

# Ali Project, ????????????

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
{{Translation|Japanese}}

==Romaji==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
Darari no obi himousen  
Hitori hina asobi  
temari otte niwa no sumi  
yuugure no kogage

watasi wa miru  
hakanai hito  
yami ga yurete

harahara mau no wa momo no hana  
kanashii hitomi wa dare  
konkon kogitsune shiroki kage  
kobore ochiru namida ga kirei  
chiisana mune no oku de kanjita

arekara ikutose ga sugi  
hitori hina kazari  
kawaranu mono no toutosa  
kawariyuku watashi

semete yasashii  
shoujo no toki  
omoidasou

kira kira tekagami utsuruno wa  
sabishii hitomi no kage  
yurayura yoimachi koi no hana  
tsukino ban dake sotto saite  
asayake no hikari ni kogoeru

harahara mau no wa momo no hana  
ano hi no hitomi wa watashi  
yurayura chiru no wa ki no hana  
tsuki no kagayaki ni shisu  
konkon kogitsune shiroki kage  
koboreochiru namida wa kaeru  
yume ga yume de irareta koro ni  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

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==English Translation==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
Wearing my sash loose, sitting on the red carpet  
I play alone with my dolls  
Chasing after a toy ball, I reach to the edge of the garden  
The tree shade emerging at dusk

I see a woman  
who looks so fragile  
As the darkness sways

What gently dances in the wind are the peach blossoms  
Who is the person with such sad expression  
The white shadow of the little fox  
The trickling tear drop seems so beautiful  
I felt it at the bottom of my tiny heart

Many years have passed since then  
I am displaying the dolls alone

How precious are those things that never change  
But I am still going to continue changing

But just for now  
Let me remember  
the gentle days when I was just a little girl

What is reflected in the sparkling hand mirror  
Is the darkness of the lonesome eyes  
Swaying softly, the flowers of Yoimachi, the flowers of love  
Blooming tenderly only at night when the moon shines bright  
It freezes in the morning glow

What gently dances in the wind are the peach blossoms  
Those eyes I saw that day were of mine  
What falls slowly is the flower of love  
Dying in the moon light shower  
The white shadow of the little fox  
The trickling tear drops return to the time  
When dreams were still allowed to stay as a dream