

Pillows, The

"Funny Bunny"

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In the voice of a king you announced your opposition
In the exposé'd night, you were smiling
Affected by the aurora, above all else
Reaching out both hands, you invited me

The beads which shattered into little pieces
'Isn't it pretty?' The night sky was a present to us

I couldn't believe he wasn't there that day--
The clown, who couldn't show his true face

Today, too, the world just spins along
At a speed like this, tears can't help but dry, and yet--

If your dreams come true
It won't be because of anyone but yourself
You choose to run
Even on the days when the wind blows hard

I wonder if somewhere, something's going wrong
about now
When I envision your shy, departing form
How I want to see you again

If your dreams come true
It won't be because of anyone but yourself
You choose to run
Even on the days when the wind blows hard

Even if you can't fly, it's no problem:
The ground goes on anyway.
Let's go to the place that you love
It's you we're talking about--I know you can do it.

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