Peter, Paul & Mary, September Song

When I was a young man courting the girls I played me a waiting game. If a maid refused me with tossing curls I'd let the old earth take a couple of twirls And I'd ply her with tears instead of pearls And as time came around, she came my way As time came around, she came

But it's a long, long while from May to December And the days grow short when you reach September. The autumn weather turns the leaves to flame And I haven't got the time for the waiting game.

Oh, the days dwindle down to precious few; September, November. And these few precious days I'll spend with you. These precious days I'll spend with you.