

Autumn in March

GEORGE SICHERMAN

Slowly

A cold wind blowing through last year's leaves, a cold rain wet-ting my
jac - ket sleeves. Spring may be com-ing, it's hard to be - lieve. _
It feels like au - tumn in March. I used to go out and
strut so grand, prancing and danc-ing to beat the band.
Now see me hob-ble, a cane in my hand. This feels like au - tumn in

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Em Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
 March. Gen - tle spring breeze, birds in the trees, —

C6 C F#m7 B7
 it seems so long a - go. — Heart full of pep, —

F#m7 B7 Em7 Em6 Cm6 B7
 spring in my step, — what was that like? I don't know.

Em F#m B7 Em7 Em6
 My ba - by's sleep-ing, it's been three years. Just heard her voice now

F#m D7 G7 C Cm
 in my ears. — Good thing it's rain-ing, it hides my tears.

Em Em7 Em6 Am7 B7 Em
 It feels like au - tumn in March, sure feels like au - tumn in March.