

Hikaru Utada "Parody"

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Late night broadcast
The TV looks at me with its blue eyes
No matter how often I change the channel
I can't escape that gaze

No matter how many times I look in the fridge
It's the same answer, an answer I'm used to hearing
The timelimit is about up
I need more time, let me be

Oh no, this is a parody
But to me, it's my life story
Without waiting for me, the clock
Pretends not to know anything
I know, it's a common story
But to me, it's my life story
Not being some copy of someone else
I'll write the rest of it from now

Facing the same way with everyone else
It's the freeway
It's just a coincidence
When the road split, it was sudden

Hurry me to the seventh floor, please
The elevator is unusually small
But no one else is here, so I feel safe
Set me free from "thoughtfulness"

Oh no, everything's a parody
But to everyone, it's a true story
Without putting any strength into it
You pretend that you don't need anything
I know a couple that looks just like us
But they do nothing but argue
Without putting much priority on it
I'll read the rest of it from now

Oh no, this is probably a parody
I'm sure for someone, it's a fake story
I can't wear any shoes but my own
That's alright, since I can walk like that

I know, it's a common story
But to me, it's a real story
Without waiting for the rest of it
I'll go to see you from now

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