

## **Yann Tiersen**

### **"La Rupture"**

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(Yann Tiersen - chant : Claire Pichet)

Windows, doors, walls and carpets, chairs, tables and  
flowers, bread, wine,  
butter and jam, fries, meat, beans and all spices.

i've lost the taste of these things for two weeks now.  
i'm just waiting for a cup of dirty snow.

airports, railroad stations, highways, streets and foggy  
lines.  
traffic, lights, cars and planes, boats, bicycles and  
walkers.

now i'm wondering, blind, in the city.  
i'm surrounded by towers, made of dirty snow.

faces, ears and bellies, backsides, legs, fingers and  
feet.  
sweat, tears, dripping bodies, parties, someone is  
fucked up.

now i'm quiet in this snow, snowy country.  
i'm hanging on until i am old, just older than now.

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