

(Ah, the Apple Trees) When the World Was Young

Aretha Franklin

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 glamor 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.