

Utada Hikaru, Kremlin Dusk

All along I was searching for my Lenore
In the words of Mr. Edgar Allan Poe
Now I'm sober and Nevermore,
Will the Raven come to bother me at home?

Calling you, calling you home...
You... Calling you, calling you home...

By the door you said you had to go
Couldn't help me any, anymore
This I saw coming, long before
So I kept on staring out the window...

Calling you, calling you home...
You... Calling you, calling you home...

I am a natural entertainer, aren't we all?
Holding pieces of dying ember
I'm just trying to remember who I can call
Who can I call...

Home... Calling you, calling you...

I run a secret propaganda
Aren't we all hiding pieces of broken anger
I'm just trying to remember who I can call
Can I call?

Born in a war of opposite attraction
It isn't, or is it a natural conception
Torn by the arms in opposite directions
It isn't or is it a Modernist reaction

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Is it like this? (Born in a war of opposite attraction)
Is it always the same?
When a heartache begins, (Torn by the arms in opposite directions)
Is it like this?
Do you like this? (Born in a war of opposite attraction)
Is it always the same?
Will you come back again? (Torn by the arms in opposite directions)
Do you like this? (It isn't or is it a Modernist reaction)

Is it always the same? And will you come back again?
Do you like this? Oh do you like this?
Is it like this? (Born in a war of opposite attraction}
Is it always the same? (It isn't, or is it a natural conception)
If you change your phone number, (Torn by the arms in opposite directions)
Would you tell me? (It isn't or is it a Modernist reaction)

Is it like this? Is it always the same?
When a heartache begins, is it like this?
If you like this, will you remember my name?
Will you play it again, if you like this?