

Shirley Bassey, Yesterday When I Was Young

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 lovely 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.

Yesterday, when I was young.
So many lovely 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.