

September Song

[Sarah Vaughan](#)

When you meet with the young men
Early in spring
They court you in song and rhyme
They woo you with songs and a clover ring
But if you examine the goods they bring
They have little to offer but the songs they sing
And a plentiful waste of time of day
A plentiful waste of time
Oh, 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
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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