

Last September

Marty Friedman

I've been away from home
More than I care to remember
Kept your memory alive
Those days of last September

Those days are gone
The nights are long
And you will never really fade away
But come tomorrow, to have you back
I'd sell my yesterdays

And I shed a tear
When I think about last September morning
Don't wanna cry myself to sleep
I don't wanna cry myself to sleep

Lazy shining sun
It was another morning after
I slowly crawl out of bed
Reach for the whiskey
But the bottle was empty again

So I shed a tear
When I think about last September morning
Don't wanna cry myself to sleep
I don't wanna cry myself to sleep

Yeah I shed a tear
But I don't wanna cry no more, baby
When I think about last September
Think about last September