

## September Song

Tony Bennett

When I was a young man  
Courting the girls  
I played me a waiting game  
If a maid refused me with tossing curls  
I let the old Earth take a couple of whirls  
While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls

And as time came around  
She came my way  
As time came around  
She came

But, it's a long, long while from May to December  
But the days grow short when you reach September  
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame  
One hasn't got time for the waiting game

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few  
September, November  
And these few precious days I'll spend with you  
These precious days I'll spend with you

And the wine dwindles down to a precious brew  
September, November  
And these few vintage years I'll spend with you  
These precious years I'll spend with you