

Frank Sinatra - September Song

Tom: Ab

Db Ab Fm

But it's a long long while, from May to December.

Dbm7

And the days grow short, when you reach September.

Fm When the Autumn weather, turns the leaves to flame.

> Bb Bbm7 Eb7

And I haven't got time for the waiting game.

Dh

Oh the days dwindle down, to precious few.

Bbm7 Dbdim

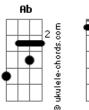
September, November.

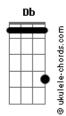
Dbm7

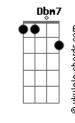
And these few precious days, I'd spend with you.

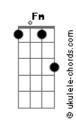
These golden days I'd spend with you.

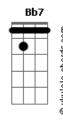
Acordes

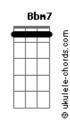


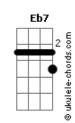


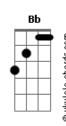


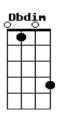












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