

Natasha Bedingfield From *Unwritten* (2004)

These Words

These words are my own...

Threw some chords together
The combination D.E.F
It's who I am, It's what I do
And I was gonna lay it down for you.

I'm trying to focus my attention
But I feel so A.D.D
I need some help, some inspiration
But it's not coming easily...

Tryin' to find the magic
Tryin' to write a classic
Don't you know, don't you know, don't you know
Wastebin full of paper
Clever rhymes see ya later

These words are my own
From my heart flow
I love you, I love you
I love you, I love you!
There's no other way
To better say
I love you, I love you

Read some Byron, Shelley and Keats
Recited it over a Hip Hop beat
I'm having trouble saying what I mean
With dead poets and drum machines

You know I had some studio time booked
But I couldn't find the killa hook
Now you've gone and raised the bar right up
Nothing I write is ever good enough

These words are my own...

I'm getting off my stage
The curtains pull away
No hyperbole to hide behind
My naked soul exposé

Tryin' ...
These words...

That's all I have to say
Can't think of a better way
That's all I have to say
I love you, is that okay?