

# Scott Walker, When Joanna Loved Me

Today is just another day  
Tomorrow is a guess  
But yesterday  
Oh what I'd give for yesterday  
To relive one yesterday  
And its happiness

When Joanna loved me  
Every town was Paris  
Every day was Sunday  
Every month was May

When Joanna loved me  
Every sound was music  
Music made of laughter  
Laughter that was bright and gay  
But when Joanna left me  
May became December

But even in December  
I remember  
Her touch  
Her smile  
And for a little while  
She loves me

And once again it's Paris  
Paris on a Sunday  
And the month is May