

# When the World Was Young

Eartha Kitt

They call me coquette, and mademoiselle  
And I must admit I like it quite well  
It's something to be the darling of all  
Le grande femme fatale the belle of the ball;  
There's nothing as gay as life in Paris  
There's no other person, I'd rather be  
I love what I do, I love what I see  
But where is the schoolgirl that used to be me

Ah, the apple trees  
Where at garden teas  
Jack-o-lanterns swung:  
Fashions of the day  
Vests of applique  
Dresses of shantung  
Only yesterday  
When the world was young

While sitting around we often recall  
The laugh of the year the night of them all  
The blonds 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

Ah, the apple trees  
Sunlight memories  
Where the hammock swung  
On our backs we'd lie;  
Looking at the shy  
'til the stars were strung  
Only last July  
When the world was young

You'll see me in Cape d'Antibes, or in Spain  
I follow the sun by boat or by plane  
It's any old millionaire in a storm  
For I've got my mink to keep my heart warm:  
And sometimes I drink too much with the crowd  
And, sometimes I talk a little too loud  
My head may be aching, but it's unbowed  
And sometimes I see it all through a cloud

Ah, the apple trees  
And the hive of bees  
Where we once got stung  
Summers at Bordeaux  
Rowing at Bateau  
Where the willow hung  
Just a dream ago  
When the world was young