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