

Autumn in her Eyes

TITTLE 1/3

voice 1: a - h a - h a - h a h - ah -

Ad lib

voice 1: Spring-time fresh, i made my dreams, when summer came, those dreams made me;

so many spilled but so many filled, now there's no-thing left but me - mo - ries.

voice 2: au-tumn in her eyes, at twen-ty two, what she do, once are dreams lived, they can be lived no more, and those that die are dead. her

2 octaves higher

heart gave her sweet-ness all sea-son long, but soon not a drop was left at the core; she

burned so in-tensely, a flame with her strength, now she flies, and jades in the wind of hour. voice: spring time

fresh, i made my dreams, when summer came, these dreams made me so ma-ny spilled, but

so ma-ny filled, now there's no-thing left but me - mo-ries.

voice 2: an turn in her eyes at that ty, two, what can she do, once are dream lives, they can be lived no more, and those that die are dead. her

2 octaves higher

love hangs on a brit-tle branch, u pon her face falls a ske-le-ton leaf.

em-bers can linger, weak'ning, they cool but it seems she chose to flare bright and brief.

an tear in her eye, at twenty two

ah — ah — ah — ah — ah —

2 octaves higher - - - - -

autumn in her eyes

TITLES

springtime fresh, i made my dreams
when summer came, those dreams made me -
so many spilled, but so many filled
now there's nothing left but memories.

autumn in her eyes, at twenty-two, what can she do -
once dreams are lived they can be lived no more
and those that die are dead.

her heart gave her sweetness all season long
but soon not a drop was left at the core -
she burned so intensely, aflame with her strength
now she flickers and fades in the wind of hours.

springtime fresh, i made my dreams
when summer came, those dreams made me
so many spilled, but so many filled
now there's nothing left but memories.

autumn in her eyes, at twenty two, what can she do -
once dreams are lived they can be lived no more
and those that die are dead.

her love hangs on a brittle branch
upon her face falls a skeleton leaf
embers can linger, weatoning, they cool
but it seems she chose to flare bright and brief.

autumn in her eyes, at twenty two,