

Jo Stafford, THERES NO YOU

feel the autumn breeze,
It steals 'cross my pillow
As soft as a will-o'-the-wisp,
And in its song there is sadness
Because there's no you,
The lonely autumn trees,
How softly they're sighing,
For summer is dying,
They know that in my heart
There's no gladness
Because there's no you,
The park that we walked in,
The garden we talked in,
How lonesome they seem in the fall,
The stormy clouds hover,
And falling leaves cover
Our favorite nook in the wall,
In spring we'll meet again,
We'll kiss and recapture
The summertime rapture we knew,
And from that day,
Never more will I say there's no you