

# Yesterday, When I Was Young

Al Martino

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 an 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 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 wild 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 stop  
ped  
to think what life was all about, and every conver sation I  
can now reall, concerned itself with ]me, and nothing else at a  
ll.

Yesterday the moon was blue, and every crazy day brought  
something new to do, I used my magic age as if it were anwand,  
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, some how 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 bi  
tter  
taste, of tears upon my tongue, the time has come for me pay fo  
r  
yesterday, when I was ounge