

# Beach House, Tokyo Witch

In a dark winter Tokyo  
In the Majong parlor he waits  
Seven pasts thrumming through his heads  
Though he comes to the water ways

In the hallways they lie in bed  
Dream the red loss of all their days  
In your arms there is nothing left  
But we are all on the way

My whole life  
Is the mystery  
That I can't bear

Oh wings  
That are camery  
Upon this day

I would love to heal you now

In a dark winter Tokyo  
In the Mahjong parlors they wait  
Severed pasts sweeping through their hands  
No one comes to the water way

In the hour of the all  
There is notes along the way

All I wanted to see  
Is that I am better  
All I want to believe  
Is that I am better  
Round and round  
All I wanted to see  
Is that I am better  
round and round