

Hikaru Utada, Kremlin dusk

All along I was searching for my Lenore,
and the words of Mr. Edgar Allen Poe.
Now I'm sober and never more
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 any-any more.
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 promise secret propaganda.
Aren't we all hiding pieces of broken anger?
I'm just trying to remember who I can call.
That I - I - I can...
Born in a world of opposite attraction,
or is it or is it a natural conception?
Torn by the arms in the opposite direction.
So is it, or is it a modernist reaction?
Born in a world of opposite attraction,
or is it or is it a natural conception?
Torn by the arms in the opposite direction.
So is it, or is it a modernist reaction?
(in background:)
Born in a world of opposite attraction,
or is it or is it a natural conception?
Torn by the arms in the opposite direction.
So is it, or is it a modernist reaction?
Is it like this? Is it always the same?
When a heartache begins, is it like this?
Do you like this? Where you always the same?
Will you come back again? Do you like this?
Is it always the same,
and will you come back again?
Do you like this?
Oh, do you like this?
Is it like this? Is it always the same?
If you change your phone number, would 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?