

Jimmy Durante, September Song

When I was a young man, caught in the girls,
I played me a waiting game.
If a maid refused me with tossin curls,
I let the old earth take a couple of whirls.
While I apply her with tears in lieu of pearls.
And as time came around, she came my way,
And as time came around, she came.

Oh its a long, long while, from May to December
But the days grow short, when you reach September.
When the autum 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.

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