

# Willy Mason, When The Leaves Have Fallen

when the leaves have fallen from the last live tree  
will you still be calling with a song for me  
when the rocks are empty of the gold we seek  
will you give me reason reason to move my feet  
when the disillusioned are cleaned off the streets  
will you clean my shirt and hide me from police  
when i no longer follow another mans beliefs  
will you walk with me when i'm on my own two feet  
when we've finally poisoned every last threatening beast  
will you make my heart pound and shake up my beliefs  
when each lock is picked and possession means to lose  
will we sleep sound while the rich shake in their shoes  
until they learn to sing the blues  
when the dogs are called off on their search for truth  
will you sit with me while they howl whats the use  
when the ocean swallows up the priests on higher ground  
will you swim with me my love deep into the sound