

# September

Corb Lund

Stay with me through September  
Summer didn't last  
And there ain't nobody in New York City  
Who could need you half as bad

Stay with me through September  
The nights are gettin' cold  
Old Man Winter gonna be here soon  
And the cattle still ain't sold

Stay with me through September  
Yeah, I know there ain't much to do  
And I guess I did my share of starving in the city  
I was young once too

Well, I can picture how you're livin'  
In a tiny fourth floor flat  
Well, there's times that a thousand acres in the Rocky Mountains  
Can't compete with that

Ooh, ooh

Stay with me through September  
I know the flight's already booked  
But I couldn't let you go and leave it like this  
Without giving it a second look

Stay with me through September  
I know the pace is kinda slow  
And there ain't much glamour on the old back quarter  
Babe, I guess I gotta let you go

Well, I can picture how you're livin'  
In a tiny fourth floor flat  
Well, there's times that a thousand acres in the Rocky Mountains  
Can't compete with that

Ooh, ooh

Stay with me through September  
Summer didn't last  
And there ain't nobody in New York City  
Who could need you half as bad

I can picture how you're livin'  
In a Lower East Side flat  
Guess there's times that a thousand acres in the Rocky Mountains  
Can't compete with that

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh