

Les Jours tristes

Yann Tiersen

It's hard, hard not to sit on your hands
And bury your head in the sand
Hard not to make other plans
And claim that you've done all you can all along
And life must go on
It's hard, hard to stand up for what's right
And bring home the bacon each night
Hard not to break down and cry
When every idea that you've tried has been wrong
But you must go on

It's hard but you know it's worth the fight
'Cause you know you've got the truth on your side
When the accusations fly, hold tight
Don't be afraid of what they'll say
Who cares what cowards think, anyway
They will understand one day, one day

It's hard, hard when you're here all alone
And everyone else has gone home
Harder to know right from wrong
When all objectivities gone
And it's gone
But you still carry on
'Cause you, you are the only one left
And you've got to clean up this mess
You know you'll end like the rest
Bitter and twisted, unless
You stay strong and you carry on

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