

# Franco Battiato, It's Five O' Clock

It's five o' clock  
and i walk  
through the empty streets.  
Thoughts fill my head  
but then still  
no one speaks to me  
my mind takes me back  
to the years  
that have passed me by

It is so hard to believe  
that it's me that i see  
in the window pane  
it is so hard to believe  
that all this is the way  
that it has to be

It's five o' clock  
and i walk  
through the empty streets.  
The night is my friend  
and in him i find sympathy  
and so i go back to the years  
that have past me by  
It is so hard to believe  
that it's me that i see  
in the window pane  
it is so hard to believe  
that all this is the way  
that it has to be

It's five o' clock  
and i walk  
through the empty streets.  
the night is my friend  
and in him i find sympathy.  
He gives me day gives me hope  
and a little dream too.