

It Was A Very Good Year

Rod Stewart

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 stairs
With all that perfumed hair and it came undone
When I was twenty-one

Then I was thirty-five it was a very good year
It was a very good year for blue-blooded girls of independent means
Who'd ride in limousines and their chauffeurs would drive
When I was thirty-five

When I was fifty-three it was a wonderful year
It was a wonderful year to find the girl I'd call my own
A place where I belong and she'd love only me
When I was fifty-three

But now the days grow short, I'm in the autumn of my years
And now I think of my life as vintage wine from fine old kegs
From the brim to the dregs, and it poured sweet and clear
It was a very good year