THE LIVING YEARS

By
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Arranged by DAN COATES

Moderately \( \frac{j=100}{4} \)

\( \text{G} \)

Every generation

\( \text{Cmaj7} \)

filled

blames the one before,

and

imperfect thought;

all of their frustrations

stilted conversations,

I'm a

Cmaj7

beating on your door.

fraid that's all we've got.

You
F6
know that I'm a pris'-ner to all say you just don't see it, he says it's perfect sense, you
my fath-er held so dear, I
say you just don't see it, he says it's perfect sense, you

Am
know that I'm a hos-tage to all his hopes and fears. I just just can't get a-gree-ment in this present tense. We all

C/D wish I could have told him talk a dif-'rent lan-guage, in the liv-ing
D7 talk-ing in de-

G 1.

years.

fense.

2. Oh, Say it

2.3. Chorus
G

loud,
say it
clear,

Am7

Am7

D7

you can listen as well as you

G

hear.

It's too late

C

when we die

to admit

Am7

D7

G

mit we don't see eye to eye.
Additional Lyrics

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 O.K.

Chorus:

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: