

# The writer

## Fischer-Z - Red skies over paradise

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  
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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>