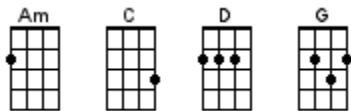


Autumn's Here

Hawksley Workman 2003



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [G] ↓ ↓ ↓

You can [G] tell, by the [D] wind
By fresh-cut [Am] wood, all stacked to [C] dry
That autumn's [G] here, it makes you [D] sad
About the [Am] crumby, summer we [C] had

With pine trees [G] creaking, the ravens [D] screeching
Just like the [Am] story, my grandma [C] tells
'Bout when a [G] bird, hits your [D] window
And someone [Am] you know, is about to [C] die

That autumn's [G] here, autumn's [D] here
It's o-[Am]kay if, you want to [C] cry-y-y
'Cause autumn's [G] here, autumn's [D] here
Autumn's [Am] here [C] / [C] ↓

So find a [G] sweater, and you'll be [D] better
Until the [Am] kindling, is tinder [C] dry
We can be [G] quiet, as we walk [D] down
To see the [Am] graveyard, where they are [C] now

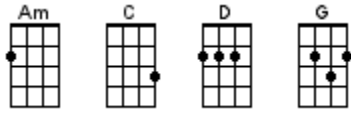
I wonder [G] how, they brought their pi-[D]ano
To Haldane [Am] Hill, from old Ber-[C]lin
Be hard to [G] keep it, it well in [D] tune
With winters [Am] like the one, that's coming [C] soon

'Cause autumn's [G] here, autumn's [D] here
It's time to [Am] cry now, that autumn's [C] here
And autumn's [G] here, autumn's [D] here
It's okay [Am] if you want to cry, 'cause [C] autumn's here [C] ↓

I think that [G] ghosts like, the colder [D] weather
When leaves turn [Am] colour, they get to-[C]gether
And walk a-[G]long these, these old back [D] roads
Where no one [Am] lives there, and no one [C] goes

With all their [G] hopes set, on the [D] railway
That never [Am] came there, and no one [C] stayed
I guess that [G] autumn, gets you re-[D]membering
And the [Am] smallest things, just make you [C] cry-y-y

And autumn's **[G]** here, autumn's **[D]** here
Autumn's **[Am]** here, and autumn's **[C]** here
Autumn's **[G]** here, it's time to **[D]** cry
Autumn's **[Am]** here, oh-oh **[C]** oh, oh-oh
Autumn's **[G]** here, and autumn's **[D]** here
It's o-**[Am]**kay now, 'cause autumn's **[C]** he-e-e-e-**[G]**ere, ooo-
[D]oooo **[Am]** oo-oo-oo-oo **[C]** oo-oo-oo-oo-**[G]** ↓ oo



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