

## September Song

Willie Nelson

Oh, it's a long, long while  
From May to December  
But the days grow short,  
When you reach September.  
When the autumn weather  
Turn 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.

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