Autumn's Here

Hawksley Workman

You can tell by the wind
By fresh cut wood
All stacked to dry
That autumn's here
And it makes you sad
About the crumby
Summer we hadWith pine trees creeking
The raven's screeching
Just like the story my grandma tells
About when a bird
Hits your window
And someone you know
Is about to dieAutumn's here, autumn's here
It's ok if you want to cry
'cause autumn's here, autumn's here, autumn's hereSo find a sweater
And you'll be better
Until the kindling is tinder dry
We can be quiet
As we walk down
To see the graveyard
Where they are now
I wonder how
They brought their piano
To holdene hill
From old berlin
Be hard to keep it
It well in tune
With winters like the one
That's coming soonCause auntumn's here, autumn's here
It's time to cry now
That autumn's here,autumn's here, autumn's
It's ok if you want to cry
Because autumn's hereI think that ghosts like
The cooler weather
When leaves turn colour
They get together
And walk along ways
These old back roads
Where no one lives and

And no one goes
With all their hopes set
On the railway
That never came and
that no one stayed
I guess that autumn
Gets you remembering
And the smallest things
Just make you cry.Autumn's here, autumn's here, autumn's here that autumn's here
Autumn's here, it's time to cry
Cause autumn's here ooooooo
Autumn's here, autumn's here
It's ok now, cause autumn's heeeere
woooooo wooooo

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