

Verse

F7 F#dim Gm C7 F#dim Gm

When I was a young man court - ing the girls I palyed me a wai - ting game. If a

6 Cm7 F#dim Gm G#dim F#dim F9 Bb Gm7

maid re-fused me with toss - ing curls I'd let the oldearth make a coup-le of whirls. And as

10 Cm7 F7 Gm Cm F#dim Bb6 N.C.

time came a-round, she came my way. As time came a-round, she came. Oh, it's a

15 **A** Bbm6 Gb7 Bb7 Bb6

long, long time from may to De - cem - ber. And the days grow

19 C7 Cm7 Bb7

short when you reach Sep - tem - ber. When the au - tumn

23 **A** Bbm6 Gb7 Bb7 Bb6

weat - her turns the leaves to flame, one haven't got

27 C7 Cm7 F7 Bb7

time for the wai - ting game. Oh, the

31 **B** Ebm6 Edim

days dwin-dle down To a pre - cious few, Sep -

35 Ebm6 Edim N.C.

tem ber, No - vem - ber. And these few

39 **A** Bbm6 Gb7 Bb7 Bb6

pre - cious days. I spend with you. These pre - cious

43 C7 Cm7 B7 1. 2. Bb6 N.C. 3. Bb6

days. I'd spend with you.