

Yann Tiersen, Monochrome

Anyway, I can try
Anything it's the same circle
That leads to nowhere
And i'm tired now.
Anyway, I've lost my face,
My dignity, my look,
Everything is gone
And I'm tired now.
Don't be scared,
I found a good job and I go to work
Every day on my old bicycle you loved.
I'm pilling up some unread books under my bed
And I really think I'll never read again.
No concentration,
Just a white disorder
Everywhere around me,
You know I'm so tired now.
Don't worry
I often go to dinners and parties
With some old friends who care for me,
Take me back home and stay.
Monochrome floors, monochrome walls,
Only absence near me,
Nothing but silence around me.
Monochrome flat, monochrome life,
Only absence near me,
Nothing but silence around me.
Sometimes I search an event
Or something to remember,
But I've really got nothing in mind.
Sometimes I open the windows
And listen people walking in the down streets.
There is a life out there.
Don't be scared,
I found a good job and I go to work
Every day on my old bicycle you loved.
Anyway, I can try
Anything it's the same circle
That leads to nowhere
And I'm tired now.
Anyway, I've lost my face,
My dignity, my look,
Everything is gone
And I'm tired now.
Don't worry,
I often go to dinners and parties
With some old friends, who care for me,
Take me back home and stay.
Monochrome floors, monochrome walls,
Only absence near me,
Nothing but silence around me.
Monochrome flat, monochrome life,
Only absence near me,
Nothing but silence around me.