

## Blowing Leaves (Charlie Dore)

They're blowing leaves, they're blowing leaves  
But I believe they will be back again  
They're blowing leaves, they're blowing leaves  
But I believe they will be back again

Just like the birds, just like the birds  
They surf the air and they come back again  
And like the birds and like the birds  
They will return, they will come back again

And I can see you in your garden  
Bending like the trees you planted there  
And you would scorn the new machines  
That take away the rake that breaks your back  
Your hands were hard and kind

They're blowing leaves, they're blowing leaves  
But I believe they will be back again  
They're blowing leaves, they're blowing leaves  
But I believe they will be back again

Just like the birds they surf the air  
And for a moment they are flying  
And in the spring the birds return, they will return  
Just like the leaves they will be back again

And you are happy in your garden  
Battling the nettles and the clay  
And you would cut the bindweed  
From the buddleia all summer and you'd know  
They'd both come back again

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They surf the air and they come back again  
Just like the birds they will return  
They will return they will come back again