

Scott Walker, When The World Was Young

It isn't by chance I happen to be
A boulevard deer, the toast of Paris
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 or ball
"Come sit over here", somebody will call
"A drink for Monsieur, a drink for us all"
But how many times I stop - and recall

Ah, the apple trees
Blossoms in the breeze
That we walked 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 fine
There's laughter and lights, and glamour and wine
And beautiful girls, and some of them mine
But often my eyes see a different shine

Ah, the apple trees
Sun-lit memories
Where the hammock swung
On our backs we'd lie
Looking at the sky
'Til the stars were strung
Only last July
When the world was young

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