

John Denver, Fall

Reflections in the water like shadows in my mind
speak to me of passing days and nights and passing time.
The falling leaves are whispering, winter's on its way
I close my eyes remembering the warmth of yesterday
It seems a shame to see September swallowed by the wind
and more than that it's oh so sad to see the summer's end.

And though the changing colors are a lovely thing to see
if it were mine to make a change, I think I'd let it be.

But I don't remember hearing anybody asking me.