

Yesterdays Tomorrows

Tindersticks

Ah, those days, those days where did they go?
They shuffled through our doorways.
Are they here?

Ah, those days, those days they follow us home
and peer through our windows.
And they're here?

For all our hoping
they're here.

Ah, those nights, those nights they tiptoed by,
they crackle under our pillows
and they're here.

Then our yesterdays tomorrows,
then our yesterdays tomorrows,
then our yesterdays tomorrows,
they're here.

And still we try
to reach for what has gone behind,
but they're here.

The sun arrived, beat down until that life ran dry
and every moment burned with that fire
but they're here.

Then our yesterdays tomorrows,
then our yesterdays tomorrows,
then our yesterdays tomorrows,
they're here.

For all our hoping,
all our wondering,
they're here.