

# When I Was in My Prime

Nina Simone

When I was in my prime, I flourished like a vine.  
Along there came a false young man, come stole the heart of mine.  
Come stole the heart of mine

The gardener standing by, three offers he made me.  
The pink, the violet, and red rose, which I refused all three.  
Which I refused all three

The pink's no flower at all, it fades away too soon.  
The violet is too pale a bloom, I think I'll wait till June  
I think I'll wait till June

In June the red rose blooms, but it's not the flower for me.  
It's then I'll uproot the red, red rose, and plant a willow tree.  
And plant a willow tree

And the willow tree shall weep and the willow tree shall mourn.  
How I wish I were in my young man's arms who stole the heart of mine.  
Who stole the heart of mine

And if I'm spared young year more, and if God should grant me grace.  
I'll weep a bowl of crystal tears, and wash his deceitful face.  
And wash his deceitful face.