

## September Song

(From the Musical Play "Knickerbocker Holiday")

Lyrics by Maxwell Anderson

Music by Kurt Weill

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 whirls  
while I plied her with tears in place of pearls  
and as time came around /she came my way,  
as time came around /she came

Refrein: But it's a long, long while from May to De/cem/ber  
and the days grow short when you reach Sep/tem/ber  
and the autumn wea/ther turns the leaves to flame  
and I haven't got time for the waiting game

And the wine dwindles down to a precious brew  
Sep/tem/ber, No/vem/ber,  
and these few vin/tage years I'd share with you  
those vintage years I'd share with you.

Refrein: When you meet with the young men early in Spring  
they court you in song and rhyme  
they woo you with words and a clover ring  
but if you examine the goods they bring  
they have little /to offer, but the songs they sing  
and a plenti/ful waste of time of day  
a plentiful waste of time

Refrein: But it's a long, long while from May to Decem/ber  
will the clover ring la(aa)st till you reach Septem/ber  
and I'm not quite /equipped for the wai/ting game  
but I have a little money and I have a little fame

And the days dwindle down to a precious few  
Sep/tem/ber, No/vem/ber  
And these few pre/cious days I'd spend with you  
These precious days I'd spend with you.