

## September

Daysend

He never talked about it yet it remained  
And the emotion of it, again betrayed  
How could he hold his head high?  
He never talked about it again

He said, let yourself be born again  
He said, all you were is all you'll be

He couldn't live without it  
Before the rain  
There's not regret about it  
While in the fray  
He took a spoonful of pain  
He didn't think about it, he said

You'll go your own way  
First Sunday of September  
On this great day