Yesterday Yesterday

Bobby Long

yesterday, yesterday was good
but there's time for change in the wild wood
I'm gonna head back down to seal the quill
and let the black ink merge in the landfillhear the ringing of chains, as they bend and coil
around the future's neck, see it broil
many of us will be gone, dead for dreaming in the rain
with all the guilt but without the painand you can take yours and I'll take mine
no running away from the scene of the crime
and yesterday was fineI was so in love with you
with what people do to me and you
yesterday, yesterday but there's time for change
from yesterdayhe's a born again fake, the crowd would cheer
if they could see their hands and calm their fear
being led by a wishbone, whose making a break
nothing's gonna come through for this treasured fakeI read a story in a paper, someone lit it on fire
just a wholesome buyer, but written by a liar
oh yesterday, yesterday, won't come around
and it's been and gone and in this song

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