

Tokyo

Shura

Took a train to The House of Light 'cause you saw it
In the back of a magazine that you liked so much you bought it
Do you ever have a good time but there's still this voice that's
Telling you you don't deserve this kind of love, I'm trying?

And now I'm crying in a backstreet of a city I don't know
And I'm trying to go to parties in a place that I don't belong
You said it's just a bad day, trying not to fixate but I'm
Crying in the backseat of a taxi in Tokyo

In the bar I asked you why you're always on your phone and
You told me that you think you'd like me to be more confident
Think you meant it like a good thing but it sounded so mean
Like you wish you were with someone with a different body

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