

Nina Simone, One September Day

Years, they will come and go
Sometimes the tears will flow
Some of my memories will fade
But I'll always remember that one September day

I used to reminisce
'Cause I thought that love was bliss
How did they know it would go astray
It began and it ended on one September day

We met by chance
As people often do
But it blossomed, yes it blossomed
Into something I never knew

Now... It is in the past
They said it would never last
I'll not forget the moment back
Nor hot May or December
Nor June or November
But one September day