

It's Five O Clock

Demis Roussos

It's five o' clock and I walk
through the empty streets
thoughts pave my fate within still
no one speaks to me
my mind takes me back to the years
that have passed me by

And it's so hard to believe
that it's me
that I see in the rain
don't pain

And it's so hard to believe
that what it is
it's 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 with him
I find sympathy
and so I'll go back to the years
that have passed me by

And it's so hard to believe
that it's me
that I see in the rain
don't pain

And it's so hard to believe
that what it is
it's 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 with him
I find sympathy
and he leaves me day, leaves me hope
and a little dream, too