

Paul Young "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 lights
On the village green, when I was seventeen

When I was twentyone, it was a very good year
It was a very good year for city girls
Who lived up the stair, with all that crazy hair
And it came undone, when I was twentyone

When I was thirtyfive, 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 chauffeur would drive, when I was thirtyfive

But when the days are short in the autumn of
the year
I will think of my life as vintage wine
From fine old kegs, from the brim to the dregs
Pouring sweet and clear, it was a very good year

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