

## Sekaiichi Hatsukoi

### "Onnaji Hikari"

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tsukareta atama de nazotta yume no atosaki  
kanaeta risou ga koko ni arudemo tokidoki dou shiyou  
mo naku kyuukutsu ni naru no wa  
zeitaku na no ka na...  
ashita ni nareba itsumo-doori ganbareru tte koto mo  
shitte iru nemabushii kisetu ni omoi o hasete'ru  
kawaranai mono wa kazoeru hodo shika nai no ka mo  
shirenai  
sore de mo tashika ni onnaji hikari no naka  
mada bukiyou na mama de  
owaranai yume dakishimete'ru n dadamatte itatte  
shizuka  
ni toki wa nagarete'ku  
tarinai piisu o kureru you nikokoro no sukima matte'ru  
atarashii hikari wa  
donna iro darou  
yukkuri to ukeirete'ku utsuroi wa mou jibun no  
keshikinakama  
ya kazoku no yasashii kehai ga  
kawariyuku kyou ni yawarakaku kaoru ima mo mukashi  
mo naku  
nando mo tsumazuki sono tabi omoishiru yo  
sou, te no hira no yume o  
kobosanai you ni nigirishimeru n damabushii kisetu ni  
omoi o hasete'ru  
kawaranai mono wa kazoeru hodo shika nai no ka mo  
shirenai  
sore de mo tashika ni onnaji hikari no naka  
mada bukiyou na mama de  
owaranai yume dakishimete'ru n da

#### English translation

I traced with my tired head the trail of my dream.  
The ideal that I have realized is right here.  
Although sometimes I feel constrained and helpless,  
is this feeling actually a luxury...?  
I know very well that I can try my best again tomorrow  
like always. I'm send my thoughts flying towards the  
dazzling season.  
The number of perpetual things may be very small,

but still, shrouded in the same light,  
even though I'm still unskilled,  
I'm hugging my boundless dream tightly.  
When I stay quiet, time also quietly flows on,  
as though to give me some peace that I don't seem to  
get enough of. There is a new ray of light waiting in my  
heart's crevice;  
what color might it be?  
I will slowly take it in. My own scenery has already  
started changing. The feeling of tenderness from my  
friends and family is softly emitting  
a sweet scent into my changing present; this has never  
happened before,  
I will learn a lesson every time when I stumble.  
Yes, I must grip the dream in my palm tightly  
so that I wouldn't accidentally spill it.  
I'm send my thoughts flying towards the dazzling  
season.  
The number of perpetual things may be very small,  
but still, shrouded in the same light,  
even though I'm still unskilled,  
I'm hugging my boundless dream tightly.

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