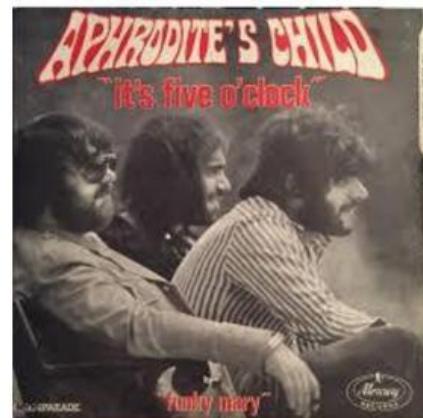


## Aphrodite's Child It's Five O'clock

night window that believe  
the to walk me  
sympathy little



It's five o'clock

and I \_\_\_\_\_ through the empty streets  
thoughts fill my head  
but then still  
No one speaks \_\_\_\_\_ me  
My mind takes me back  
to \_\_\_\_\_ years that have passed me by

It is so hard to \_\_\_\_\_

that it's me  
that I see  
in the window pane  
It is so hard to believe  
\_\_\_\_\_ all this the way  
that it has to be

It's five o'clock  
and I walk through the empty streets  
The \_\_\_\_\_ is my friend  
And in him  
I find sympathy thus so  
And so I go back to the years that have passed \_\_\_\_\_ by

It is so hard to believe  
that it's me  
that I see  
in the \_\_\_\_\_ pane  
It is so hard to believe  
that all this is the way  
that it has to be

It's five o'clock  
and I walk through the empty streets  
The night is my friend  
And in him I find \_\_\_\_\_  
He gives me day,  
gives me hope  
and a \_\_\_\_\_ dream too