

# When the World Was Young

**Rod McKuen**

It isn't by chance I happen to be a boulevardier, the toast of Paree,  
For over the noise, the talk and the smoke, I'm good for a laugh, a drink or a joke,  
I walk in a room, a party of all, come sit over here, somebody will call  
A drink for monsieur, a drink for us all, but how many times, I sat and recall. Are the apple trees, blossoms in the  
breeze that we walk among,  
Lying in the hay, games we used to play, while the rounds were sung,  
Only yesterday when the world was young.

Wherever I go they mention my name, and that in itself is some sort of fame, Come by for a drink, we're having  
a game, wherever I go, I'm glad that I came.  
The talk is quite gay, the company's fine,  
There's laughter and lights and glamour and wine.

And beautiful girls and summer's been mine, but often my eyes see a different shine. Are the apple trees, sunlit  
memories, where the hammock swung,  
On our backs sweet lie, looking at the sky, till the stars were strung  
Only last July when the world was young.

Songwriters

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