

## It's Five O'clock

Aphrodite's Child

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 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 thus so  
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 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