

Winding Road

YUI

Shibuya's full of traffic, on the highway at 5pm
Bikes go past outside the smokescreen

I'm as blue as the lines in the Italian film I saw
yesterday

Just as I can't touch a seven-coloured rainbow
I don't expect to stay in love
With the same person

This is boring you, isn't it?
By the way, what time is it?
Can we get there in time for the start?
I want to go to a live show

The car stereo isn't enough for me, it distorts the
sound of the guitar

This is a boring season
It's as busy as the end of the year
But it's the same scenery everywhere
The picture on that TV's crap, turn it off

Surely even if we talk about this time next year
Ah~, it won't take a load off our minds the way fortune
telling would
I know that, winding road

The sun's going down, it's unbearable
Being shut up in my car like this

Panicking like this will just wear me out
So I've stopped thinking about what's going to happen

I doubt I'll make it to the live show at this rate
Ah~, getting annoyed won't get me anywhere
I know that, winding road