

# Tom Jones, Try To Remember

Try to remember the kind of September  
when life was slow and oh, so mellow.  
Try to remember the kind of September  
when grass was green and grain was yellow.  
Try to remember the kind of September  
when you were a tender and callow fellow,  
Try to remember and if you remember the follow.

Try to remember when life was so tender  
that no one wept except the willow.  
Try to remember when life was so tender that  
dreams were kept beside your pillow.  
Try to remember when life was so tender that  
love was an ember about to billow.  
Try to remember and if you remember then follow.

Deep in December it's nice to remember  
altho you know the snow will follow.  
Deep in December it's nice to remember  
without the hurt the heart is hollow.  
Deep in December it's nice to remember  
the fire of September that made us mellow.  
Deep in December our hearts should remember and follow.