

## Hikaru Utada

### "Colors-Translated"

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The mirror reflects the illusion of a spirit.  
Unnoticed, it picks up speed.  
It is said that it's okay to go anywhere.  
A broken wish makes everything all grey.

Tonight, a flame flickers and you draw your dream.  
Isn't the tip of your brush thirsty?

If there's no blue sky unfold your blue umbrella.  
Isn't that good? The canvas is all yours.  
That time I that I gave up, I only held a white flag over  
my head.  
Now it's a deep red, like it's inviting the matador  
[bullfighter]

A fluorescent light in which all colors are faded.  
On top of a black and white chessboard, I met you.  
In such a short time we grew close.  
Do you remember one month from then?

It was good to just watch the setting sun and the  
orange sky with you.  
Even though, an opening is the origin of disaster.  
The times that we pray for the dead, we wear black  
clothes.  
A rouge footprint purposely leaves behind a deep red  
color.

If you say to yourself...  
"You can draw only the pictures that don't have  
dreams."  
Keep drawing on that canvas.  
That time that I gave up, I only held a white flag over  
my head.  
Now, you don't know my true colors.

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