

The Hippos

"Canvas"

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One of these days when we'll meet again I will wave my hand,
your smiling face will be forever burned in my mind.

"That's it, eh?" was the response on my face, I wonder
if I can smile well and convincingly?

Although I still can't hand over the ball with "I love you"
written on it,
My heart scatters, tumbles, and tickles.

Even if things can't remain like this, and are drifted
away from here on,
It'll never change, it'll never be soiled, our only canvas.

Because I am looking, searching, and walking for the
"sorry" uttered in your response.

Although the words "I love you" that were written on the
ball are fading,
I have no strength to throw it away nor the will to cast it
aside.

Within the passing time, underneath the ever-changing
sky,
It'll never be forgotten, it'll never be parted, the bond
will surely become stronger.

Scattered easily like the clouds, unreachable like a
rainbow,
It'll never return, it'll never be soiled, our blue canvas.

Whether it is love, dream, or the last train, I ran after
them in confusion.
When I grasped your hand, you said "it hurts".
Whether it is love, dream, or the last train, they were all
alive.
When I saw your eyes, it's true that I'm always
speechless.

Even if things can't remain like this, and are drifted
away from here on,

It'll never change, it'll never be a lie, the two of us were
able to meet now.
As free as a bird, lonesome like the wind,
It'll never return, it'll never be soiled, the tears-covered
canvas

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