

Ella Fitzgerald, Yesterdays

Yesterdays

Yesterdays

Days I knew as happy sweet

Sequestered days

Olden days

Golden days

Days of mad romance and love

Then gay youth was mine

And truth was mine

Joyous free and flaming life

Forsooth was mine

Sad am I

Glad am I

For today I'm dreaming of

Of yesterdays

Then gay youth was mine

The truth was mine

Sad am I

Glad am I

For today I'm dreaming of

Of yesterdays