

Fujiwara Motoo

"No Hits, No Runs"

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The story begins like this: our team, cornered with no way out, are the main characters.

With the white light aimed straight at me, and the weight of their expectations on my shoulders,
"It's up to you now, our slugger; we're still at no hits and no runs today."

Thinking of the eyes of the people in the front row only cause me to me to become even more anxious
My racing heartbeats take their toll on my shoulders,
and even if my courage gets swept away with a single sigh,

I still tell them "Leave it to me!", but...

God, I want to get out of the light right now! Can I make a hit? I have to make a hit!

At no hits and no runs, even a slugger would be intimidated.

I did whatever I liked whenever I liked; I'd take breaks once in a while

And then randomly walk out there once again, but without realizing it,

People have come to expect things from me, and I could no longer just depend on other people.

God, I want to get out of the light right now! But dammit, I'm the slugger!

I won't let it end at no hits and no runs!

I can't let myself exist as a person that would allow that!

I pray for there to be a place for the frightened me to escape to;

I pray for there to be a light, honour, and self I can be proud of.

I wonder what's left for me;

I wonder what a coward such as me can actually accomplish.

The light isn't shining strong enough yet;

Please let it allow me to believe even stronger that I'm the slugger!

The story begins like this: our team, cornered with no way out, are the main characters.
With the white light aimed straight at me, and the weight of their expectations on my shoulders,
They say "It's up to you now, our slugger!", and I reply "Leave it to me!", pounding my chest.

My hands, please don't tremble. My legs, please support me all the way through.
With the white light shining down on me, I, the slugger, re-adjust my cap in an exaggerated motion and smile unnaturally to fight the intimidation.
As long as you continue living on normally, the day one gets bathed by the spotlight will come eventually.
And at that time, anybody would lose his guts;
Everybody will become a slugger whose legs have given out on him.
I want somebody out there to realize that we're at no hits and no runs,
So I yell out "Leave it to me!" and pound myself on the chest.

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