

James Taylor, September Grass

Well, the sun's not so hot in the sky today
and you know I can see summertime slipping on away.
A few more geese are gone, a few more leaves turning red,
but the grass is as soft as a feather in a featherbed.
So I'll be king and you'll be queen, our kingdom's gonna be this little patch of green.
Won't you lie down here right now in this September grass?
Won't you lie down with me now, September grass.

Oh, the memory is like the sweetest pain. Yeah, I kissed the girl at a football game.
I can still smell the sweat and the grass stains.
We walked home together, I was never the same.
But that was a long time ago, and where is she now? I don't know.
Won't you lie down here right now in this September grass?
Won't you lie down with me now, September grass.

Oh, September grass is the sweetest kind, it goes down easy like apple wine.
Hope you don't mind if I pour you some, made that much sweeter by the winter to come.

Do you see those ants dancing on a blade of grass?
Do you know what I know? That's you and me, baby.
We're so small and the world's so vast, we found each other down in the grass.
Won't you lie down here right now in this September grass?
Won't you lie down with me now, September grass.

Lie down, lie down, lie down, lie down.

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