

## 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