

The Kinks, Denmark Street

Down the way from the Tottenham Court Road
Just round the corner from old Soho
There's a place where the publishers go
If you don't know which way to go
Just open your ears and follow your nose
'Cos the street is shakin' from the tapping of toes
You can hear that music play anytime on every day
Every rhythm, every way
You got to a publisher and play him your song
He says 'I hate your music and you hair is too long
But I'll sign you up because I'd hate to be wrong'
You've got a tune it's in your head you want to get it placed
So you take it down to a music man just to see what he will say
He says 'I hate the tune, I hate the words but I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll sign you up and take it round the street and see if it makes the grade'
And you might even hear it played on the rock 'n' roll hit parade
Daytime, night time, every week
You can hear that heavy beat
Now the walls are shaking from the tapping of feet
Daytime, night time, every day
You can hear that music play
Every rhythm, every way