

Charles Aznavour, Yesterday When I Was Young

Yesterday when I was young
the taste of life was sweet like rain upon my tongue,
I teased at life as if it were a foolish game
the way an evening breeze would tease a candle flame,
The thousand dreams I dreamed, the splendid things I planned
I always built to last on weak and shifting sand,
I lived by night and shunned the naked light of day
and only now I see how the years have run away

Yesterday when I was young
there were so many songs that waited to be sung,
So many wild pleasures that 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 and
I never stopped to think what life was all about,
and every conversation that I can recall
concerned itself with me, and nothing else at all.

Yesterday the moon was blue
and every crazy day brought something new to do,
and 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 so quickly, quickly died
the friends I made all seemed, somehow, to drift away
and only I am left on stage to end the play.

Yesterday when I was young
there were so many songs that waited to be sung,
So many wild pleasures lay in store for me
and so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see,
There are so many songs in me that won't be sung
cause I feel the bitter taste of tears upon my tongue
And the time has come for me to pay for yesterday
When I was young.