

Yann Tiersen - Les Jours Tristes

Tom: Db

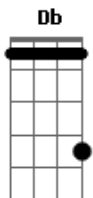
(com acordes na forma de Capostrate na 3ª casa Bb)

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

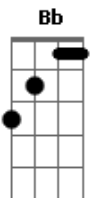
They will understand one day, one day

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
 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, one day

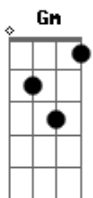
Acordes



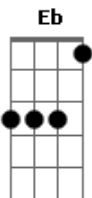
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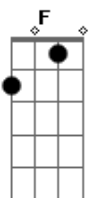
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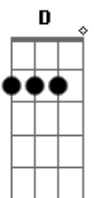
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