

I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore

Maurice Chevalier

Poor boy! Poor boy!
Down-hearted and depressed and in a spin
Poor boy! Poor boy!
Oh, youth can really do a fellow in! How lovely to sit here in the shade
With none of the woes of man and maid
I'm glad I'm not young anymore The rivals that don't exist at all
The feeling you're only two feet tall
I'm glad that I'm not young anymore No more confusion
No morning-after surprise
No self-delusion
That when you're telling those lies
She isn't wise And even if love comes through the door
The chance that goes on forevermore
Forevermore is shorter than before
Oh, I'm so glad that I'm not young anymore The tiny remark that tortures you
The fear that your friends won't like her too
I'm glad I'm not young anymore
The longing to end the stale affair
Until you find out she doesn't care
I'm glad that I'm not young anymore No more frustration
No star-crossed lover am I
No aggravation
Just one reluctant reply
"Lady, goodbye!" The Fountain of Youth is dull as paint
Methuselah is my patron saint
I've never been so comfortable before
Oh, I'm so glad that I'm not young anymore

Songwriters

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