Dandelion's Promise

The dandelion next to the fence in primary school. It was a scenery that had flavour in my memory. Taking an afternoon nap, cicada noise comes from the playground. After many years, it still sounds good. Fold up the dreams into a paper airplane and send it as a letter. Because we can't wait for that meteor. I seriously throw the coin that decides fate Yet I don't know where I can go

A promise we made when growing up together It's so clear I believe it since we made a pinky swear We said we would go on holiday together Nowadays it's your Only wilful persistence

In the corridor we stand as punishment and have our hands slapped Yet we pay attention to the dragonfly by the window Wherever I go you follow very closely There are a lot of dreams waiting to done

A promise we made when growing up together It's so sincere

The one time I couldn't stop chatting to you And I already can't tell the difference







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