

# It Was a Very Good Year

[Robbie Williams](#)

Written by ervin drake  
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 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.  
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 fine old kegs  
From the brim to the dregs. it poured  
Sweet and clear. it was a very good year.

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