

September Song

Peter, Paul and Mary

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

But it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September.
The autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
And I haven't got the 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.