

When Fall Comes To New England

Cheryl Wheeler

When Fall comes to New England
The sun slants in so fine
And the air's so clear
You can almost hear the grapes grow on the vine
The nights are sharp with starlight
And the days are cool and clean
And in the blue sky overhead
The northern geese fly south instead
And leaves are Irish Setter red
When Fall comes to New England
When Fall comes to New England
And the wind blows off the sea
Swallows fly in a perfect sky
And the world was meant to be
When the acorns line the walkways
Then winter can't be far
From yellow leaves a blue jay calls
Grandmothers walk out in their shawls
And chipmunks run the old stone walls
When Fall comes to New England
The frost is on the pumpkin
The squash is off the vine
And winter warnings race across the sky
The squirrels are on to something
And they're working overtime
The foxes blink and stare and so do I
'Cause when Fall comes to New England
Oh I can't turn away
From fading light on flying wings
And late good-byes a robin sings
And then another thousand things
When Fall comes to New England
When Fall comes to New England

Words and Music by: Cheryl Wheeler
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