

# Russell Watson, The Living Years

The Living Years lyrics

Artist - Russell Watson

Album - Various Songs

Lyrics - The Living Years

Every generation blames the one before  
And all of their frustrations  
Come beating on your door  
I know that I'm a prisoner  
To all my father held so dear  
I know that I'm a hostage  
To all his hopes and fears  
I just wish I could have told him  
In the living years  
More crumpled bits of paper  
Filled with imperfect thought  
Stilted conversations  
I'm afraid that's all we've got  
You say you just don't see it  
He says it's perfect sense  
You just can't get agreement  
In this present tense  
We all talk a different language  
Talking in defence

CHORUS

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 see eye to eye

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 O.K.

CHORUS

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