

When the World Was Young

Bob Dylan

It isn't by chance I happen to be
A boulevardier, the toast of Paris
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 or ball
"Come sit over here" somebody will call
"A drink for M'sieur, a drink for us all!"
But how many times I stop and recall

Ah, the apple trees
Blossoms in the breeze
That we walked 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 fine
There's laughter and lights, and glamour and wine
And beautiful girls and some of them mine
But often my eyes see a different shine

Ah, the apple trees
Sunlit memories
Where the hammock swung
On our backs we'd lie
Looking at the sky
Till the stars were strung
Only last July when the world was young

Ah, the apple trees
Blossoms in the breeze
That we walked among
Lying in the hay
Games we used to play
While the rounds were sung
Only yesterday, when the world was young

While sitting around, we often recall
The laugh of the year, the night of them all
The blonde who was so attractive that year
Some opening night that made us all cheer
Remember that time we all got so tight
And Jacques and Antoine got into a fight
The gendarmes who came, passed out like a light
I laugh with the rest, it's all very bright