

These Words

Natasha Bedingfield

Is who I am, is what I do
No one's gonna let it down for you
Try to focus my attention

But I feel so
I need some help, some inspiration
(But it's not coming easily)
Whoah oh...

Trying to find the magic
Trying to write a classic
Don't you know, don't you know, don't you know?
Waste-bin full of paper
Clever rhymes, see you later

These words are my own
>From my heart flown
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, Shelly and Keats
Resided in over a Hip-Hop beat
I'm having trouble saying what I mean
With dead poets and drum machines
I know I had some studio time booked
But I couldn't find a killer hook
Now you're gonna raise the bar right up
Nothing I write is ever good enough

These words are my own
From my heart flown
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...

I'm getting off my stage
The curtains pull away
No hyper bowl to hide behind
My naked soul exposes
Whoah.. oh.. oh.. oh.. Whoah.. oh..

Trying to find the magic
Trying to write a classic
Waste-bin full of paper
Clever rhymes, see you later

These words are my own
From my heart flown
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, is that okay...?
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