

Yesterday

Something With Numbers

I was hanging out on the corner of the street
With my hands in my pockets just staring at my feet
Listening to the Beatles from the burnt up radio
I bought it for a dollar from a man in Terrigal

Sifting through my sorrow, I never felt so low
Drowning like a lizard, a human puppet show
Standing at the peak of my bottom-dwelling self
Thinking when's this gonna stop, and is it time for hell?

And I just can't figure it out
Did I make a mistake somehow?
Oh, I wish there was a cheap way out

I'm supposed to figure out tomorrow
But all that I can think about is yesterday
I'm supposed to figure out tomorrow
But all that I can think about is yesterday

Feeling like a failure, I wander down the street
Tripping over on my hopelessness and burnt reality
Laying on the side of the road I was afraid
That I may never get up again and never feel the same

She took hold of my hand, she never let it go
She picked up all the pieces, she's my Marilyn Monroe
Standing at the side where she looked into my eyes
And she told me not to worry and to hold my head up high

And I just can't figure it out
Did I make a mistake somehow?
Oh, I wish there was a cheap way out

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But all that I can think about is yesterday
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Tomorrow won't be easy, and neither will today
I wanted to close my eyes and dream of yesterday
But I won't do that, no I won't do that
I can't do that anymore

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But all that I can think about is yesterday
I'm supposed to figure out tomorrow
But all that I can think about is yesterday