

# Paolo Nutini, Autumn

Autumn leaves under frozen souls,  
Hungry hands turning soft and old,  
My hero crying as we stood out there in the cold,  
Like these autumn leaves I don't have nothing to hold.

Handsome smiles wearing handsome shoes,  
Too young to say, though I swear he knew,  
And I hear him singing while he sits there in his chair,  
While these autumn leaves float around everywhere.

And I look at you, and I see me,  
Making noise so restlessly,  
But now it's quiet and I can hear you sing,  
'My little fish don't cry, my little fish don't cry.'

Autumn leaves how fading now,  
That smile that I've lost, well I've found some how,  
Because you still live on in my father's eyes,  
These autumn leaves, all these autumn leaves, all these autumn leaves are yours tonight.