

# Frank Sinatra, It Was A Very Good Year

(E. Drake)

[Recorded April 22, 1965, Hollywood]

[spoken intro:]

Here's an awfully pretty folk song

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

[brief instrumental]

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

[brief instrumental]

Then 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

[brief instrumental]

But now the days grow short, I'm in the autumn of the year  
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

[brief instrumental]

It was a mess of good years