

The September of My Years

Frank Sinatra

One day you turn around and it's summer
Next day you turn around and it's fall
And the springs and the winters of a lifetime
Whatever happened to them all?

As a man who has always had the wand'ring ways
Now I'm reaching back for yesterdays
'Til a long-forgotten love appears
And I find that I'm sighing softly as I near
September, the warm September of my years

As I man who has never paused at wishing wells
Now I'm watching children's carousels
And their laughter's music to my ears
And I find that I'm smiling gently as I near
September, the warm September of my years

The golden warm September of my years