

# Akeboshi, Along the line

Along the line on the wall  
linking to your heart  
does it end if I pull the plug  
how true in words  
Among the rooftop stains  
buds sprout from the dust  
I know you can live without me  
whistle in the breeze  
Along the line on the wall  
winding to the top  
vines climb madly city lights sadly  
reality comes back to me  
Is it really me writing this to you  
Is it the real you sending this to me  
You said you're leaving this country soon  
I know it doesn't matter to us  
but somehow I feel so sad today  
It's not about you going away  
Among the rooftop trees  
sky is wet & grey  
I know you can live without me  
whispers in the breeze  
Is it really me writing this to you  
maybe it's the real but only a part of me  
Is it the real you writing this to me  
maybe it's all lies  
but it's alright