

## I Write For Me

Amanda Somerville

You talk about gardens and talk about Prague  
You talk about artists' imitations of life and love  
You talk about the "grander things" and we talk about you  
But I ask how you feel and you can;t even think it through

You talk about your brothers and future happenings  
You ask me what I think and I just smile because they're only l  
ittle things  
You talk about of the color sqhems in the hotel rooms of dark a  
nd light  
But I ask you could you live with me and you just kiss me goodn  
ight

So, I won't advertise that I love you  
And I won't tell you how your smile light up the room  
You can just say that you're impressed with my rhythm  
Or something like that  
And I won't ask anything again anytime soon

You talk about bondage while I stare at the moon  
And you talk about poet's sonnets and summarize their doom  
You talk of scheme of things where everything goes  
But I ask you I am for you and you smile and say, "Who knows?"

So, I won't advertise that I love you  
And I won't tell you how your smile light up the room  
You can just say that you're impressed with my rhythm  
Or something like that  
And I won't ask anything again anytime soon

So I won't pour my heart out and break when you don't notice  
And I won;t tell you how your loving sets me free  
You can just stick to the technicalities  
And I'll just know that I write for me

I write for me  
I write for me...