

Frank Sinatra, September In The Rain

The leaves of brown came tumbling down
Remember in September in the rain
The Sun went out just like a dying amber
That September in the rain
To every word of love I heard you whisper
The raindrops seemed to play our sweet refrain
Though spring is here to me it's still September
That September in the rain
To every word of love I heard you whisper
The raindrops seemed to play our sweet refrain
Though spring is here to me it is still September
That September in the rain
That September that brought the pain
That September in the rain