

Five Short Minutes

Jim Croce

Verse 1

A

Well she was standing by my dressing room
After the show asking for my autograph and

A7

D7

asked if she could go back to my motel room

A

But the rest is just a tragic tale

E

Because five short minutes of love

D7

A

Will cost me twenty long years in jail

Verse 2

A

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

A7

She casted me in plaster while I sang her a tune

D7

A

Then I said ooh oooo sure was a tragic tale

E

Because five short minutes of lovin'™

D7

A

Done brought me twenty long years in jail

Verse 3

A

Well then a judge and a jury sat me in a room
They say that robbin'™ the cradle

A7

Is worse than robbin'™ the tomb

D7

A

Then I said ooh oooo sure was a tragic tale
(wasn'™t worth it, wasn'™t worth it)

E

Because five short minutes of love

D7

A

Will cost me twenty long years in jail

Verse 4

A

When I get out of this prison gonna be forty five
I'™ll know that I used to like to do it

A7

But I won'™t remember why

D7

A

I'™ll say ooh oooo sure was a tragic tale
(wasn'™t worth it, wasn'™t worth it)

E

Because five short minutes of love

D7

A

Will cost me twenty long years in jail

E

Because five short minutes of love

D7

A

Will cost me twenty long years in jail