

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...