

# Yesterdays

Cold Chisel

Baby, that's ok, I'll live to fight another day  
Black man, on the ropes  
At Jimmy Sharman's fighting ring  
I've seen a lot of things before I had the time to sort  
them through  
I'm takin' time for you

Yesterdays are gone, we don't need them now

After all is said and never done  
Take a long term view  
Everybody blows a few  
It's a game, it's a game, it's a game and it's the only  
one

Young man, getting old, watching elevators fold  
Doctor, you know me, wrap me up when nights are cold  
Last night I walked through miles of closed arcades and  
home again  
I'm tired but alive  
I know that you are too

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I've worked in better times  
When I survived to see things in their prime  
I know that you will too

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