

Fallen Leaves

recorded by Porter Wagoner

written by Louis M. Jones

C C7 F
Fallen leaves that lie scattered on the ground
G7 C
The birds and flowers that were here now can't be found
C7 F
All the friends that he once knew are not around
G7 C
They are scattered like the leaves upon the ground
C7 F
Some folks drift along through life and never thrill
G7 C
To the feeling that a good deed brings until
C7 F
It's too late and they are ready to lie down
G7 C
There beneath the leaves that scattered on the ground
C7 F
Lord let my eyes see every need of every man
G7 C
Make me stop and always lend a helping hand
C7 F
Then when I'm laid beneath that little grassy mound
G7 C
There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground
C7 F
To your grave there's no use taking any gold
G7 C
You cannot use it when it's time for hands to fold
C7 F
When you leave this earth for a better home someday
G7 C
The only thing you'll take is what you gave away