

# 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 anymoreThe rivals that don't exist at all  
The feeling you're only two feet tall

I'm glad that I'm not young anymoreNo more confusion  
No morning-after surprise  
No self-delusion  
That when you're telling those lies

She isn't wiseAnd 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 anymoreThe 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 anymoreNo 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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