

It Was a Very Good Year

[Robbie Williams](#)

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 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.
Wed ride in limousines. their chauffeurs
Would drive when I was thirty-five. But now the days are 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. it poured
Sweet and clear. it was a very good year.

Songwriters

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