

# Ginga, And Now

Like a plague that will not leave, as long as I stay there  
You will sigh at my bedside, as long as I lay down

With the effort to feel pity, you stroke my hair  
You should go where you came from, and leave me alone instead

But now we're behind time  
And we remain tied down

With the effort to feel pity, you stroke my hair  
You should go where you came from, and leave me alone instead

But now we're behind time  
And we remain tied down  
Tired and worn out  
We whisper in the dark