

## Yesterdays

Pink Cream 69

One man sits with his head hung low  
Nowhere to run, got no place to go  
There was a time when his town held homes  
Now it's trash and broken homes

Every day, haulin' off the dead  
So many scenes flashin' through his head  
A little kid had to ask me "why"  
Should I laugh? Maybe I'll just cry

So many folks tune in the living hell  
They wanna know where the bombs just fell  
Your TV screens show them crashing down  
Can you see the lights? Can you hear the sound?

Guess the times have got the best of me  
What the hell is this supposed to prove  
they don't want to feel this misery  
Hear 'em screaming and they dare not move  
Guess the times have got the best of me  
Has there got to be a single bullet  
Put it right up to my head  
Half a chance you know that I would use it

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What the hell is this supposed to prove  
they don't want to feel this misery  
Hear 'em screaming and they dare not move  
Guess the times have got the best of me  
Has there got to be a single bullet  
They don't want to feel this misery

Remember yesterday, oh yesterday

One man sits with his cigarettes  
Drinks his gin like his own regrets