

## 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