

Yoko Kanno, It is real

Figurines that fall like leaves,
Then disappear,
Keep calling,
Is it real? Is it real?
Dark machines that wheeze and breathe,
And mark the air,
Appalling
What is real? What is real?
This world can really be too much,
I can't take another day.
I guess that i've just had enough
My mind slipping far away.
I'm falling in and out of touch,
Can someone please explain?
Set my mind for open sky,
But couldn't fly,
And so sadly,
What am I? what am I?
Sullen eyes shed tear-drop lies,
then criticize
Now loving,
What is real? What is real?
It's really all become too much,
I'm not sure what I should feel,
I guess I've really had enough,
I don't know know if this is real.
I'm crashing in and out of touch,
Can anyone explain?