

The Living Years – (Englisch)

Music & lyrics: Mike & The Mechanics

*Every generation
Blames the one before
And all of their frustrations
Come beating on your door*

*I know that I'm a prisoner
To all my Father held so dear
I know that I'm a hostage
To all his hopes and fears
I just wish I could have told him in the
living years*

*Crumpled bits of paper
Filled with imperfect thought
Stilted conversations
I'm afraid that's all we've got*

*You say you just don't see it
He says it's perfect sense
You just can't get agreement
In this present tense
We all talk a different language
Talking in defense*

*Say it loud, say it clear
You can listen as well as you hear
It's too late when we die
To admit we don't see eye to eye*

*So we open up a quarrel
Between the present and the past
We only sacrifice the future
It's the bitterness that lasts*

*So don't yield to the fortunes
You sometimes see as fate
It may have a new perspective
On a different date
And if you don't give up, and don't give in
You may just be O.K.*

*Say it loud, say it clear
You can listen as well as you hear
It's too late when we die
To admit we don't see eye to eye*

*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*

*I think I caught his spirit
Later that same year
I'm sure I heard his echo
In my baby's new born tears
I just wish I could have told him in the
living years*

*Say it loud, say it clear
You can listen as well as you hear
It's too late when we die
To admit we don't see eye to eye*