

Matt Monro

"September Song"

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But 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.

For 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 you!

For the days dwindle down to a precious few:
September! November!
And these few precious days, I'll spend with you;
These golden days I spend with you!

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