

Leaving My Mind Ron Greene (September - October 2017)

4/4 p2 capo 2

Spring, and the young leaves are small and lime green –
 Just now feeling the movement of the air
 And the warmth of the sun.
 My fresh young mind examines the changing world,
 Pausing to reflect,
 Sorting cause and effect.

C F G C
 F C
 C G
 F C E A_m
 C G
 G C

Into early summer, the leaves are large and dark,
 Actively responding to the sun and wind,
 Nourishing the growing tree.
 Questioning and probing, my rapidly maturing brain
 Is eager to explore –
 Absorbing, and learning more.

C F G C
 F C
 C G
 F C E A_m
 C G
 G C

Mid-summer, and the leaves are now at their peak,
 Producing food for the fast growing seed,
 And shelter for those that need.
 A productive young adult, my mind is dancing freely.
 Self assured, and with efficiency,
 I think, and therefore be.

C F G C
 F C
 C G
 F C E A_m
 C G
 G C
 A_m G C

Into early fall, the leaves are supple no more.
 Less photo-active everywhere –
 Bit of yellow, here and there.
 My brain feels brittle; words are hard to find.
 I work with fading interest,
 Feeling restless and insecure.

C F G⁷ C
 F C
 C D_m
 F C^{maj7} E⁷ A_m
 C D_m
 G⁷ A_m

Further into autumn, green is mixed with brown
 The growth of the tree has nearly stopped;
 Seeds have all been dropped.
 In my later years ..., memories are faint or gone.
 My mind will not focus;
 My thoughts have no depth.

A_m D_m E_m A_m
 D_m A_m
 E_m A_{sus2} pause
 D_m A_m E_m A_m
 D_{sus2} A_{sus4}
 E_m/B A_m

D_m E_m A_{sus2} A_m(pinch)

Winter, and the leaves have all turned brown.
 With a sudden breeze, many will fall.
 Come a wind, and we are gone.

A_m D_m E_m A_m
 D_m A_m
 E_m A_{sus2} A_m(strum)