My Tender Years

Scarlet's Well

Could have sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh serving as his cabin boy
He wanted me to be his toy but it was not worth it

Had a scene with the Queen of Sheba gardening her rosy bed
She showered kisses on my head but it was not worth it

Nearly persuaded Casanova that I could have been the one
But the arithmetic was never done it was not worth it

Not worth the trouble it was not worth the tears
In my tender years
There was always tomorrow
There was never time
Not worth the trouble it was not worth the tears
In my tender years

There were some, I remember now
But I can't see them clearly somehow
For I have drawn a veil of tears
Over those tender years

I admit that was flattered when the golden boy Apollo had a crush on me
But I turned myself into a tree it was not worth it

The immortal bard was quite persuasive when he tried to have his way
He compared me to a summer's day but it was not worth it

Could have lain back while Picasso sweated out another masterpiece
I was old enough to be his niece it was not worth it

Lyrics submitted by co.

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