

## September Song

Cab Calloway

When I was a young man courtin' the girls  
I played me a waiting game  
If a maid refused me with tossing curls  
I let the old earth take a couple of whirls,  
While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearl  
And as time came around she came my way  
As time came around she came.

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December  
But the days grow short when you reach September  
When the autumn weather turns the 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  
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