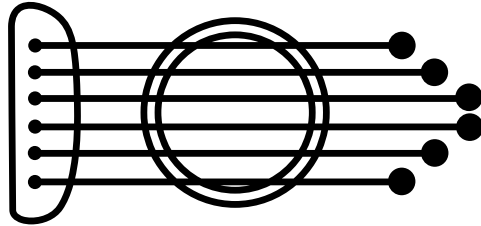


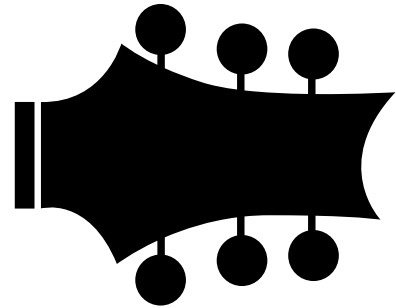
Ray Clark

YESTERDAY

IT SEEMS THE LOVE I'VE
KNOWN HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE
MOST DESTRUCTIVE KIND I GUESS THAT'S
WHY NOW I FEEL SO OLD BEFORE MY TIME
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 THE EVENING BREEZE MAY
TEASE A CANDLE FLAME THE THOUSAND DREAMS I DREAMED, THE SPLENDID THINGS I
PLANNED I ALWAYS BUILT TO LAST ON WEAK AND SHIFTING SAND I LIVED BY NIGHT AND
SHUNNED THE NAKED LIGHT OF THE DAY AND ONLY NOW I SEE HOW THE YEARS RAN AWAY
YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG SO MANY
HAPPY 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 STOPPED TO THINK WHAT
LIFE WAS ALL ABOUT AND EVERY CONVERSA-
TION I CAN NOW RECALL CONCERNED ITSELF
WITH ME AND NOTHING ELSE AT ALL YESTERDAY THE MOON WAS BLUE AND EVERY CRAZY DAY
BROUGHT SOMETHING NEW TO DO I USED MY MAGIC AGE AS IF IT WERE A WAND AND NEVER
SAW THE WASTE AND THE EMPTINESS BEYOND THE GAME OF LOVE I PLAYED WITH ARRO-
GANCE AND PRIDE AND EVERY FLAME I LIT TOO QUICKLY, QUICKLY DIED THE FRIENDS I
MADE ALL SEEMED SOMEHOW TO DRIFT AWAY AND ONLY I AM LEFT ON STAGE TO END
THE PLAY THERE ARE SO MANY SONGS IN ME THAT
FEEL THE BITTER TASTE OF TEARS UPON MY
TONGUE THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME
TO PAY FOR YESTERDAY WHEN I
WAS YOUNG



Yesterday When I was Young



WON'T BE SUNG I