The Writer

Ellie Goulding

You wait for a silence, I wait for a word
Lie next to your frame, girl unobserved
You change your position and you are changing me
Casting these shadows where they shouldn't be
We're interrupted by the heat of the sun
Trying to prevent what's already begun
You're just a body, I can smell your skin
And when I feel it, you're wearing thin
But I've got a plan
Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay
Why don't you be the writer
And decide the words I say
'Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end
Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me
Sat on your sofa, it's all broken springs
This isn't the place for those violin strings
I try out a smile and I aim it at you
You must have missed it, you always do
But I've got a plan
Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay
Why don't you be the writer
And decide the words I say
'Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end
Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted
You wait, I wait, casting shadows, interrupted
You wait, I wait, casting shadows
Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay
Why don't you be the writer
And decide the words I say
'Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end

Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me
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Won't you try to help me

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