

## The Autumn Stone

Small Faces

I was nowhere, till you changed my mind  
Love is sent through being good to you  
Then you were somewhere, Somewhere hard to find  
Only what you always were, it's true

I'm looking for an open door  
Where I can sit and play in peace and quiet

Tomorrow changes  
Fields of green today  
Yesterday is dead, but not my memory  
We were strangers  
And then you came to stay  
The sweetest spring old morning sings to me  
So now I've found a living sound  
That moves, that breathes, and then makes love to me