

Yesterdays

Frank Sinatra

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, and truth was mine

Joyous free and flaming life forsooth was mine

Sad am I, glad am I, for today I'm dreaming of, of yesterdays

Then gay youth was mine, the truth was mine

Sad am I, glad am I, for today I'm dreaming of, of yesterdays