

Sinatra Frank

"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 twenty-one,
it was a very good year,
it was a very good year
for city girls who lived up the stair,
with perfumed 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 independant 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 the old kegs,
from the brim to the dregs
it poured sweet and clear;
it was a very good year!

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