

# It Was a Very Good Year

Robbie Williams

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 light 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 stairs  
With perfume hair that came undone  
when I was twenty-one.

When 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 are 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. It poured sweet and clear. It was a very good year