

## Yann Tiersen "Les Jours Tristes"

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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 the mess  
You know you'll end like the rest  
Bitter and twisted, unless  
You stay strong and you carry on

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