

Gay Dad

"Tokyo Shinjuu"

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Father, Mother. I have gone to live with that person in Tokyo.

I know full well that it's a foolish decision.

But I'm no longer a child.

I can think on my own.

I'm sorry. Please forgive this last act of selfishness...

The person I love is my everything now.

It's because of your existence that I'm able to live as myself.

That day, I received from you,

A ticket to Tokyo

And a confession.

In my future and dreams,

When we get out of this town, won't you live in Tokyo with me?

While I was a bit confused I was also overjoyed.

There wasn't the least bit of insecurity or worry.

Because the person I loved asked if we could be together.

Even though tough or disheartening instances would probably more or less arise.

I came, throwing away the family I depended on.

My foolish presumptions and lingering were all

For the sake of the new life and dream that I would share with you.

Poverty spread to our bodies,

However because you were there,

Even the time I spent waiting for your return was one overflowing with happiness.

I cooked the dishes you loved, worked my heart into them.

I want to see your delighted face as soon as possible...

I yearn to see it.

I have grown used to the life in Tokyo.

That person works hard and late into the night everyday.

Maybe it's because of that, I feel that he doesn't seem very energetic recently.

Even when I ask, all he does is show me a tired smile.

He won't give me an answer. I'm helpless in my worries.

I'm back

Your voice is so gentle.

The both of us have always been supporting each other
during tough times

No matter what sort of unhappiness came about,
It was alright as long as we were together.

It's not that the love has become cold,
It's just that our feelings have been looking and facing
away from each other.

The first time you cried

Was the night you were torn in society

How can my voice connect with you... please tell me
how.

The family which I lost up for the sake of our dream
Was facing the front, just crying regretfully.

Poverty has hit us

We take each other's hand

As we watch the off-season sparklers.

This fire falls, it's lingering presence has passed away
Closing our eyes, we face the arctic-cold ocean... the
both of us together.

Our linked hands were unseparable.

You and I became nothing.

The thirteen months I spent with you.

A lot has happened hasn't it?

We lived together so I can know that well.

You're tired from working too hard aren't you?

It's alright now because I will always be with you.

I'm sorry Father, Mother.

I can't live without this person.

I'm sorry for making the both of you worry.

Sorry. Sorry

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