

September Song

The Impressions

For - it's - a long long while, from May to December
But the days grow short when we reach September
When we reach September

And the au-tumn weather
Turns the leaves to flame
One hasn't got time for the waiting game

But the days dwindle down,
To a precious few,
September,
November

And these few precious days
I'll spend with you
And these few precious days
I'll spend, with (higher) ith (higher) ith (higher) ith (higher
)
(hiya hiya doin')
With, with.. you, you, you