

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