

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