

It Was A Very Good Year

**When I was 17 - It was a very good year
It was a very good year for small town girls
And soft summer nights - We'd hide from the lights
On the village green - When I was 17**

**When I was 21 - It was a very good year
It was a very good year for city girls
Who lived up the stair - With all that perfumed hair
And it came undone - When I was 21**

**When I was 35 - It was a very good year
It was a very good year for blue-blooded girls
Of independent means - We'd ride in limousines
Their chauffeurs would drive - When I was 35**

**But now the days grow short
- I'm in the autumn of the year
And now I think of my life as vintage wine
from fine old kegs - from the brim to the dregs
And it poured sweet and clear
- It was a very good year**