

Asian Kung-Fu Generation, 12

12

You just your toy, I just your toy

Your toy just

I'm a your toy just...
</lyrics>

{{Translation|Japanese}}

==Romanized Japanese==
</lyrics>
12

mamioto kakikeshite hakidashita boku no subete
kimi he to nagekaketa kikoe to kaeranu kimi
You're just your toy, I'm just your toy

mimi mo to kakimushiri utagatta kimi no kotoba
Boku e to
nagekageta kikoeto todokanu furi

ichou no namiki kaze ni yureta yo
boku mo sou kono kanjou mo
zawameku kokoro ni kagi wo kaketa yo
yurugi naku so

sayonara tsugeda mune ga itamunda
natsu wa sugite aki ga mau yo
kimi wa hitori mikaesu FOTOGURAFU
fuyu wa tsumori haru ga chiru yo

Your toy just

ichou no namiki kaze ni yureta yo
boku mo sou kono kanjou mo
zawameku kokoro ni kagi wo kaketa yo
yurugi naku so

sayonara tsugeda mune ga itamunda
tobi notta Hokkaidosen machi wo yuku yo
kimi wa hitori mikaesu FOTOGURAFU
umi wo nukete haru ga chiru yo

sayonara tsuge ga ano hi wo oboeteru
toki wa sugite hibi ni mau yo
hima wo kizami kasaneta FOTOGURAFU
iro wa taiserukedo

I'm a your toy just
</lyrics>
||
==English Translation==
</lyrics>
12

The sound of the waves is drowned out by everything that I spit out
All of which was aimed at you
When you hear it, you won't come back

I swat at my ears because I doubt your words
All of which were aimed at me
When I hear it, I pretend it doesn't reach me

The row of Gingko trees was swaying in the wind
And me too, I have the same feeling
My restless heart has been locked up
And doesn't sway anymore, it seems

When I said goodbye, my heart was in pain
When the Summers pass, Fall will hover about
And alone, you'll look back at the photograph
As the Winters pile up and the Springs scatter

Your toy just

The row of Gingko trees was swaying in the wind
And me too, I have the same feeling
My restless heart has been locked up
And doesn't sway anymore, it seems

When I said goodbye, my heart was in pain
I jumped on the Toukaidou line and went straight through town
And alone, you'll look back at the photograph
When it comes out of the sea, the spring will have scattered

Do you remember the day that I said goodbye?
Time will pass, and the days will flutter about
The photographs have piled up, carving out the present
And even if the color begins to fade...

Am I your toy just