

Smash "September Song"

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When I met a young man courting the girls
I played me a waiting game
i first refused me with tossing curls
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls
Till he plied me with tears in lieu of pearls
And as time came around, he came my way
As time came around, he came

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December
But the days grow short when you reach September
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
One hasn't got time for the waiting game

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

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