

# Hitchcock Robyn, Autumn Is Your Last Chance

I walk through the heather  
Underneath the sky  
The leaves have never looked as good  
As now they're going to die  
But I know why  
I smile in the heather  
Where we used to stroll  
The dew on the cobwebs  
Shines like gold  
But I don't care  
If it shines all year  
'Cause you're not there and  
I don't care and  
You're not there