

G
pushing through the market square
Em
so many mothers sighing
Am
news had just come over, we have
C
Five years left of crying

G
news guy wept and told us
Em
he said earth, was really dying
Am
cried so much his face was wet
C
then i knew, he was not lying

G
i heard telephones, opera house, favourite melodies
Em
there were boys toys, electric guns and TVs
C
my brain hurt like a warehouse, it had no room to spare
Am
i had to cram so many things to store everything in there
C
and all the fat, skinny people
Am C
and all the tall short, people
Am G
and all the nobody people
C D
and all the somebody people
Am C
never thought i'd need, so many people

G
girl my age went off her head
Em
hit some tiny children
Am
and if the black hadn't have pulled her off
C
then i think, she would have killed them

G
soldier with a broken arm
Em
used to stare into the wheels of a cadillac
Am
cop knelt to kiss the feet of a priest
C
and a queer threw up at the sight of that, well

G
think i saw you in an ice-cream parlour
Em
drinking milkshakes cold and long
Am
smiling and waving and looking so fine
C
don't think you knew you were in this song

G
and it was cold, and it rained, so i felt like an actor
Em
and i thought of ma, and i wanted to get back there
Am
your face, your waist, the way that you talk
C
i miss you you're beautiful

G
we got five years stuck on my eyes
Em
five years, what a surprise, we got
Am
five years, my brain hurts alot
C
five years, that's all we got
G *G*
we got, five years

[Akorabi](#)