September Song

Peter, Paul & Mary

When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me a waiting game
If a maid refused me with tossing curls
I'd let the old earth take a couple of twirls
And I'd ply her with tears instead of pearls
And as time came around, she came my way
As time came around, she cameBut it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September
The autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
And I haven't got the time for the waiting gameOh, the days dwindle down to 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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