

# Mister

YOASOBI

La-la-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la-la-la, la

Sit in a room so little, no one around, there is only me  
And I'm recalling of what being by you used to be  
Stage of the story, distant sighting buildings rise upon the scene  
Standing tall, large in form in a big city that is seen across the sea

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I keep the day of our very first encounter in mind now rewind to the  
time you've entered  
Formal in a shirt and jacket that were not fitting your inner side

You were concise and spoke a few words only absolutely so strict towards me  
I remember scoldings often happened and still, all of the tools my heart runs on  
Were covered up by a sense of weakness but yet

Then, I held the wish to comprehend all things about you from beginning to end  
However, never could request it and without saying anything so softly  
prayed under the moon  
Even if not much I'd like to understand so I spent lots of days in that state of mind

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So, even though off and on you showed it in your motion  
So peaceful and calm was your expression  
You've only shown your tears once, that's all I know about  
You could not conceal them as they came pouring out  
Yes, kindness was inside and on that day came to sight

That day was the final time for both as I replay, the night overlaid  
My hand in yours, I felt you clasping hard while smiling in the dark  
But now, you are no longer here

In this moment, I wish I could hear  
Once more, as before, I wish you'd let it reach my ears  
Your compassion and hints of awkwardness  
Interweaving through your voice firm, stirring words of forwardness

Wanting it now, and what is this I've found?  
What is the name of what I'm feeling now?  
What you've always done is all I'm calling for  
As I wish for scoldings like before, mister

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