

The Living Years

Michael Ball

Every generation
Blames the one before
And all of their frustrations
Come beating on your door

I know that Im a prisoner
To all my father held so dear
I know that Im 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
Im afraid thats all weve got

You say you just dont see it
He says its perfect sense
You just cant 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
Its too late when we die
To admit we dont see eye to eye

So we open up a quarrel
Between the present and the past
We only sacrifice the future
Its the bitterness that lasts

So dont yield to the fortunes
You sometimes see as fate
It may have a new perspective
On a different day
And if you dont give up, and dont give in
You may just be o.k.

Say it loud, say it clear
You can listen as well as you hear
Its too late when we die
To admit we dont see eye to eye

I wasnt there that morning
When my father passed away
I didnt get to tell him
All the things I had to say

I think I caught his spirit
Later that same year
Im sure I heard his echo
In my babys 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
Its too late when we die
To admit we dont see eye to eye