

## Please Mr. Lostman

### The Pillows

My small head dangles from my neck as I step on the dreams sown  
on the road We've blown this world to its limits and I don't care  
if it's broken or crushed, I just want to touch the light

On a slender withered tree, aged and forgotten Please Mr. Lostman,  
the stars were a blooming Please Mr. Lostman

I stretch my short limbs hard I was messing around and sneaked  
in To the comfort that I can finally reach But I'm not a kitten  
, I'll get out by myself, so let go of my hand

Feeling neither kindness nor pain, the seasons pass by quietly  
Please Mr. Lostman, let's hide somewhere Please Mr. Lostman

On a slender withered tree, aged and forgotten Please Mr. Lostman,  
the stars were a blooming Please Mr. Lostman

These twisted times don't matter, we have found each other Please  
Mr. Lostman, doesn't that mean everything? Please Mr. Lostman