

Frank Sinatra

"September of My Years"

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One day you turn around and it's summer
Next day you turn around and it's fall
And all the winters and the springs of a lifetime
Whatever happened to them all?

As a man who has always had the wand'ring ways
I keep looking back through yesterdays
'Til a long forgotten love appears
And I find that I'm sighing softly as I near
September, the warm September of my years

As I man who has never paused at wishing wells
Now I'm watching children's carousels
And their laughter's music to my ears
And I find that I'm smiling gently as I near
September, the warm September of my years

The golden warm September of my years

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