

Fallen Leaves – Grandpa Jones

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

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

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

C F
Lord, let my eyes see every need of every man...
(F) G C
Make me stop and always lend a helping hand...
(C) F
Then when I'm laid beneath that little grassy mound...
(F) G C
There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground...

C F
To your grave there's no use taking any gold...
(F) G C
You cannot use it when it's time for hands to fold...
(C) F
When you leave this earth for a better home some-day...
(F) G C
The only thing you'll take is what you gave a-way...