

Yesterday When I Was Young

Jane McDonald

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 drinking 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 me, me, and nothing else at all.
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.

Yesterday when I was young
So many drinking 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.
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... Young... Young

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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