

# Jim Croce, Five Short Minutes

Well, she was standing by my dressing room after the show  
Asking for my autograph and asked if she could go  
Back to my motel room  
But the rest is just a tragic tale  
Because five short minutes of lovin'  
Done brought me twenty long years in jail

Well, like a fool in a hurry I took her to my room  
She casted me in plaster while I sang her a tune  
Then I said, 'Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale  
Because five short minutes of lovin'  
Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

Well, then a judge and a jury sat me in a room  
They say that robbin' the cradle is worse than robbin' the tomb

Then I said 'Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale'  
(Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it!)  
'Because five short minutes of lovin'  
Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

And when I get out of this prison gonna be forty-five  
I'll know I used to like to do it but I won't remember why  
(Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it!)  
I'll say, 'Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale  
Because five short minutes of lovin'  
Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

'Because five short minutes of lovin'  
Done brought me twenty long years in jail'