

Roy Orbison, Yesterday's Child

Roy Orbison/Bill Dees

I see the face of yesterday's child,
Living in a state of in between.
Is there a place for yesterday's child,
Searching for an unforgotten dream?

Looking for rainbows at midnight,
Hoping tomorrow will come.
Will time erase for yesterday's child?
What will the child become?

I hear the voice of yesterday's child
Echoing my name, my name, my name.
Is there a choice for yesterday's child,
Seeking shelter from the falling rain?

Chasing a butterfly lover,
Making a run for the sun.
Who will rejoice for yesterday's child?
What is the game to be won?
Will you draw?
Will you fold?
Will you start playing wild?
What is the future for yesterday's child?
Will you turn to dust,
Or go to the sea, racing with destiny?
Oh, look at me,
Born to be yesterday's child.