

# Autumn Leaves (Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma ★ Words by Jacques Prevert

Medium slow

N.C. *mp* Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

The fall - ing leaves \_\_\_\_\_ drift by my win - dow, \_\_\_\_\_

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> F#<sub>m</sub><sup>7(b5)</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em

— The Au - tumn leaves \_\_\_\_\_ of red and gold.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

I see your lips, \_\_\_\_\_ the Sum - mer kiss - es, \_\_\_\_\_

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> F#<sub>m</sub><sup>7(b5)</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em

— The sun - burned hands \_\_\_\_\_ I used to hold. \_\_\_\_\_

B<sup>7</sup> Em

— Since you went a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ the days grow long; \_\_\_\_\_

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

— And soon I'll hear \_\_\_\_\_ old Win - ter's song. \_\_\_\_\_

Am<sup>6</sup> B<sup>7(b9)</sup> Em

— But I miss you most of all, my dar - ling, \_\_\_\_\_

A/C# Am/C B<sup>7</sup> Em

— When Au - tumn leaves start to fall. \_\_\_\_\_