

Yesterday When I Was Young

Andy Williams

Yesterday when I was young,
The taste of life was sweet as rain upon my tongue,
I teased at life as if it were a foolish game,
The way the evening breeze may tease a candle flame;
The thousand dreams I dreamed,
The splendid things I planned
I always built, alas,
on weak and shifting sand;
I lived by night and shunned the naked light of day
And only now I see how the years ran away.

Yesterday, when I was young,
So many happy songs were waiting to be sung,
So many wayward pleasures lay in store for me
And so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see,

I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out,
I never stopped to think what life was all about
And every conversation I can now recall concerned itself with m
e, and nothing else at all.

Yesterday the moon was blue,
and every crazy day brought something new to do,
I used my magic age as if it were a wand,
and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond;
The game of love I played with arrogance and pride
and every flame I lit too quickly, quickly died;
The friends I made all seemed somehow to drift away
And only I am left on stage to end the play.
There are so many songs in me that won't be sung,
I feel the bitter taste of tears upon my tongue,
The time has come for me to pay for Yesterday
When I was Young.

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