

# Augie March, Vernooona

Autumn leaves are flying, (each a baby's brittle boat),  
The season's dying, (winter's mottled pigeon throat),

Sings the coo-cool air.

The old sun's pale and rising, (write it down in yr little note),  
He's pale and rising, (fold it up yr little note),

Waning, pale in the air.

Autumn leaves are flying, (time to find yr winter coat),  
To cease from crying...

Sing instead my little Vernooona.