

# Autumn

*From Pukeko Stomp*

Wander through the garden as the leaves are turning golden,  
Notice all the colours in the cool clear autumn sun.  
As the autumn breezes blow, down the coloured leaves will go,  
Fluttering and twirling, hardly make a sound,  
Fluttering and twirling, gently to the ground.

Summer's done, the leaves are old,  
Nature turns the leaves to gold,  
Summer's done the leaves are old,  
Nature turns the leaves to gold.

Red leaves, brown leaves, fluttering down leaves,  
Red leaves, brown leaves, fluttering down.

The trees are bare, no leaves to wear,  
Coloured carpet on the ground,  
Trees are bare, no leaves to wear,  
Coloured on the ground.

(Instrumental section)

Summer's done, the leaves are old.....

Red leaves, brown leaves, fluttering down leaves...

The trees are bare, no leaves to wear...

Wander through the garden as the leaves are turning golden...

*By Janet Channon*

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