

# Ray Charles, It Was A Very Good Year

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 stair  
With all that perfumed hair  
And it 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 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

It was a mess of good years