

# Roy Clark, 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 the day  
And only now I see how the years ran away.

Yesterday when I was young  
So many drinking 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...