

# September Song

Frank Sinatra

For it's a long, long while from May to December  
But the days grow short when you reach September  
And the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame  
And I haven't got time for the waiting game  
And 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 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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