

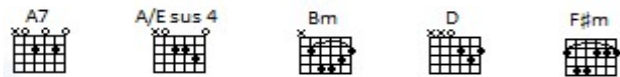
SEPTEMBER

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

1		A7	A7	D
5	D	A7	A7	D
9	D	A7	A7	D

Your

VERSE 1:

12	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	life has reached the	first of its Sep-	tember,	From
16	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	sturdy treetops	leaves prepare to	fall,	The
20	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	freshened breeze whips	through the fields and	hedges,	In
24	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	answer to some	vague Autumnal	call;	Your

VERSE 2:

28	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	face has shown the	first signs of Sep-	tember,	Its
32	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	complex Summer	contours now laid	bare,	Your
36	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	August eyes now	fading around the	edges,	An
40	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	Autumn grey now	swirling through your	hair;	
44	A7	A7 >> D > A7		

BRIDGE 1:

46	D	A7	Bm	D >>> A7	
	Memories of the	future, pre-	dictions of the	past,	
50	D	A7	F#m	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	Blend to form a	pattern as I find myself at	last;		

55	D	A7	Bm	D >>> A7	
	Retrospective	foresight, clair-	voyant memo-	ry,	
59	D	A/Esus 4	F#m	Bm	A7 >> D > A7
	What was once is	now, and one day	soon will come to	be,	As
64	D	F#m	A7	A7 >> D > A7	
	time plays now the	strangest of tricks on	me;		
68	A7	A7 >> D > A7			

BRIDGE INSTRUMENTAL:

70	D	A7	Bm	D >>> A7	
74	D	A7	Bm	D >>> A7	A7 >> D > A7
79	A7	A7	A7	D >>> A7	

INTRO REPRISE:

83	D	D	A7	A7	
	D	D	A7	A7	D
					Our

VERSE 3 leading to coda

92	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	love has reached the	first days of Sep-	tember,	And
96	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	all the soft warm days that w	days that went before	fore	Can
100	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	only strengthen	what our time al-	leges:	
104	A7	A7 >> D > A7	D	A7
		It's Sep-	tember, and I	only love you
108	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
	more			
112	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
116	D	D	A7	A7 >> D > A7
120	D			

v1 Your life has reached the first of its September,
 From sturdy treetops leaves prepare to fall,
 The freshened breeze whips through the fields and hedges,
 In answer to some vague Autumnal call;

v2 Your face has shown the first signs of September,
 Its complex Summer contours now laid bare,
 Your August eyes now fading around the edges,
 An Autumn grey now swirling through your hair;

Br1 Memories of the future, predictions of the past,
 Blend to form a pattern as I find myself at last;
 Retrospective foresight, clairvoyant memory,
 What was once is now, and one day soon will come to be,
 As time plays now the strangest of tricks on me;

v3 Our love has reached the first days of September,
 And all the soft warm days that went before
 Can only strengthen what our time alleges:

It's September, and I only love you more.....