

Warner Mack, Fallen Leaves

As I stand here at the grave of a lonely man
Thinking how he lived his life while on this land
Recalled all the friends he lost for love of gold
Now there's only just a few to see him go
Some folks drift along through life and never thrill
To the feeling that a good deed brings until
It's too late and they are ready to lie down
There beneath the leaves that scattered on the ground
Fallen leaves that lie scattered on the ground
The birds and flowers that were here now can't be found
All his friends that he once knew are not around
They are scattered like the leaves upon the ground
(steel)
Lord let my eyes see every need of every man
Make me stop and always lend a helping hand
Then when I'm laid beneath that little grassy mound
There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground
To your grave there's no use taking any gold
You cannot use it when it's time for hands to fold
When you leave this earth for a better home someday
The only thing you'll take is what you gave away
Fallen leaves that lie scattered...