

Lou Reed

"September Song"

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When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me the waiting game
If a maid refused me with a tossing curls, oh,
I let the old earth, take a couple of whirls
While I plied her with tears in prays of pearls
And as time came around she came my way
As time came around she came
For its a long, long while, from May to December
And the days grow short, when you reach September
And I have the lost my tears, and the walking in the
little rain
Hey honey, I haven't gotta time for gaining Waiting
Game
And the days turn to crawl(?grow old?) as they grow
few
September, November
And these few colden(?golden?) days I'd like to spend
'em with you
These golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with you
And the days dwindle down to a precious few
September, November
And I'm not quite a quip for the waiting game
I have a little money, and I have a little pain
And these few golden days, as the days grow so few
These golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with you
These precious golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with
you
September song, September song
September song, September song

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