

# The Kinks, Autumn Almanac

From the dew-soaked hedge creeps a crawly caterpillar  
When the dawn begins to crack  
It's all part of my autumn almanac

Breeze blows leaves of a musty-coloured yellow  
So I sweep them in my sack  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

Friday evenings, people get together  
Hiding from the weather  
Tea and toasted, buttered currant buns  
Can't compensate for lack of sun  
Because the summer's all gone

La-la-la la la la-la la-la la-la la-la  
Oh, my poor rheumatic back  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac  
La-la-la la-la la-la la-la la-la  
Oh, my autumn almanac  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

I like my football on a Saturday  
Roast beef on Sundays, all right  
I go to Blackpool for my holidays  
Sit in the open sunlight

This is my street and I'm never gonna leave it  
And I'm always gonna to stay here  
If I live to be ninety-nine  
'Cause all the people I meet  
Seem to come from my street  
And I can't get away  
Because it's calling me (Come on home)  
Hear it calling me (Come on home)

La-la-la la la la-la la-la la-la la-la  
Oh, my autumn almanac  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac  
La-la-la la-la la-la la-la la-la  
Oh, my autumn almanac  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes

Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa!  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa!  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa!  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa!

Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa! (Yes)  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa! (Yes)  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa! (Yes)  
Bop-bop-bop-bop-bop, whoa!