## Nick Drake, Milk And Honey

Gold and silver Is the autumn Soft and tender Are the skys Yes and knows All the answers Written in My true love's eyes Autumn's leaving Winter is coming I think that I'll Be moving along I've got to leave her 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 And then the winter Spring is born And world is free Gold and silver Bounds my heart on All too soon They fade and die And then I'd know There'd be no others Milk and honey Where they lie