THE LIVING YEARS (MIKE RUTHERFORD, B.A. ROBERTSON, 1989)	(2P)
(Intro) G F#m Am D G	
G C	
Every generation, blames the one before	
G C	
And all of their frustrations, come beating on your door	
F	
I know that I'm a prisoner, to all my father held so dear	
Am	
I know that I'm a hostage, to all his hopes and fears	
D7 G	
I just wish I could have told him in the living years	
G C	
Crumpled bits of paper, filled with imperfect thought	
G C	
Stilted conversations, I'm afraid that's all we've got	
F	
You say you just don't see it, he says it's perfect sense	
Am	
You just can't get agreement, in this present tense	
D7 G	
We all talk a different language, talking in defense	
Chorus:	
G C Am D G	
Say it loud, say it clear. You can listen as well as you hear	
G C Am D G	
It's too late when we die, to admit we don't see eye to eye	

G 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 Am It may have a new perspective, on a different day **D7** G And if you don't give up and don't give in, you may just be okay (Chorus) G 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 Am I'm sure I heard his echo, in my baby's new born tears **D7** G I just wish I could have told him in the living years (Chorus) Outro: G So say it, say it, say it loud, (say it loud) say it loud (Say it clear) Come on, say it clear (Say it loud) Don't give up, don't give in C (Say it clear) And don't look back 'til it's too late (Fade)