

# Rie Fu, Vintage Denim

binteeji no denimu o haite kaaten o aketara sotto

amai rinen ni dakare kaaten o maku you na  
Wrapped in curtains I still feel the morning sound  
Dont miss it, dont diss it, Ill be waiting get it count it or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near  
Tired of saviours that are not real  
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

biggu ben ni akari ga miete miagetara sore wa ookiku

tsutsumikonde kono machi mo atatakai  
Big ben its gotta light so tenderly and this city is warm as its supposed to be  
Listening to coldplay on the northern line

Dont miss it, dont diss it, Ill be waiting get it count it or I must go crazy

Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near  
Tired of saviours that are not real  
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away

tsumetai kaze nihokorimamire no  
Oh silence, bring my soul up here, bring me up when theres nothing near  
Tired of saviours that are not real  
In a way that you hold, way that you hold me away