

“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

**Chorus:**

**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, no

**Chorus:**