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 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 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 OK. 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 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 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

Glee Cast