

Eddy Arnold

"Yesterday When I Was Young"

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YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Writers Charles Aznavour, Herbert Kretzmer

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 the day and only now I see how the years ran away. Yesterday when I was young so many drinking 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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