

# The Kinks - Autumn Almanac

Tom: Eb

Intro: E A B7 E E A B7 E

From the dew soaked hedge creeps a crawly catapillar  
When the dawn begins to crack,

Its all part of my autumn almanac

Breeze blows leaves of a musty coloured yellow  
So I sweep them in my sack,

Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

Friday evening 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 la la-la la-la la-la la la  
Ohh! my poor rheumatic back  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

La la la la-la la-la la-la la la  
Ohh! my Autumn Almanac

(Stomp!)  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

I like my football on a Saturday,  
Roast beef on Sunday's alright  
I go to Blackpool for my holidays,  
Sit in the open sunlight

This is my street and I'm never gonna leave it  
And I'm always gonna stay

If I live to be ninety-nine  
Cos all the people I meet

Seem to come from the 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 la-la la-la la-la la la  
ohh! my autumn almanac  
Yes, yes, yes, it's my autumn almanac

La-la la la la-la la-la la-la la la  
Ohh! my autumn almanac

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes  
Bop bop bop-m bop-m ba -ohh! (repeat and fade)

## Acordes

