

Living Years Mike Rutherford, B.A. Robertson (Mike & the Mechanics)

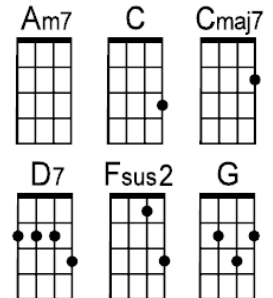
G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7
 Every generation blames the one before

G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7
 And all of their frustrations come beating on your door

Fsus2 Fsus2
 I know that I'm a prisoner to all my father held so dear

Am7 Am7
 I know that I'm a hostage to all his hopes and fears

D7 C// D7// G G
 I just wish I could have told him in the living years



G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7
 Crumpled bits of paper filled with imperfect thought

Stilted conversations I'm afraid that's all we've got
 Fsus2 You say you just don't see it, he says it's perfect sense

Am7 You just can't get agreement in this present tense
 D7 C// D7// G G

We all talk a different language, talking in defense

G	G	C	C	Am7	D7	G	G
Say it loud,	say it clear.	You can listen as well as you hear					
G	G	C	C	Am7	D7	G	G
It's too late	when we die	to admit we don't see eye to eye					

G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7
 So we open up a quarrel between the present and the past

We only sacrifice the future it's the bitterness that lasts
 Fsus2 So don't yield to the fortunes you sometimes see as fate

Am7 It may have a new perspective on a different date
 D7 C// D7// G G

And if you don't give up, and don't give in, you may just be O.K.

<Chorus>

G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7
 I wasn't there that morning when my Father passed away

I didn't get to tell him all the things I had to say
 Fsus2 I think I caught his spirit later that same year

Am7 I'm sure I heard his echo in my baby's new born tears
 D7 C// D7// G G

I just wish I could have told him in the living years **<Chorus>**