

Autumn

Reflections on the water,
Like shadows in my mind,
Speak to me of passing days,
And nights in passing time.
The autumn leaves are whispering,
Winter is on its way.
I close my eyes remembering
The warmth of yesterday.
It seems a shame to see September swallowed by the wind,
And more than that it's also sad
To see the summer end.
And though the changing color
Is a lovely thing to see,
If it were mine to make a change, I think I'd let it be...
But I don't remember hearing
Anybody asking me.

by John Denver
