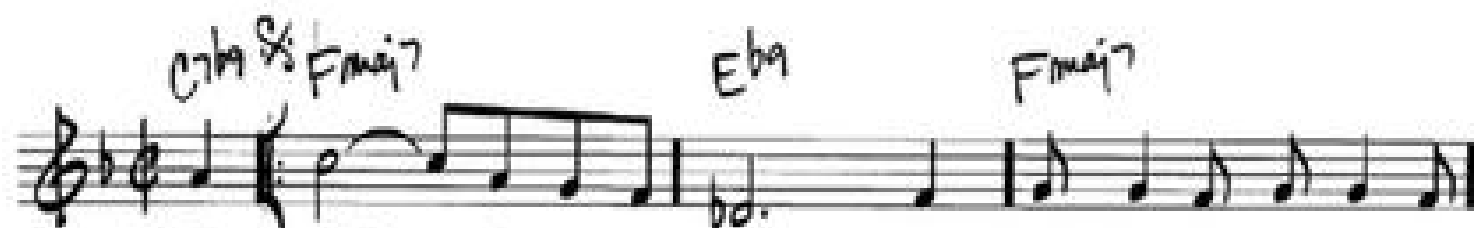


(slow)

THERE'S NO YOU

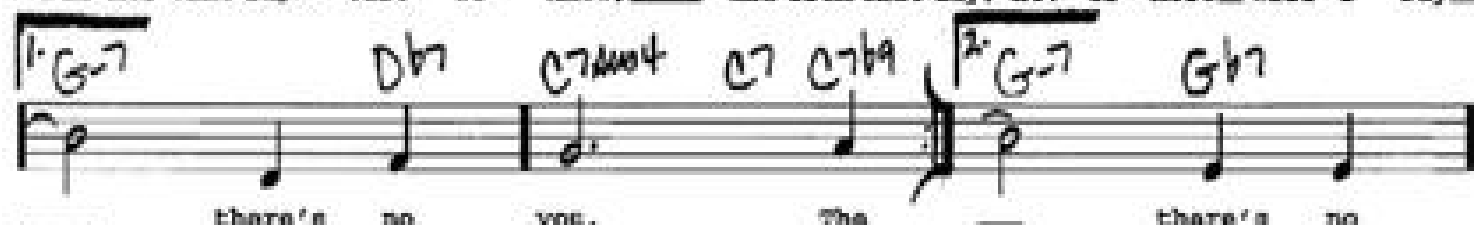
- TOM ADAIR /
HAL HOPPER

I feel the au-tumn breeze,
lone - ly au-tumn trees.
spring we'll meet a - gain,

it steals 'cross my pil-low as
how soft - ly they're sigh-ing, for
we'll kiss and re - cap-ture the



soft as a will - o' - the - wisp, and in its song there is sad - ness, be-cause
sum-mer is dy - ing, they know that in my heart there's a glad - ness, be-cause
sum-mer-time rap - ture we knew. and from that day, nev-er - more will I say



there's no you.

The

there's no



you. The park that we walked in, the gar-den we talked in, how



lone-ness they seem in the fall.

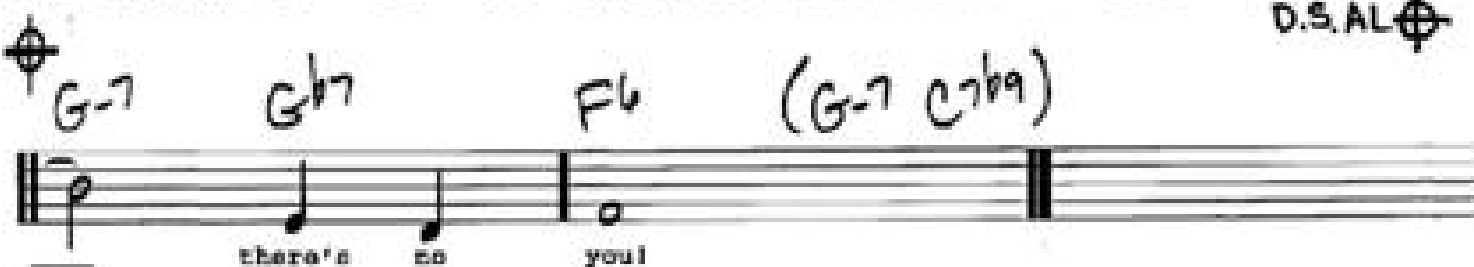
The storm-y clouds hov - er, and



fall-ing leaves cov - er our fa-vor-ite nook in the wall.

In

D.S. AL



there's no you!