

**The Living Years**  
**Mike + The Mechanics**

The Living Years  
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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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| **Ab** | | **Gm** | | |  
| **Bbm** | | **Eb** | | |

| **Ab** | | | |

[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