

Kinks, The

"Berkeley Mews"

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The leaves of brown came fallin' through you
Berkeley Mews, I first met you
I staggered through your chilly dinin' room
Berkeley Mews, I first met you

Your kitchen sink was cluttered up
So I couldn't shut it up for longin'
I brewed another cuppa up
And tried to sneak out early in the mornin'

I thought you had much better things to do
Berkeley Mews, I first met you
Drowned my conversation with champagne
When Berkeley Mews was not listenin'

I thought you were an intellect
Now that I reflect, you left me reelin'
You made me drink a toast
And when you finished, I was lookin' at the ceilin'

The flood of tears I've wept, thinkin' of you
Remind me of that night in Berkeley Mews
You know that you left me broken hearted
Berkeley Mews

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