ItÂ´s five oÂ´clock

aphroditeÂ´s child

It's five o'clock
and I walk through the empty streets
thoughts fill my head
but then still
No one speaks to me
My mind takes me back
to the years that have passed me by

[interlude]

It is so hard te believe
that it's me
that I see
in the window pane
It it so hard to believe
that all this 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 sympathy thus so
And so I go back to the years that have past me by

[interlude]

It is so hard to believe
that it's me
that I see
in the window pane
It it 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 sympathy
He gives me day
gives me hope

and a little dream too

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