

Yesterdays

The Ink Spots

Yesterdays, Yesterdays,
Days I knew as happy,
Sweet sequester days.
Olden days, golden days,
Days of mad romance and love.
Then gay youth was mine, truth was mine,
Joyous free and flaming life,
Forsooth, was mine.
Sad am I, glad am I,
For today I'm dreaming of Yesterdays.

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