

## Williams Robbie

### "It Was A Very Good Year"

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When I was seventeen, 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 light on the village green when I  
was seventeen.  
When I was twenty-one, it was a very good year.  
It was a very good year for city  
girls who lived up the stairs  
With perfume hair that came undone  
when I was twenty-one.

When I was thirty-five, 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 thirty-five.

But now the days are 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. It poured  
sweet and clear. It was a very good year

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