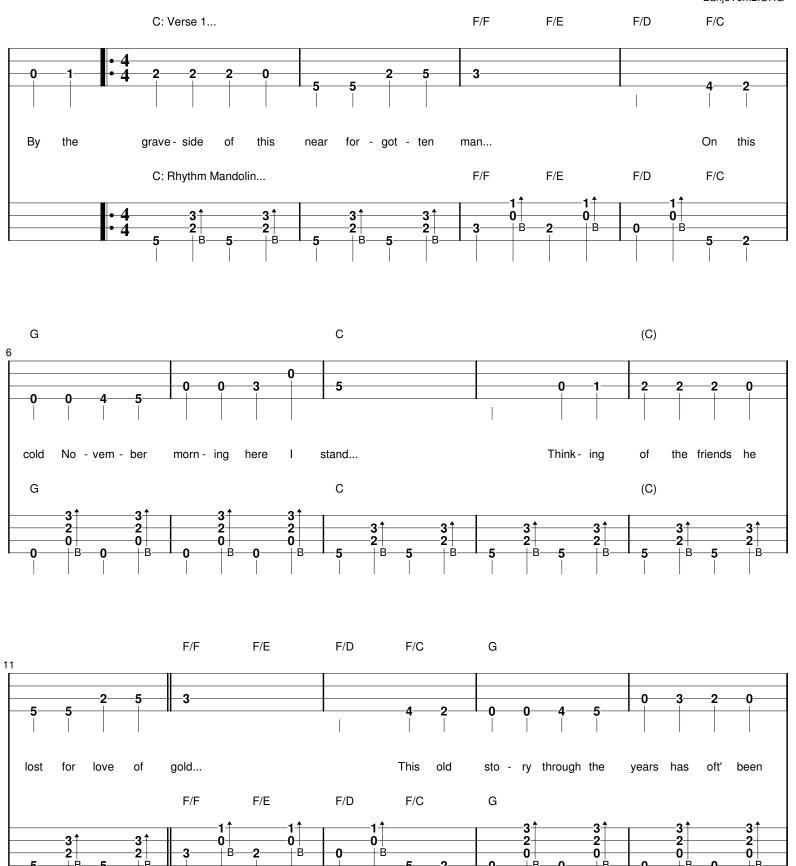
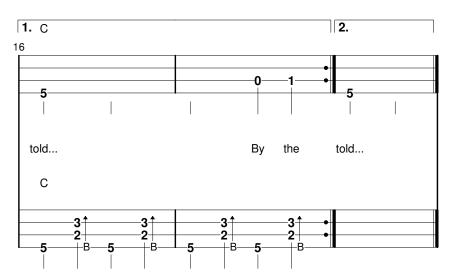
# "Fallen Leaves" - MANDOLIN Grandpa Jones

Arranged & Tabledited by Tom Arri 2018 BanjoTom2.ORG





## VERSE 1...

By the graveside of this near forgotten man...
On this cold November morning here I stand...
Thinking of the friends he lost for love of gold...
This old story through the years has oft' been told...

### VERSE 2...

Falling leaves that lie scattered on the ground...
The birds and flowers that were here cannot be found...
All the friends that he once knew are not a-round...
They're all scattered like the leaves upon the ground...

# VERSE 3...

Some folks drift along through life and never thrill...
To the feeling that a good deed brings un-til...
It's too late and they are ready to lie down...
There be-neath the leaves that's scattered on the ground...

## VERSE 4...

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...

### VERSE 5...

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 some-day...
The only thing you'll take is what you gave a-way...