

September Song

Jeff Lynne

When I was a young man, caught in the girls
I played me a waiting game
If a maid refused me with tossin' curls
I let the old earth take a couple of whirls
While I apply her with tears in lieu of pearls
And as time came around, she came my way,
And as time came around, she came
Oh its 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
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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