

Donna Regina "End Of September"

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It's the end of september
And with every turning tree
It gets harder to remember
Why the easy days of summer
Were just wasted of me
Kind of wasted on me

It's the end of semtember
And with every drop of train
It gets harder to remember
Why the happy days of summer
Gave me something close to pain
Ave me something close to pain

I have been singing
A lonely song
All summer long
Now i praise
Grey days of fall
I embrace them all
Embrace them all
I have been singing
A lonely song
All summer long
Now i praise
Grey days of fall

I embrace them all
Embrace them all

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