# Five Short Minutes

## Jim Croce

Well, she was standing by my dressing room after the show
Asking for my autograph and asked if she could go
Back to my motel room but the rest is just a tragic tale
Because five short minutes of lovin'
Done brought me twenty long years in jail
Well, like a fool in a hurry, I took her to my room
She casted me in plaster while I sang her a tune
Then I said, ooh wee, sure was a tragic tale
Because five short minutes of lovin'
Done brought me twenty long years in jail
Well, then a judge and a jury sat me in a room
They say that robbin' the cradle is worse than robbin' the tomb
Then I said, ooh wee, sure was a tragic tale
Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it
Because five short minutes of lovin'
Done brought me twenty long years in jail
And when I get out of this prison, gonna be forty-five
I'll know, I used to like to do it but I won't remember why
I said, ooh wee, sure was a tragic tale
Wasn't worth it, wasn't worth it
Because five short minutes of lovin'
Done brought me twenty long years in jail
Because five short minutes of lovin'
Done brought me twenty long years in jail

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