

Yann Tiersen, Pale White

Mr Haley turned and said
You must not cry now
Crossed the ocean
For his love
To bring her falter

And his chest beat like a wolf
To bring her home
And his chest beat like a wolf
To bring her home

Nobody will come dance
Will come dance upon our grave
Nobody will come dance
Will come dance with us

Her face's so delicate and bright
In alabaster

And his chest beat like a wolf
To bring her home
And his chest beat like a wolf
To bring her home

And if ever you try to sever
All the things we've come to know
And if you ever try to sever
All the things we know

Nobody will come dance
Will come dance upon our grave
Nobody will come dance
Will come dance with us