

Roy Clark "September Song"

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When I was a young man courtin' the girls
I played me a waiting game
If a maid refused me with tossin' curls
I let this old world take a couple of whirls.
While I plied her with tears instead of pearls
And as time came along she came my way
As time came along she came.

But it's a long long time from May to December
But the days grow short when you reach September
And when the autumn weather turns the leaves to
flame
And one hasn't got time for the waiting game.

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few
September and November
But these few precious days I'll spend with you
These precious days I'll spend with you.

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few
September and November
But these few precious days I'll spend with you
These precious days I'll spend with you...

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