

Hawksley Workman, Autumns Here

You can tell
By the wind
By fresh cut wood
All stacked to dry
That autumn's here
It makes you sad
About the crummy
Summer we had
With pine trees creaking
The ravens screeching
Just like the story
My grandma tells
About when a bird
Hits your window
And someone you know
Is about to die

That autumn's here
Autumn's here
It's okay if
You want to cry
Cause autumn's here
Autumn's here
Autumn's here

So find a sweater
And you'll be better
Until the kindling
Is tinder dry
We can be quiet
As we walk down
To see the graveyard
Where they are now
I wonder how
They brought their piano
To Haldane Hill
From Old Berlin
Be hard to keep it
It well in tune
With winters like the one
That's coming soon

Cause autumn's here
And autumn's here
It's time to cry now
That autumn's here
And autumn's here
And autumn's here
It's okay if you want to cry
Cause autumn's here

I think that ghosts like
The cooler weather
When leaves turn colour
They get together
And walk along these
These old back roads
Where no one lives and
And no one goes
With all their hopes set
On the railway
That never came and
That no one stayed
I guess that autumn

Gets you remembering
And the smallest things
Just make you cry

Autumn's here
Autumn's here
Autumn's here
And autumn's here
Autumn's here
It's time to cry
Cause autumn's here
Ohhh
Autumn's here
Autumn's here
It's okay now
Cause autumn's here