

# Utada, Kremlin Dusk

All along I was searching for my Lenore  
In the words of Mr. Edgar Allan Poe  
Now I'm sober and "Nevermore"  
Will the Raven come to bother me at home

Calling you, calling you home  
You... calling you, calling you home

By the door you said you had to go  
Couldn't help me anymore  
This I saw coming, long before  
So I kept on staring out the window

Calling you, calling you home  
You... calling you, calling you home

I am a natural entertainer, aren't we all  
Holding pieces of dying ember  
I'm just trying to remember who I can call  
Who can I call

Home... calling you, calling you

I run a secret propaganda  
Aren't we all hiding pieces of broken anger  
I'm just trying to remember who I can call  
Can I call

\*Born in a war of opposite attraction  
It isn't, or is it a natural conception  
Torn by the arms in opposite direction  
It isn't or is it a Modernist reaction

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Is it like this  
Is it always the same  
When a heartache begins, is it like this

Do you like this  
Is it always the same  
Will you come back again  
Do you like this

Is it always the same  
Will come back again  
Do you like this  
Do you like this

Is it like this  
Is it always the same  
If you change your phone number, will you tell me

Is it like this  
Is it always the same  
When a heartache begins, is it like this

If you like this  
Will you remember my name  
Will you play it again, if you like this