

Rie Fu, Vintage Denim

binteeji no denimu o haite kaaten o aketara sotto

amai rinen ni dakare kaaten o maku you na
Wrapped in curtains I still feel the morning sound
Dont miss it, dont diss it, Ill be waiting get it count it or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

biggu ben ni akari ga miete miagetara sore wa ookiku

tsutsumikonde kono machi mo atatakai
Big ben its gotta light so tenderly and this city is warm as its supposed to be
Listening to coldplay on the northern line

Dont miss it, dont diss it, Ill be waiting get it count it or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

tsumetai kaze nihokorimamire no
Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away