The Green Leaves Of Summer

A time to be reap-in', a time to be sow-in', the green leaves of summer are call-in' me home. It was good to be young then, in the season of plenty, when the catfish were jump-in', as high as the sky. A time just for plant-in', a time just for plough-in', a time to be court-in' a girl of your own. 'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth, and to stand by your wife at the moment of death. 'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth, now the green leaves of summer are call-in' me home.

Em B7 Em D7
G Am F#7 B7 E7
Am D7 G Em B7
Am6 C7 B7 Em B7
Em D7 G Am F#7
B7 E7 Am D7
G Em Am6 Em Am6 B7
Em Am6 B7 Em Am6 B7 Em

birth E7 Am D7 A home. I was so

G+ to be young then, to be close to the earth, now the

G to be good to be close to the earth, now the

Am6 Em Am6 B7 Em

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