

## End of the Season

The Kinks

Winter time is coming  
All the sky is grey  
Summer birds aren't singing  
Since you went away

Since you've been gone, end of the season  
Winter is here, close of play  
I get no kicks walking down Saville Row  
There's no more chicks left where the green grass grows and I know that  
Winter is here, end of the season  
My reason's gone, close of play  
I just can't mix in all the clubs I know  
Now Labour's in, I have no place to go

You're on a yacht near an island in Greece  
Though you are hot, forget me not  
I will keep waiting until your return  
Now you are gone, end of the season  
Winter will come any day  
Back in the scrum on a wet afternoon  
Down in the mud, dreaming of flowers in June  
End of the season  
End of the season