

Mr. Children

"Yurikago no Aru Oka Kara"

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The gentle wind was blowing on the grassy plain.
the flower and grasses danced the waltz all day long.
the honeybees brought the hymn of the birds
to our ears, flying back and forth.

the cradle is always there
everytime I touch your hair as you sit there,
a soft scent wraps around me,
and before I know it I'm kissing your hair.

we always arranged to meet each other here
I used to eat the lunch you made for me...

but while I was on the battlefield
you went and grew up on me,
even though I survived to come back here,
always believing in our promise
you were already in someone else's arms,
and I was alone.

in my tired confused state,
the grassy field surrounds me with a kindness just like
that day,
I won the battle but I lost something precious,
what on earth was I doing?

I put the picture of you resting your head on my
shoulder
into the cradle and look at it.

Reading over the only letter you sent me,
a loneliness I hadn't noticed overcame me,
even if I whisper "I'm sorry", nothing will come of it,
the pain just tightens in my chest
Ah while I was on the battlefield
you were already in someone else's arms
and I was alone.

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