September Song

Eartha Kitt

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

And the autumn weather Turns 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

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
These precious days
I'll spend with you