

## **Kinks**

# **"Denmark Street"**

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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 any day  
Every rhythm, every way

You got to a publisher and play him your song  
He says, "I hate your music and your 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 up 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

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