

# Lindsey Buckingham, September Song

Well, it's a long, long time  
From May to December  
But the days grow short,  
When you reach September.  
And the autumn weather  
Turns the leaves to flame  
And I haven't got time  
For the waiting game.  
And the days dwindle down  
To a precious few . . .  
September, November . . .  
And these few precious days  
I spend with you.  
These precious days  
I spend with you.