

Nat King Cole - September Song

Tom: C

(intro) F Fm7 Fdim C C Am Am D Dm7 G7 C Fdim C

Fdim C Am

Fdim C

When I was a young man acourtin' the girls, I played me a waitin' game;

Fdim C Am

F G C Am

If a maid refused me with a toss of her curls, I'd let the ol' world take a couple of twirls,

F C Am

Fdim C Am

And I'd ply her with tears instead of pearls, and as time came around she came my way,

Fdim G G7

As time came around, she came.

(refrão)

F Fm7 Fdim C C Am

But it's a long, long time from May to December,

Am D7 Dm7 G7 C Fdim

And the days grow short when you reach September;

F Fm Fdim C C Am

When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,

Am D Dm7 G7 C Fdim

One hasn't got time for the waiting game.

F Fm7 Fm7

Dm7 Fdim G

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few. September

November

G7 F Fm7 Fdim C C Am

And these few precious days I'll spend with you,

Am D Dm7 Fdim C

These precious days I'll spend with you.

F Fm7 Fm7

Dm7 Fdim G

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few. September

November

G7 F Fm7 Fdim C C Am

A D

And these few precious days I'll spend with you, these precious days

Dm7 Dm7 C F Fdim Dm7 C

I'll spend with you.

(verso 2)

Fdim C Am

When you meet with the young men in the early Spring

Fdim C

Fdim C Am

They'll court you with wine and with song, they'll woo you with words and a clover ring

F F G C Am

F Fdim C Am

But if you examine the goods that they bring, They have little to offer but the songs that they sing

Fdim C Am Fdim

G G7

And a plentiful waste of time of day. A plentiful waste of time

Acordes

