

Sinatra Frank

"September Of My Years"

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Writers: Cahn/van Heusen

One day you turn around, and it's summer
Next day you turn around, and it's fall
And all the winters and the springs of a lifetime
Whatever happened to them all

As a man, who as always had the wandering ways
I keep looking back to yesterdays
'Til a long forgotten love appears

And I find, I'm sighing softly as I near
September, the warm September of my years

As I man, who has never pauses at wishing wells
Now I'm watching children's carousels
And their laughter's music to my ears

And I find, that I'm smiling gently as I near
September, the warm September of my years
- The golden warm September of my years

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