

## It Was a Very Good Year

dregs was seventeen think  
hair when city good year  
old sweet lights small  
twenty-one came girls soft  
green stair autumn ride  
thirty-five short blue  
drive



When I was \_\_\_\_\_  
It was a very \_\_\_\_\_ year  
It was a very good year for \_\_\_\_\_  
Town girls and \_\_\_\_\_ summer nights  
We'd hide from the \_\_\_\_\_  
On the village \_\_\_\_\_  
When I \_\_\_\_\_ seventeen

When I was \_\_\_\_\_  
It was a very good \_\_\_\_\_  
It was a very good year for \_\_\_\_\_ girls  
Who lived up the \_\_\_\_\_  
With all that perfumed \_\_\_\_\_

And it \_\_\_\_\_ undone  
\_\_\_\_\_ I was twenty-one

When I was \_\_\_\_\_  
It was a very good year  
It was a very good year for \_\_\_\_\_  
Blooded \_\_\_\_\_ of independent means  
We'd \_\_\_\_\_ in limousines  
Their chauffeurs would \_\_\_\_\_  
When I was thirty-five

But now the days are \_\_\_\_\_  
I'm in the \_\_\_\_\_ of the year  
And now I \_\_\_\_\_ of my life as vintage  
Wine from fine \_\_\_\_\_ kegs  
From the brim to the \_\_\_\_\_  
It poured \_\_\_\_\_ and clear  
It was a very good year