

Pinker Tones, The

"Tokyo"

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Eating Sushi. Drinking Tea.
Reading Manga, Making Origami.
Climbing Fuji, Sleeping Tatami. Dreaming Godzilla.
Drivin Kawazaki
It's late afternoon, please turn off your iPod we'll be
landing very soon
The L.A. sun hurts my eyes,
passport immigrations, taxi checking in and jet lag
In my room I watch "Lost in Translation" and I get lost in
my imagination
Oh, oh, why don't we go to Tokyo?
Oh, oh, come on, come on, come on, let's go
Oh, oh, why don't we go to Tokyo?
Oh, oh, come on, come on, come on, let's go

Me and skies over my head three hundred different
brands
of menthol cigarettes
I hit the big time in shebuya,
it's the beauty of noise, the beauty of choice
In the time I make a reservation Little Tokyo is my
destination

Oh, oh, why don't we go to Tokyo?
Oh, oh, come on, come on, come on, let's go
Oh, oh, why don't we go to Tokyo?
Oh, oh, come on, come on, come on, let's go

I promised that I'll take you for a ride
To view cherry blossom in spring time
We're talking about the haikus that i write ,
we're waiting for the very first sun rise
I promised that I'll take you for a ride
To see Shonan beach in the summer time
We're talking about the comics and rhymes,
we're waiting for the last ray of sunshine

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