

Jackson C. Frank, Milk And Honey

Gold and silver is the autumn
Soft and tender are her skies
Yes and no are the answers
Written in my true love's eyes
Autumn's leaving and winter's 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 comes and then the winter
Spring is born and wanders free
Gold and silver burn my autumns
All too soon they'd fade and die
And then, oh there are no others
Milk and honey were their lies