

## September Song

Frank Sinatra

[Lengthy Intro:]

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 make 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

When you meet with the young girls early in the Spring  
You court them in song and rhyme  
They answer with words and a clover ring  
But if you could examine the goods they bring  
They have little to offer but the songs they sing  
And the plentiful waste of time of day  
A plentiful waste of time

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 a precious few  
September, November  
And these few precious days I'll spend with you  
These precious days I'll spend with you