

# Yann Tiersen, Ode To A Friend

Friend I let myself in  
Little bold saturated sigh  
I hoped you might  
Help my sorrow's din  
Bring out your breath of strife  
My friend  
Can you help me  
Why did I drink  
From that devil's hand  
Oh my friend  
Can you help me  
Why did I drink  
From his hand  
It's not easy  
It's not kind  
These things we turn to face  
It's not easy  
It's not kind  
These things we turn to face  
Oh my friend  
Can you help me  
Why did I drink  
From the devil's hand  
Oh my friend  
Can you help me  
Why did I drink  
From his hand  
Come take my hand  
We'll say goodbye  
Come take my hand  
We'll ride from here