

Cast of Yesterday

[Tim Wheatley](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Land locked this place don't give me no leeway
The same bloody lights, the same bloody freeway
Grand plans are shelved and dreams put on ice
Clicks are jammed in the preverbal vice I hit upon a spark plug, the wheels were in motion
To the wrong god damn coast, to the wrong god damn ocean
The next hostel was to far away
Why are you in a hurry son, Livingstone's my name, he said I'm just happy with the sun on my shoulders
Rattle your drink, you know were getting older
Tip-toe around the world on your lonesome
I got it tough you know, at least that's what I told them
I think back to the cast of yesterday
The real stars don't hit, they ricochet We started making tracks but didn't get far
If my memory serves me, we stayed at the bar
But one thing's for sure, we left on something profound
Just like I'll call you right back or I'll see you around Reckless abandon was the order of the day
I was mugged on Las Ramblas in the pouring rain
The half German girl giving nothing away
The dirty little thing, I was never the same, she said I'm just happy with the sun on my shoulders
Rattle your drink, you know were getting older
Tip-toe around the world on your lonesome
I got it tough you know, at least that's what I told them
I think back to the cast of yesterday
The real stars don't hit, they ricochet

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