Ray Charles, Early Autumn

When an early autumn walks the land and chills the breeze And touches with her hand the summer trees, Perhaps you'll understand what memories I own. There's a dance pavilion in the rain all shuttered down, A winding country lane all russet brown, A frosty window pane shows me a town grown lonely. That spring of ours that started so April-hearted, Seemed made for just a boy and girl. I never dreamed, did you, any fall would come in view So early, early. Darling if you care, please, let me know, I'll meet you anywhere, I miss you so. Let's never have to share another early autumn.