

Japanese Boy

Shanadoo

He said that he loved me, never would go, oh oh, oh oh.
Now I find I'm sitting here on my own, oh oh, oh oh.
Was it something I've said or done,
That made him pack his bags up and run?
Could it be another he's found?
It's breaking up the happy home.

Mister, can you tell me where my love has gone?
He's a Japanese boy.
I woke up one morning and my love was gone,
Oh, my Japanese boy, ooh, I miss my Japanese boy.

People ask about him every day, oh oh, oh oh.
Don't know what to tell them, what can I say? Oh oh, oh oh.
If only he would write me or call
A word of explanation, that's all.
It would stop me climbing the wall.
It's breaking up the happy home.

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Kono Omoi Uketomete
Anatani Aitakute

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