

It Was a Very Good Year

Frank Sinatra

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 all that perfumed hair and it came undone
When I was twenty one
Then 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 grow 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 and it poured sweet and clear
It was a very good year
It was a mess of good years

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