

# 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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