September Song

Jimmy Durante

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 and lure of pearls,
And as time came around she came my way,
And as time came around she came...

Oh it's a long, long while, from My 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.

Lyrics submitted by Glenn E Henrich.

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