

# Yann Tiersen, Dried Sea

Our trouble  
Come for me  
I row a dried up sea  
Trouble tore at my sleep(sleeve?)  
I row a dried up sea

Ribbons to hide my face  
Shame does not come to claim  
Trouble tore at my sleep(sleeve?)  
I row a dried up sea

Never you mind  
You can manage  
Never you mind  
You can manage

Never you mind  
You can manage  
Never you mind

Well....fuck that (?)  
I fail to explain (?)

Never you mind  
You can manage  
And never you mind

If, when you stand (?)  
Would you sleep ( ? )

Never you mind  
You can manage  
If you try  
You can manage  
You can manage  
You can manage  
If you try