

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.