

Kinks

"Autumn Almanac"

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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-colored 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, oh my poor rheumatic back
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac
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 to 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, oh my autumn almanac
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac
La la la la, oh my autumn almanac
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes

Bop bop bop bop bop, whoa
Bop bop bop bop bop, whoa

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