

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!