

# Frank Sinatra, It Only Happens When I Dance With

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 perfumed hair  
That came undone  
When I was twenty-one  
When 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  
But now the days are short, I'm in the autumn of my years  
And I think of my life as vintage wine  
From fine old kegs  
From the brim to the dregs  
It poured sweet and clear  
It was a very good year