Unwritten

Natasha Bedingfield

I am unwritten

Can't read my mind, I'm undefined

I'm just beginning

The pen's in my hand, ending unplannedStaring at the blank page before you

Open up the dirty window

Let the sun illuminate the words

That you could not findReaching for something in the distance

So close you can almost taste it

Release your inhibitions

Feel the rain on your skinNo one else can feel it for you

Only you can let it in

No one else, no one else

Can speak the words on your lipsDrench yourself in words unspoken

Live your life with arms wide open

Today is where your book begins

The rest is still unwrittenI break tradition

Sometimes my tries are outside the lines

We've been conditioned

To not make mistakes, but I can't live that way, noStaring at the blank page before you

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