

Unwritten by Natasha Bedingfield

I am unwritten

Can't read my \_\_\_\_\_

I'm undefined

I'm just beginning

The pen's in my hand

Ending unplanned

Staring at the blank \_\_\_\_\_ before you

Open up the dirty window

Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find

Reaching for something in the \_\_\_\_\_

So close you can almost taste it

Release your inhibitions

Feel the rain on your \_\_\_\_\_

No 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Drench yourself in words unspoken

Live your life with arms wide open

Today is where your book begins

The rest is still unwritten

Oh, oh, oh

I break \_\_\_\_\_

Sometimes my tries are outside the lines

We've been conditioned to not make mistakes

But I can't live that way

Staring at the blank page before you

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Oh, yeah, yeah