

When The World Was Young

Anita O'Day

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 glamour 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