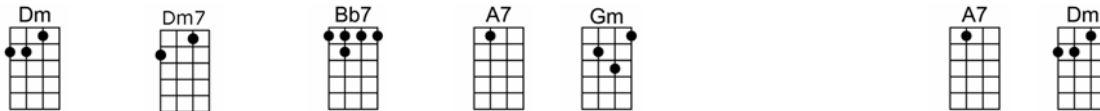


AUTUMN LEAVES w. Jacques Prevert, Johnny Mercer m. Joseph Kosma

VERSE:



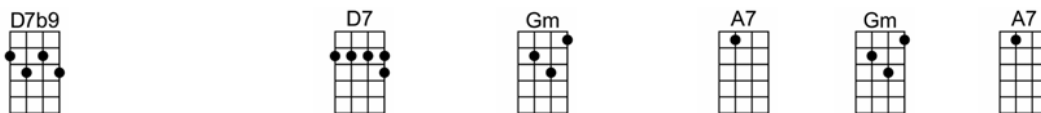
Oh! je voud-rais tant que tu te sou-viennes des jours heureux où nous étions a-mis



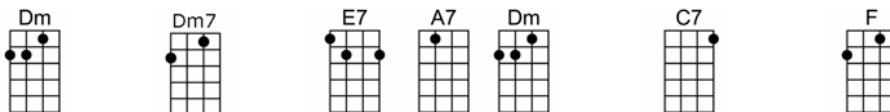
En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle, et le so-leil plus brû-lant qu'aujour-dhui.



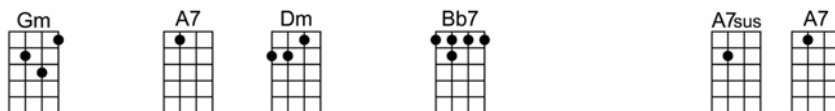
Les Feuilles Mortes se ra-massent à la pelle tu vois, je n'ai pas oubli-é



Les Feuilles Mortes se ra-massent à la pelle les souve-nirs et les regrets aussi

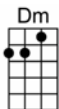
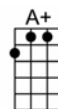
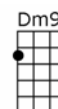


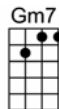
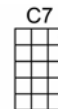
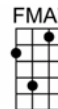
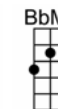
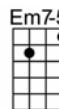
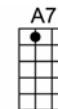
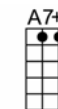
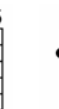
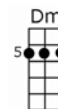
Et le vent du Nord les em-port – e dans la nuit froide de l'oubli



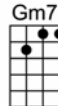

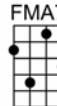
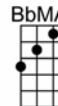
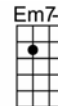
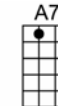
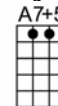
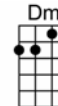
Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié la chan-son que tu me chantais.

p.2 Autumn Leaves

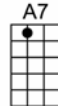
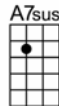
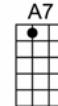
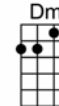
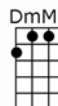
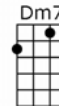
INTRO:   

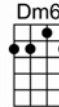
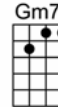
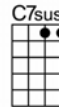
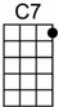
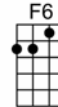

C'est une chan-son qui nous res-semble, Toi tu m'ai-mais et je t'ai-mais.

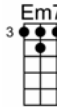
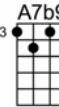
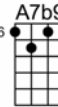


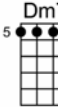
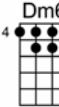
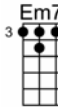

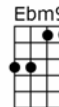
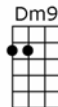
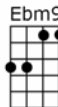
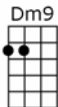
Nous vivons tous les deux en-semble. Toi qui m'ai-mais moi qui t'ai-mais.

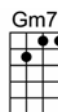
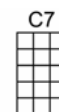


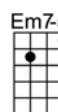
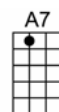
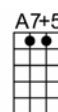
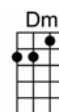
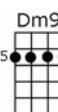
Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment

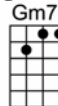
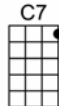
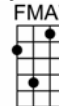
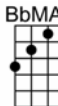
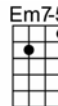
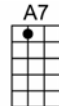
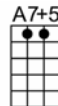
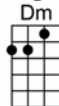
Tout douce-ment sans faire de bruit.

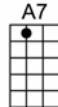
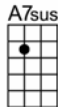
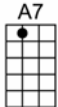
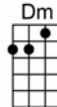
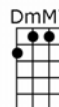
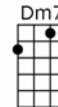
Et la mer efface sur le sable les pas des a-mants désunis.



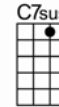
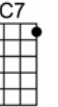
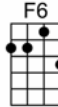
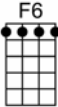
The falling leaves drift by my window, the Autumn Leaves of red and gold.

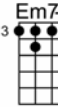
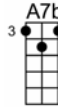
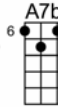
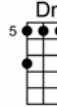

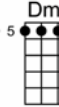
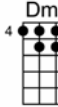


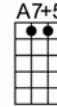
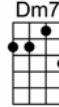

I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sunburned hands I used to hold.


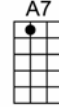
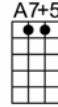
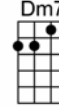


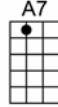
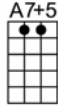
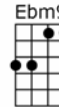
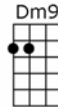
Since you went away the days grow long,

and soon I'll hear old winter's song.

But I miss you most of all, my darling, when Autumn Leaves start to fall.

When Autumn Leaves start to fall. When Autumn Leaves start to fall.