

The Kingston Trio, 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 so
We'd hide from the light 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
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 ind
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 the year and now I think of my life as vintage wine
From the brim to the dregs, it poured sweet and clear. It was a very good year.