

Autumn Sear © Bret Paluch 2023 D D-A G x2 SLOW

D G
That sun don't hang out, like it did yesterday

D G
Summer days and nights, are going away

A G
Autumn's almost here, and winters getting near

A G D
Put the top of the jeep, swearing words you'd bleep days are gettin grey

D D-A G x2

D G
The Punkin spice freaks, they're foamin at the mouth

D G
They need to get their fix, or surely they'll pout

A G
The sky V's are flying and the leaves, they are dying

A G D
Frost forms on the grass, Mother nature kiss my ass as birds fly south

D D-A G x2 Quack Quack Quack

D G
The Christmas Psychos, they are chomping at the bit
They start putting out X-mas deck-or-ations and shit

A G
Until we see snow, no twinklin lights should glow

A G D
Wait for December, man don't trash my November damn Santa freaks

D D-A G x2 Ho Ho Ho

D G
Now cold burn in the morning, call it "Autumn Sear"

D G
It chills to the bone, as winter gets near

A G
As the white stuff fills the air, snow is falling everywhere

A G D
My smile turns to frown, it's time to hunker down have a Beer

Freestyle Repeat Chorus