

The Kinks, End Of The Season

Winter time is coming
All the sky is grey
Summer birds aren't singing
Since you went away

Since you've been gone, end of the season
Winter is here, close of play
I get no kicks walking down Saville Row
There's no more chicks left where the green grass grows and I know that
Winter is here, end of the season
My reason's gone, close of play
I just can't mix in all the clubs I know
Now Labour's in, I have no place to go

You're on a yacht near an island in Greece
Though you are hot, forget me not
I will keep waiting until your return
Now you are gone, end of the season
Winter will come any day
Back in the scrum on a wet afternoon
Down in the mud, dreaming of flowers in June
End of the season
End of the season