

# Natasha Bedingfield, These Words

These words are my own

Threw some chords together  
The combination D-E-F  
It's who I am, it's what I do  
And I was gonna lay it down for you  
Try to focus my attention  
But I feel so A-D-D  
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 flow  
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  
Recited it 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've gone & raised the bar right up  
Nothing I write is ever good enough

These words are my own  
From my heart flow  
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 hyperbole 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 flow  
I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you

That's all I got to say,  
Can't think of a better way,  
And that's all I've got to say,  
I love you, is that okay?