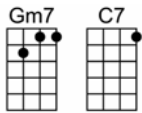
AUTUMN LEAVES

w. Jacques Prevert, Johnny Mercer
m. Joseph Kosma

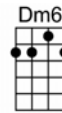
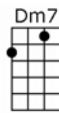
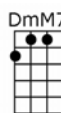
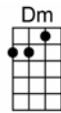
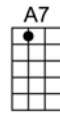
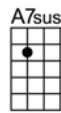
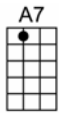
4/4 1...2...1



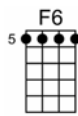
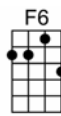
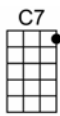
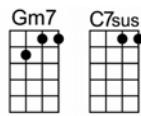
The falling leaves drift by my window, the Autumn Leaves of red and gold.



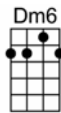
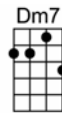
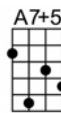
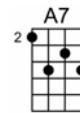
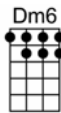
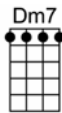
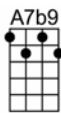
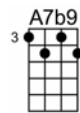
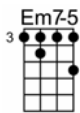
I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sunburned hands I used to hold.



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.