

Stalker

The Pillows

A hygiene-manic strip show It's all perfect, isn't it? I am a dirty stalker I aim and spit at them

A joker riding on a stroller Are you trying to be funny? I am a pretentious stalker I'm looking through the lens

And I finally got the bullets for all the people On the night of farewell, the soft voice of an angel whispers "We'll soon be happy won't we?"

A daredevil complex roulette show You want to try it, right? I'm a terrified stalker I can't make use of my chance

The locker of a worker ant Are you getting ready for the winter? I am the last stalker I can always have fun

And I finally got the bullets for all of the people On the night of farewell, the soft voice of the angel whispers "We'll soon be happy won't we?"