

Lou Reed, September Song

When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me the waiting game
If a maid refused me with a tossing curls, oh,
I let the old earth, take a couple of whirls
While I plied her with tears in prays of pearls
And as time came around she came my way
As time came around she came

For its a long, long while, from May to December
And the days grow short, when you reach September

And I have the lost my tears, and the walking in the little rain
Hey honey, I haven't gotta time for gaining Waiting Game

And the days turn to crawl(?grow old?) as they grow few
September, November

And these few colden(?golden?) days I'd like to spend 'em with you
These golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with you

And the days dwindle down to a precious few
September, November

And I'm not quite a quip for the waiting game
I have a little money, and I have a little pain

And these few golden days, as the days grow so few
These golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with you
These precious golden days, I'd like to spend 'em with you
September song, September song
September song, September song