

# Marianne Faithfull, 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  
Truth was mine  
Joyous free and flaming life  
Then truth was mine  
Sad am i, glad am i,  
For today I'm dreaming of  
Yesterdays.

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