

Bryan White

"Yesterday Is Mine"

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Richard Bryant
Nobody knows it's yesterday way back here on the
farm
Everybody's walking backwards, summer's cold and
winter's warm
We breathe in CO2 and exhale oxygen, drink water,
bathe in wine
It's a life, not the life I meant to lead, but I don't bleed
Cause yesterday is mine
She packed up my tomorrows in a suitcase full of sand
She scalped my ticket to the future and laid the money
in my hand
She bricked up all the windows, called a cab and hung
some laundry on the line
She broke the day in two and tried to give me half but I
gave it back
Cause yesterday is mine
So I meet her every morning in a time that used to be
And sing her seven love songs from the twentieth
century
She sighs and she whispers like a breeze blowing
steady through the pines
And we don't discuss the future since yesterday is here
to stay
And yesterday is mine
Yesterday is mine

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