

Rie Fu

"Vintage Denim"

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binteeji no denimu o haite kaaten o aketara sotto

amai rinen ni dakare kaaten o maku you na
Wrapped in curtains I still feel the morning sound
Don't miss it, don't diss it, I'll be waiting get it count it
or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when
there's nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

biggu ben ni akari ga miete miagetara sore wa ookiku

tsutsumikonde kono machi mo atatakai
Big ben it's gotta light so tenderly and this city is warm
as it's supposed to be
Listening to coldplay on the northern line

Don't miss it, don't diss it, I'll be waiting get it count it
or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when
there's nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

tsumetai kaze niã€€hokorimamire no
Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when
there's nothing near
Tired of saviours that are not real
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

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