

## Mirah

# "Oh! September"

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Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop

Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop  
Do wop do wop

I said wouldn't it be nice  
Give me a mountain paradise

We'll leave our sheets out in the rain  
And listen to the lonesome train

Summer slowly turns to fall  
Tomatoes ripe, we eat them all

Tangling vines around our shoes  
I'm counting on every day with you

One seatbelt around us two  
There's romance, everyday sounds like you

Shown the secrets of metal by accordion friends  
In fact we might have to learn how to shred

The picture's made us change our view  
We sleep on blankets in the living room  
It's our work, we're so involved  
Sorry, we turned the phone off, if you called

Meet me at the back shack, baby  
You'll bring your little ukelele  
I'll take up real, make it alright  
Let's make a song on the eight track tonight

Pack up the patch cords  
Look back on the last one

In the beginning we made up rules

We thought we'd jam first thing every morning

Repeat that some goals slip to the side  
Sleep awake, letting our bodies aside

Now we'll head back home  
Oh! September, where did you go?

Meet me at the back shack, baby  
You'll bring your little ukelele  
I'll take up real, make it alright  
Let's make a song on the eight track tonight  
Meet me at the back shack, baby (x11)

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