

## **It Was A Very Good Year**

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 lights 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 stair  
With all that perfumed hair and it came undone  
When I was twenty one

Then 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 grow 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 and it poured sweet and clear  
It was a very good year