

## **Bing Crosby** **"September Song"**

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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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