The Day

JJ Project

nuga mal georeo juji aneumyeon
amu mal eopshi
nado moreuge chatge doeneun geon
hangaji neo

goyohaetteon i bada wie
haessari jeomureo gal ttae jjeum
eoryeobge kkeutmaejeun i mellodi wie
seoisseo na honja

geuttaeye moksori geuttaeye gonggi
padoga doeeoseo budijchyeodo
nan gidaryeo eonjenga gara angil
tto gidohae haneure daheul ttae kkaji
ganjeolhaejyeo galsurok
itgo itteon gieokdeuri nal chajawa

modeun ge da joatteon geora mideotteon geunari
nunapeseo meoreojyeo gadeon geol bodeon geunareul
saenggakhae

nae ppyameul seuchineun barami
nae mameul heundeuneun padosori
gidoga haneure dahatna bwa
deo keuge sorichyeo bit baraejiji anke

bajjak kkakkeun nae sontob mite
saesari amureogal ttae jjeum
eoryeobge kkeutmaejeun i mellodi wie

geuttaeye moksori geuttaeye gonggi
padoga doeeoseo budijchyeodo
nan gidaryeo eonjenga gara angil
tto gidohae haneure daheul ttae kkaji
ganjeolhaejyeo galsurok
itgo itteon gieokdeuri nal chajawa

modeun ge da joatteon geora mideotteon geunari
nunapeseo meoreojyeo gadeon geol bodeon geunareul
modeun ge da muneojyeo beorin geot gatdeon geunari
amureochi anke ichyeojyeo na utteon geunareul
saenggakhae

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If no one talks to me
Without a word
Without knowing, the only thing I look for
Is you

On top of this silent ocean
When the sun starts to set
On top of this difficultly set melody
I'm standing alone

The voice back then, the air back then
Becomes waves and crashes down
But I'm waiting for them to settle some day
I pray until it reaches the sky
When I get more earnest with time
Forgotten memories come to me

I think of the days
I believed everything was good
Days that grew farther away

The wind that blows on my cheek
The sound of the waves that shake up my heart
In case my prayers reach the sky
I'm shouting louder so it won't fade

Under my short fingernails
When new skin starts to grow
On top of this difficultly set melody

The voice back then, the air back then
Becomes waves and crashes down
But I'm waiting for them to settle some day
I pray until it reaches the sky

When I get more earnest with time
Forgotten memories come to me

I think of the days I believed everything was good
Days that grew farther away
I think of the day I thought everything broke down
Days when I used to smile,
That are getting forgotten

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