

Ginga, This Is Happening

I wake up in the night seven days before i hit the floor
I'm standing on the edge like i dont know what was before

If we can pass this point, we will be happy
I don't know the words, but this is happening

I walk down the corridor, find the same behind every door
It's just that I cannot say a word without asking for more
I'm standing on the edge like i don't know what was before

If we can pass this point, we will be happy
I can't find the words, but this is happening
If we erase the tapes, we would be happy
I don't know the words, but this is happening