

5 O'clock (it's)

Johan

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
windowpane

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 sympathy
And so I go back to the years that have passed me by

It is so hard to believe that it's me that I see in the
windowpane

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 sympathy
And he gives me day, gives me hope and a little dream too