

## September Song

Andy Williams

When I was a young man courting the girls  
I played me a waiting game.  
If a maid refused me with tossing curls  
I'd let the old earth take a couple of twirls  
And I'd ply her with tears instead of pearls  
And as time came around, she came my way  
As time came around, she came

Oh, 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 precious few;  
September, November.  
And these few precious days I'll spend with you.  
These precious days I'll spend with you.