

# Sandy Denny, Milk And Honey

Gold and silver is the autumn  
Soft and gentle are her skies  
Yes I know, are the answers  
Written in my true love's eyes  
Autumn's leaving, winter's coming  
I think that I'll be moving on  
I've got to leave him 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 leaves with the winter  
Spring is born and wanders free  
Gold and silver burnt my autumns  
All too soon they'd fade and die  
And then there were no others  
Milk and honey were their lives