# It's Five O'Clock

## Aphrodite'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

It is so hard to believe
That it's me
That I see
In the window pane
It is so hard to believe
That all this is the way
That is has to be
It's five o'click
And I walk through the empty streets
The night is my friend
And in him
I find sympathy
And so I go back to the years
That have to past me by

It is so hard to believe
That it's me
That I see
In the window pane
It is so hard to believe
That all this is the way
That is has to be
It's five o'click
And I walk through the empty streets
The night is my friend
And in him I find sympathy
He gives, gives me day
Gives me hope
And a little dream too
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Lyrics submitted by Youcef Ben.

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