FALLEN LEAVES

Key: D

[Chorus] Fall-ing leaves that lie scat-ter-ed on the ground— The birds and

flow-ers that were here can-not be found— All the friends that he once

knew are not a-round, They're all scat-ter-ed like the leaves up-on the

ground. 1) Some-folks drift a-long through life and ne-ver thrill,

2) Lord, let my eyes see the need of ev-er-y man,

3) In your grave there's no use tak-ing a-ny gold;

0 0 2 2 1 0. 0 1 2. 2 3 4 3
To the feeling that a good deed brings until,
Make me step and always lend a helping hand,
You can’t use it when it’s time for hands to fold,

It’s too late and they are ready to lie down,
Then when I’m laid beneath that little grassy mound,
When you leave this earth for a better home some day,

There beneath the leaves that’s scattered on the ground.
There’ll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground.
The only things you take are what you gave away.