

Jim Croce

"Five Short Minutes"

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Well, she was standing by my dressing room after the show

Asking for my autograph and asked if she could go

Back to my motel room

But the rest is just a tragic tale

Because five short minutes of lovin'

Done brought me twenty long years in jail

Well, like a fool in a hurry I took her to my room

She casted me in plaster while I sang her a tune

Then I said, 'Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale

Because five short minutes of lovin'

Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

Well, then a judge and a jury sat me in a room

They say that robbin' the cradle is worse than robbin' the tomb

Then I said "Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale'

(Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it!)

'Because five short minutes of lovin'

Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

And when I get out of this prison gonna be forty-five

I'll know I used to like to do it but I won't remember why

(Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it!)

I'll say, 'Ooh, oooo! Sure was a tragic tale

Because five short minutes of lovin'

Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

'Because five short minutes of lovin'

Done brought me twenty long years in jail'

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