

## **"Unwritten"**

**By Natasha Bedingfield**

I am unwritten, can't read my mind, I'm undefined  
I'm just beginning, the pen's in my hand, ending unplanned

Staring at the blank page before you  
Open up the dirty window  
Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find

Reaching for something in the distance  
So close you can almost taste it  
Release your inhibitions  
Feel the rain on your skin  
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 lips  
Drench yourself in words unspoken  
Live your life with arms wide open  
Today is where your book begins  
The rest is still unwritten

I break tradition, sometimes my tries are outside the lines  
We've been conditioned to not make mistakes, but I can't live that way

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