Don't call me up for an empty date
I wanna get thru to you and get out of this state
Tokyo in the winter time, as I walk on by.
Hear the lights like a lullaby.
It's got the message that's in the air
Count the colors, & colors beware.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

But you wanted her and me on my own.

You don't know that it left another hole

Last night I wrote something like it's more than pain And secret numbness is all that remains
Tokyo in the summer time and night time blues.
Go take some break, but don't tell me what to do.
It's got the message that's in the air
Count the colors, & colors beware.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

But you wanted her and me on my own.

You don't know that it left another hole

Don't run to summer time, It's just nostalgia. Don't run to summer time, It's just the radio. The surface could be sweet but poisonous inside.

Just get away with some old cliche
But when the words get life, it's hard to say
You will never know how I felt inside
It's got the message that's in the air
Count the colors, & colors beware.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

I so wanted to be in your heart.

But you wanted her and me on my own.

You don't know that it left another hole