The Living Years
Words & Music by Mike Rutherford & BA Robertson
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Moderately

Verse:

1. Every generation
2. Crumpled bits of paper
3, 4. See additional lyrics

blames the one before,
filled with imperfect thought.
and all of their frustrations come
stilted conversations I'm a

beating on your door.
I know that I'm a prisoner to all my
fraid that's all we've got.
You say you just don't see it, he

father held so dear, I know that I'm a hostage to all his hopes and fears. I just wish
sends it's perfect sense, you just can't get agreement in this present tense. We all talk

I could have told him in the living years
a different language, talking in defence.
2. Oh,
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
Verse 3: 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 day.
And if you don't give up,
And don't give in
You may just be OK.

Chorus:

Verse 4: 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.

Chorus: