

Tell me, tell me, what's a man to do?
When the river runs dry over you.
You said once, some time ago.
Things work out as you grow old,
Sometimes life isn't very kind.

To lose what is yours is a hard thing to face,
But keep on going with dignified grace.
To shelter your soul and hide away the pain
Cheats only you, covers up the joy
That surely remains.

Tell me, tell me, what's a man to do?
When the river runs dry over you.
I walk through streets, and scattered leaves.
Lay forgotten on the ground. In nearby fields
With names on stones, iron gates surround.
What's it like? Is it cold? Do you feel that I am near?
Oh by the way, I guess you know,
These flowers are just for you.

To lose what is yours is a hard thing to face,
But keep on going with dignified grace.
To shelter your soul and hide away the pain
Cheats only you, covers up the joy
That surely remains.

Tell me, tell me, what's a man to do?
When the river runs dry without you.

You said once, some time ago.
Things work out as you grow old,
Sometimes life isn't very kind.