

Tom T. Hall, Raking Up Leaves

All summer long you smelled like lotion and we made love when we took the notion
Summer is gone and it's hard to believe how lonely I am raking up leaves

Raking up leaves and counting the days
Yes and counting the nights that you've been away
The winter winds blow and memories freeze
I'm missing you and raking up leaves

(sax)

Expecting the sun just any day now wish you were here to go out and play now
You say you'll return when they're on the trees
I'm hungry for you and raking up leaves

Raking up leaves and counting the days...