Fallen Leaves

Key of D

Fall-ing leaves that lie scat-tered on the ground. The birds and flow-ers that were

D

DUL A
DUL D

here can not be found. All the friends that he once knew are not a-round. They're all

D

DUL A
DUL D

scat-tered like the leaves up-on the ground. Some folks drift a-long through

D

DUL A
DUL D

Lard let my eyes see the need
To your grave there's no use.

D

DUL A
DUL D

life and ne-ver thrill. To the feel-ing that a good deed brings un-til,

D

DUL A
DUL D

of e-very man. Make me stop and al ways lend a help-ing hand,

tak-ing a-ny gold; You can't use it when it's time for hands to fold,

D

DUL A
DUL D

It's too late and they are ready to lie down. There be-

D

DUL A
DUL D

Then when I'm laid be-neath that lit-tle gras- sy moun-d. There'll be more

D

DUL A
DUL D

When you leave this earth for a bet-ter home some day. The on-ly

D

DUL A
DUL D

neath the leaves that's scat-tered on the ground,

D

DUL A
DUL D

friends a-round than leaves up-on the ground.

D

DUL A
DUL D

things you take are what you gave a-way.