

Dean Martin "September Song"

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A matter of growing old, when we're young it's May
Wonderful, beautiful, glorious May
Then middle age is like the turning of the year
It's September, and finally December comes

It's a long, long while from May to December
For the days grow short when you reach September
When autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
One hasn't got the 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
September, November with you

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