

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

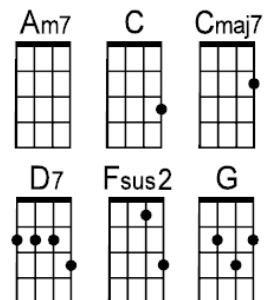
G G Cmaj7 Cmaj7  
Every generation blames the one before

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>