

The Living Years
Mike + The Mechanics

The Living Years

Written by Mike Rutherford and B.A. Robertson
From the album, Living Years (Mike & The Mechanics), 1988

Key: A-Flat Major, Time: 4/4, Tempo: 98

[Intro]
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|            |           |  |
|------------|-----------|--|
| <b>Ab</b>  | <b>Gm</b> |  |
| <b>Bbm</b> | <b>Eb</b> |  |

|           |  |  |  |
|-----------|--|--|--|
| <b>Ab</b> |  |  |  |
|-----------|--|--|--|

[Verse 1:] (0:30-)  
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| | | |
|------------------------------------|--|--|
| Ab | | |
| Every generation_____ | | |
| Dbmaj7 | | |
| Blames the one before____ | | |
| Ab | | |
| And all of their frustrations_____ | | |
| Dbmaj7 | | |
| Come beating on your door._____ | | |

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|--|
| Ebm/Gb | | |
| I know that I m a prisoner | | |
| | | |
| To all my father held so dear | | |
| Bbm | | |
| I know that I m a hostage | | |
| | | |
| To all his hopes and fears | | |
| Eb | | |
| I just wish I could have told him | | |
| Db/Eb Eb Ab | | |
| In the living years. oh, | | |

[Verse 2] (1:08-)

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:] (1:48-)

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          | **Ab**   |           | **Db**   |  
Say it loud,   say it clear  
          | **Bbm**       | **Eb**       | **Ab**   |  
You can listen as well as you hear

          | **Ab**   |           | **Db**   |  
It s too late   when we die  
          | **Bbm**       | **Eb**       | **Ab**   |  
To ad-mit we don t see eye to eye.

[Verse 3] (2:27-)

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] (3:06-)

[Verse 4] (3:45-)

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] (4:23-)

[Coda:] (5:02-)

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|| |**Ab** | |**Db** ||
 Say it loud, say it clear