

# The Living Years

Chris de Burgh

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

Crumpled bits of paper  
Filled with imperfect thoughts  
Stilted conversations, I'm afraid that's all we've got  
You say you just don't see it, he says its perfect sense  
You just can't get agreement, in this present tense  
We all talk a different language, talking in defense

So say it loud  
Say it clear  
You can listen as well as you hear  
It's too late (it's too late)  
When we die (when we die)  
To admit we don't see eye to eye

So we open up the 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 OK

So say it say it say it loud  
Say it clear  
You can listen as well as you hear  
'Cos it's too late (it's too late)  
When we die (when we die)  
To admit we don't see eye to eye

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 newborn tears  
I just, wish I could have told him in the living years

So say it say it say it loud  
Say it clear  
You can listen as well as you hear  
'Cos it's too late (it's too late)  
When we die (when we die)  
To admit we don't see eye to eye

Yes it's too late (it's too late)  
When we die (when we die)  
To admit we don't see eye to eye

Every generation...