

## **Rutherford Mike**

### **"The Living Years"**

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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

More 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

CHORUS

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 O.K.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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