

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

*Born in a war of opposite attraction
It isn't, or is it a natural conception
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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