

# Porter Wagoner, Fallen Leaves

Fallen leaves that lie scattered on the ground  
The birds and flowers that were here now can't be found  
All the friends that he once knew are not around  
They are scattered like the leaves upon the ground  
Some folks drift along through life and never thrill  
To the feeling that a good deed brings until  
It's too late and they are ready to lie down  
There beneath the leaves that scattered on the ground  
Lord let my eyes see every need of every man  
Make me stop and always lend a helping hand  
Then when I'm laid beneath that little grassy mound  
There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground  
To your grave there's no use taking any gold  
You cannot use it when it's time for hands to fold  
When you leave this earth for a better home someday  
The only thing you'll take is what you gave away