

## Frank Sinatra

# "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  
Wed hide from the lights  
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 stair  
With all that perfumed hair  
And it 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  
Wed ride in limousines  
Their chauffeurs would drive  
When I was thirty-five

But now the days grow short  
Im 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

It was a mess of good years

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