

It Was Very Good Year

The Kingston Trio

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 perfumed 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 the old kegs,
From the brim to the dregs
It poured sweet and clear;
It was a very good year.