Autumn's Vicar

Lambchop

Chickadee tosses leaves out of her nester
My uncle's uncle's uncles fester
To chesnutt's empty sound
One by one they hit the ground
It's fall and it's warm
And I've got a sweater

Tell me nothing nothing's better
The flowers wilt from the weight of the leaves
But it's not the cold
It's the dryness
That makes it so, (groovy)

Believe you me
Believe me you
Let it roll
God cues his trees to drop their load
I've got some used cowboy boots
You've got some weed

It's a noisy cracked accumulation
Of golden brown, mr. Brown's first born
Can anyone get it
It's not too obvious
Two friends locked in a dutch romance

It's the angry middle aged distraction
Your postman stumbles in the yard
With a message long
You communicate through song
And take it up with the vicar

Believe you me
Believe me you
Grateful for the score
The nuts today you store
Could come in handy in the future

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