

Blues Drive Monster

The Pillows

It's as though I've got something on my glasses, No matter where I look Today, too, unchanging landscape Disappoints me What the heck kind of system is everyone using To control their emotions I felt as if I was going insane, and started crying But I'm sane, I'm sure Morning Station I couldn't board the packed train

The era of boys locking themselves away in rooms Littered with keys Slipping out from the radio, An electric monster The speakers only whisper out What you shouted at the top of your lungs I saw the era's chosen hero Vanquished before my eyes Power Station I'll give you as many volts as you want

Blues Drive Monster Can't you just smash up this melancholy world of ours? I'm forever waiting

Adults wrinkle their brows Your laughing voice And your footsteps, announced your arrival Drawing slowly nearer Those guys are holding a pistol Aimed at your overlarge throat To think that sort of thing would have any effect on you Is so conceited Radio Station Destroy the wall of illusions

Blues Drive Monster Can't you just smash up this melancholy world of ours? I'm forever waiting

How many times did you hoist dreams upon your shoulders And run Until the night turned into day