September Song

Bryan Ferry

But it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
And I haven't got time for the waiting gameFor the days dwindle down to a precious few
September, November
And these few precious days I'd spend with you
These golden days I'd spend with youWhen you meet with the young men early in spring
They court you in song and rhyme
They woo you with words 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 timeBut it's a long, long while from May to December
And 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

Songwriters
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