

Reckoning song

ton original

Paroles et musique d'Asaf Avidan. Sorti en 2008.

8

No more tears, my heart _ is dry _ I don't laugh and I _ don't cry. _ I

Sim Ré

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "No more tears, my heart _ is dry _ I don't laugh and I _ don't cry. _ I". The piano part has notes labeled "Sim" and "Ré" under the first and second measures respectively.

8

5

don't think a-bout you all _ the time,. But when I do _ I wonder why. You have to go out of my door And

La Sol Sim

This system contains the next three measures. A measure rest of 5 measures is indicated above the first measure. The lyrics are: "don't think a-bout you all _ the time,. But when I do _ I wonder why. You have to go out of my door And". The piano part has notes labeled "La", "Sol", and "Sim" under the three measures respectively.

8

leave just like you did _ be-fore _ I know I said that I was sure, But rich men can't _ i - ma-gine poor. _

Ré La Sol

This system contains the final three measures. The lyrics are: "leave just like you did _ be-fore _ I know I said that I was sure, But rich men can't _ i - ma-gine poor. _". The piano part has notes labeled "Ré", "La", and "Sol" under the three measures respectively.

10

One day ba - by, we'll be old; Oh ba - by, we'll be old and think of all _ the sto - ries that

Sim Ré La

— we could have told _ we could have told _ Lit - tle me and lit - tle you . Kept

Sol Sol Sim

15

do - ing all the things _ they do _ They ne - ver real - ly think it through . Like

Ré La

I can ne _ ver think you're true. _ here I go a - gain the blame The

Sol Sim

20

guilt, the pain, the hurt, — the shame The foun - ding fa - thers of your plane That's

Ré La

stuck in hea - vy clouds of rain. One day ba - by we'll be old Oh ba - by, we'll be

Sim Ré

25

old And think of all - the sto - ries that — we could have told. — One day ba - by we'll be

La Sol Sim

old Oh ba - by, we'll be old And think of all - the sto - ries that — we could have told. —

Ré La Sol

30

One day ba - by we'll be old Oh ba - by we'll be old and think of all - the sto-ries that.

Sim Ré La

35

— we could have told. _ One day ba - by we'll be old Oh ba - by we'll be

Sol Sim Ré

old and think of all - the sto-ries that — we could have told. _ One day ba - by we'll be

La Sol Sim

40

old Oh ba - by, we'll be old Andthink of all - the sto-ries that — we could have told. _

Ré La Sol

No more tears, my heart is dry
I don't laugh and I don't cry
I don't think about you all the time
But when I do - I wonder why

You have to go out of my door
And leave just like you did before
I know I said that I was sure
But rich men can't imagine poor.

One day baby, we'll be old
Oh baby, we'll be old
And think of all the stories that we could have told

Little me and little you
Kept doing all the things they do
They never really think it through
Like I can never think you're true

Here I go again - the blame
The guilt, the pain, the hurt, the shame
The founding fathers of our plane
That's stuck in heavy clouds of rain.

One day baby, we'll be old
Oh baby, we'll be old
And think of all the stories that we could have told.

Plus de larmes, mon coeur est asséché
Je ne rigole pas et je ne pleure pas
Je ne pense pas tout le temps à toi
Et quand je le fais, je me demande pourquoi

Maintenant tu vas sortir de chez moi
Et partir comme tu l'as si bien fait l'autre fois
Je sais que j'ai dit que j'étais sûr
Mais les riches n'imaginent pas ce qu'est d'être pauvre

Chérie, un jour on sera vieux
Oh chérie, on sera vieux
Et on repensera à toutes les histoires qu'on aurait pu raconter

Stupide je suis et stupide tu es
À avancer chacun de son côté
À ne jamais voir plus loin que le bout de son nez
Comme si je ne t'avais jamais fait confiance

Et c'est reparti - la faute
La culpabilité, la douleur, la souffrance, la honte
Les pères fondateurs de notre avion
Bloqué dans des gros nuages de pluie

Chérie, un jour on sera vieux
Oh chérie, on sera vieux
Et on repensera à toutes les histoires qu'on aurait pu raconter