

# 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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