

## 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.