SEPTEMBER SONG

4/4 1...2...123

VERSE:

When I was a young man, courting the girls, I played me a waiting game.

If a maid re-fused me with tossing curls I let the old earth take a couple of whirls

While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls.

And as time came a-round, she came my way, as time came a-round she came.

CHORUS:

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.
SEPTEMBER SONG
4/4  1…2…123

VERSE:

    Cm7     F7b9     BbMA7     Gm7     Cm7     F7b9     Bb6
When I was a young man, courting the girls, I played me a waiting game.

    Cm7     F7b9     Bb6     Bdim     Cm6     F9#5     BbMA7     Gm7
If a maid re-fused me with tossing curls I let the old earth take a couple of whirls

    Cm7b5     F7     Gm     Gm7
While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls.

    Cm7     F7b9     BbMA7     Gm7     Cm7     F7b9     BbMA9
And as time came a-round, she came my way, as time came a-round she came.

CHORUS:

    Bbm6     Gb7     BbMA7     Bb6
Oh it’s a long, long, while from May to De-cember

    C7     Cm7b5     F7b9     BbMA7     Bb6
But the days grow short when you reach Sep-tember

    Bbm6     Gb7     BbMA7     Bb6
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,

    C7     Cm7b5     F7b9     BbMA7     Bb6
One hasn’t got time for the waiting game.

    Ebm6     Edim     Ebm6     Edim     Bb6
Oh the days dwindle down to a precious few, Sep-tember, No-vem - ber!

    Bbm6     Gb7     BbMA7     Bb6     C7     Cm7b5     BMA7     Bb6
And these few precious days I’ll spend with you, these precious days I’ll spend with you.