

I was born in the heart of a hurricane season
In the house where my mama was raised
That old September wind feels just like a long lost friend
And I

I want to run through those cottonwood trees
Fall asleep in a big bed of fresh fallen leaves
And in every wind that blows there's a song of letting go
It's not goodbye, it's hello

Well we met underneath the blue skies of summer
And those summer skies turn into fall
That sweet September wind made us so much more than friends
One night

And we ran through those cottonwood trees
We made love in a big bed of fresh fallen leaves
And in every wind that blows there's an innocence that knows
It's not goodbye, it's hello

In the moment that one thing ends
Is the same time that one begins
And return as we must
We are ashes to dust, amen

When the days of my youth have all faded
And the memories are all that remain
Let that old September wind take me back to where I've been
So I

I can run through those cottonwood trees
And remember the smell of those fresh fallen leaves
Now in every wind that blows there's a part of me that knows
It's not goodbye, it's hello