

Yesterday

Marianne Faithfull

Yesterdays, yesterdays
Days I knew as happy sweet sequestered days
Olden days, golden days
Days of mad romance and love Then gay youth was mine, truth was mine
Joyous free and flaming life, then truth was mine
Sad am I, glad am I?
For today I'm dreaming of yesterdays Yesterdays, yesterdays
Days I knew as happy sweet sequestered days
Golden days, olden days
Days of mad romance and love Then gay youth was mine, truth was mine
Joyous free and flaming life, then truth was mine
Sad am I, glad am I?
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