

The Buzzcocks, Yesterday's Not Here

Looking back on life is such a retrospective thing
Hoping for some nice advice that only you could bring
But you came as in a storm when the woolly dreams were shorn off my back
Suffer cold reality's sting

All my life that I remember was a drag
Even though it wasn't so good it was all that I'd had
Now I've seen it slip away and tomorrow's just another day
To find relief from feeling sad

Yesterday's not here no more
It's gone for good and I'm glad 'cos it made me sore
All the things that might have been
Are seen by me as regrets that my memory stores

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But from all my time the things I have seen
Have I seen you or have I been
A mirror of what you wanted to be
Just almost like you were to me
To me, to me, to me

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