

Yesterdays

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.

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