Beat: Local

Welcome Mr September

Hayet Ben Bada

Algeria, 03.09.2017, 18:25 Time USPA NEWS - When I flash back to the lovely days of September Where I've kept some dreams and stories to remember Something like old streets and avenues to wander Something like my toys when I was younger I have a fond belief that september will stay forever There were many things in september, sweet and tender Something like love, something like adventure Something like childhood, something like the rain, like the water I like seven things about the 9th month in my calendar I like coming home, waiting for the sweet days of the winter I like watching the sad trees weeping and the silent river I like to meet my friends again and to start over I like to smile once more, I like the fall, I like its whisper But my words will not go sailing any farther And september will be such a nice story told by a sailor My boat will be absent tomorrow, No september, no december Because september left us in the lurch with a lot of bother I have to leave now ,september was a song, Written by the end of the summer September was the last legend, Written by the nights of a teenager The evenings, the nights of the summer Were nothing but something from september

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