

Dusty Springfield, Yesterday When I Was Young

(Charles Aznavour / Herbert Kretzmer)

Spoken : Somehow, it seems the love I knew was always the most destructive kind

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 the 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 time ran away

Yesterday when I was young
So many lovely songs were waiting to be sung
So many wild pleasures lay in store for me
And so much pain my 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 that I can now recall
Concerned itself with me and nothing else at all

The game of love I played with arrogance and pride
And every flame I lit too quickly, quickly died
The friends I made all somehow seemed to slip away
And only now I'm left alone to end the play, yeah

Oh, yesterday when I was young
So many, many songs were waiting to be sung
So many wild pleasures lay in store for me
And so much pain my eyes refused to see
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