

# Yesterday When I Was Young

Andy Williams

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 happy 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,  
and nothing else at all.

Yesterday the moon was blue,  
and every crazy day brought something new to do,  
I used my magic age as if it were a wand,  
and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond;  
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.  
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.

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