

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

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The right-hand staff has a treble clef and contains the melody, while the left-hand staff has a bass clef and contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The first measure of the piano accompaniment is marked 'Sim' and the second measure is marked 'Ré'.

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

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. It begins with a square box containing the number '5'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same structure as the first system. The first measure of the piano accompaniment is marked 'La', the second measure is marked 'Sol', and the third measure is marked 'Sim'.

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

Detailed description: This system contains the final line of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same structure. The first measure of the piano accompaniment is marked 'Ré', the second measure is marked 'La', and the third measure is marked 'Sol'. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

10

8

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

8

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

Sol Sol Sim

15

8

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

Ré La

8

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 And think 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