

# September Song

## Zr 19.84

Oh, 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

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