

Willie Nelson, September Song

Oh, it's a long, long while
From May to December
But the days grow short,
When you reach September.
When the autumn weather
Turn 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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