

September Song

Tony Bennett

When I was a young man
Courting 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 pearls

And as time came around
She came my way
As time came around
She came

But, 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
These precious days I'll spend with you

And the wine dwindles down to a precious brew
September, November
And these few vintage years I'll spend with you
These precious years I'll spend with you