**Beat: Local**

# Welcome Mr September

**Hayet Ben Bada**

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**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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