

Karen Elson, Milk and Honey

Gold and silver is the autumn
Soft and gentle are her skies
Yes I know, are the answers
Written in my true love's eyes

Autumn's leaving, winter's coming
I think that I'll be moving on
I've got to leave him and find another
I've got to sing my heart's true song

Round and round the burning circle
All the seasons, one, two, and three
Autumn leaves with the winter
Spring is born and wanders free

Gold and silver burnt my autumns
All too soon they'd fade and die
And then there were no others
Milk and honey were their lives