

Autumn's Here

Hawksley Workman

You can tell by the wind
By fresh cut wood
All stacked to dry
That autumn's here
It makes you sad
About the crumby
Summer we had

With pine trees creaking
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 die

Autumn's here
Autumn's here
It's OK if you want to cry
'Cause autumn's here
Autumn's here
Autumn's here

So 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 Haldane Hill
From Old Berlin
Be hard to keep it
It well in tune
With winters like the one
That's coming soon

'Cause autumn's here
Autumn's here
Its time to cry now
That autumn's here
And autumn's here
Autumn's here
It's OK if you want to cry
'Cause autumn's here

I think that ghosts like
The cooler weather
When leaves turn color
They get together
And walk along these
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
Then no one stayed
I guess that autumn
Gets you remembering
And the smallest things
Just make you cry

Autumn's here
It's time to cry
Autumn's here

It's OK now
Because autumn's here