

Yann Tiersen

"Le Jour d'Avant"

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It's hard,
Hard not to sit on your hands
Bury your head in the sand
Hard not to make other plans
And claim that you've done all you can
All alone and life must go on

It's hard, hard to stand up for what's right
And bring home the making each night
Hard not to break down and cry
When every idea that you've tried
Has been wrong
But you must carry on

It's hard but you know it's worth the fight
Cause you know you 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 objectivity has gone,
And it's gone but you still carry one

Cause you, you are the only one left
And you've got to clean up this mess
You know you'll end up like the rest,
Bitter and twisted unless you stay strong
And you carry on

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