

# The Living Years

Words & Music by Mike Rutherford & BA Robertson

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Moderately

Ab 4fr.

Gm 3fr.

Bbm

Eb

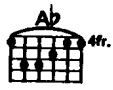
Ab 4fr.

Verse:

Ab 4fr.

Dbmaj7 4fr.

1. Ev - ery gen - er - a - tion \_\_\_\_\_ blames the one - be - fore, -  
(2.) Crum - pled bits - of pa - per \_\_\_\_\_ filled with im - per - fect thought.  
3,4. See additional lyrics



and all of their frus - tra - tions \_\_\_\_\_  
 stilt - ed con - ver - sa - tions \_\_\_\_\_

come  
 I'm a -

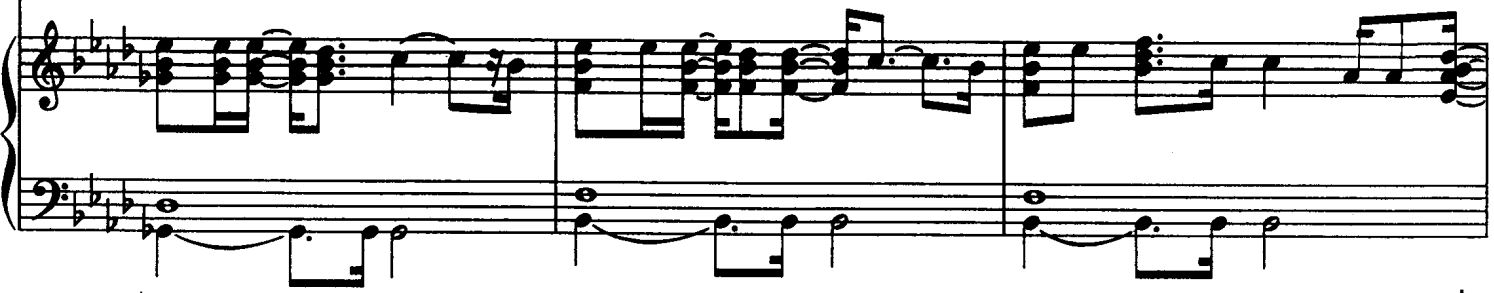


beat - ing on\_ your door.\_  
 fraid that's all\_ we've got.\_

I know that I'm\_ a pris - 'ner to all my  
 You say you just\_ don't see\_ it, he



fath - er held\_ so dear, I know that I'm\_ a hos - tage to all his hopes and fears. I just wish\_  
 says it's per - fect sense, you just can't get\_ a - gree - ment in this pres - ent tense. We all talk\_



To Coda ☼



— I could have told\_ him in the liv - ing\_ years.\_  
 — a dif - 'rent lan - guage, talk - ing in de - fence.\_ }



1.

2. 3. 4.

Chorus:



2. Oh,

Say

it

loud,

say it clear,

you can

lis -

ten

as

well

as

you

hear.

It's

too

late

when we

die

to


ad -

mit

we

don't

see eye \_\_\_\_\_ to eye. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. So we

*Coda*  *Repeat and fade*

Say it loud, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ say it clear. \_\_\_\_\_ Say it

### Additional Lyrics

*Verse 3:* 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.

*Chorus:*

*Verse 4:* 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:*