

Abingdon Boys School, Dress

</lyrics>

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== Romanized Japanese ==

</lyrics>

kagami no mae de kimi to madoromu
usubeni no yubisaki
sono te wa fui ni yowa sa wo misete
kuchibiru wo fusaida
ano hi kimi to yakusoku wo kawashita
ima wa futari omoi dasezu ni

taikutsu na uta ni mimi wo katamuke
mado no soto mitsumeru
boku wa doresu wo matoi odotte miseyou
kurutteru kai
oshiete
itsu ka kaze ni sarawarete yuku darou
ima wa futari omoi dasezu

boku wa naze kaze no you ni kumo no you ni
ano sora e to ukabu hane ga nai naze
hoshi no you ni tsuki no you ni
subete tsutsumu
ano yoru e to shizumu
hane ga nai aa

wasurenaide ai afureta ano hibi
kimi no kao mo omoi dasezu ni
itsu ka kaze ni kaki kesarete yuku darou
ima wa futari omoi dasezu

boku wa naze kaze no you ni kumo no you ni
ano sora e to ukabu hane ga nai naze
hoshi no you ni tsuki no you ni
subete tsutsumu
ano yoru e to shizumu
hane ga nai aa

boku wa naze kaze no you ni kumo no you ni
ano sora e to ukabu hane ga nai naze
kono ai mo kono kizu mo natsukashii
ima wa itoshikute itami dasu aa

</lyrics>

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== English Translation ==

</lyrics>

I dozed off with you in front of the mirror
With light crimson fingertips
Your hand accidentally shows me my weaknesses
And closes my lips
On that day, we made a promise to each other
Now, neither of us can remember it

I listen to a boring song, and stare out the window
You show me yourself dancing,
and I follow your dress with my eyes
What are you aiming for?
Tell me
One day, I'll probably be carried off by the wind

Now, neither of us can remember it

Why am I not like the wind, like the clouds
Why are there no feathers that float up to the sky
Why am I not like the stars, like the moon,
Enveloped by everything
Why are there no feathers that
Sink down into the night

Don't forget those days that overflowed with love
I can't remember your face
One day, the wind will erase it
Now, neither of us can remember it

Why am I not like the wind, like the clouds
Why are there no feathers that float up to the sky
Why am I not like the stars, like the moon,
Enveloped by everything
Why are there no feathers that
Sink down into the night

Why am I not like the wind, like the clouds
why are there no feathers that float up to the sky
This love and these wounds are nostalgic
Now they start to hurt with love, ah