

# The Living Years

Russell Watson

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've told him in the living years

Oh, crumpled bits of paper filled with imperfect thoughts  
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 defense

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 okay

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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

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Say it loud