IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

Ervin Drake

4/4

Intro:  

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
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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 fine old kegs

From the brim to the dregs, and it poured sweet and clear

It was a very good year
IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR—Ervin Drake
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Intro: | Dm | ♩ | Am | A7 |

Dm                        Eb
When I was seventeen, it was a very good year

Dm                        F                        Eb
It was a very good year for small town girls and soft summer nights

D                                         C                                 D        Dm    Am    A7
We'd hide from the lights, on the village green, when I was seventeen

Dm                        Eb
When I was twenty-one, it was a very good year

Dm                        F                        Eb
It was a very good year for city girls who lived up the stair

D                                         C                                 D        Dm    Am    A7
With all that perfumed hair, and it came undone, when I was twenty-one

Dm                        Eb
When I was thirty-five, it was a very good year

Dm                        F                        Eb
It was a very good year for blue-blooded girls of independent means

D                                         C                                 D        Dm    Am    A7
We'd ride in limousines, their chauffeurs would drive, when I was thirty-five

Dm                        Eb
But now the days are short, I'm in the autumn of the year

Dm                        F                        Eb
And now I think of my life as vintage wine from fine old kegs

D                                         C
From the brim to the dregs, and it poured sweet and clear

D                      Dm    Am    A7
It was a very good year