

Robin Stevens Composer



Withered Leaves

Words & Music by: Robin Stevens

I was walking all alone
One grey and foggy evening
Not a lot to think of as
A gentle breeze was blowing
Worries didn't fill my mind
Nothing too depressing
Then I saw a withered leaf
On the pathway drifting

There was nothing special in this life
To so attract me
It was trampled underfoot
By unknown men before me
Tattered and decaying now
Lost its former glory
Once adjoined to many leaves
On a tree of plenty

In the wrinkles of this leaf
I saw a face from childhood
She was old before her time
A girl who few would talk of
Didn't seem to have much fin
Always close to crying
Unattached, a lonely soul
Never quite belonging

Far too long neglected by a
Mother who once loved her
She had been abused and crushed
By men who most should bless her
Severed from the family tree
No more roots to hold her
Withers now in solitude
Like the leaf beside her