

**Matt Monro****"Yesterday When I Was Young"**

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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 drinking songs were waiting to be sung,  
So many wild 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 worst, and the 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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