

Notaries, The "I Admit"

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My words don't mean much, but they exist.
I don't mean much either, just someone you might miss.
I'm just some guy, some guy that can write.
My words aren't inspiring, they're just alright.

I'm not so superstitious to try and wish at 11:11,
but I've got no miracles in the works, none soon enough to begin.
So I'll pick up ever penny, I'll find on heads,
and I'll search for a four leaf clover in all the clover beds.

Right here,
I admit,
You're my fear,
My wish.
Right here,
I admit,
You're my fear,
My wish.

I'm a faulty model,
just off the shelf and into the world,
and like a ball,
my heart will be hurled.

I could yell at the top of my lungs,
to get your attention.
I don't have the guts,
But always an excuse for prevention.

I'd give,
Anything,
To have you,
With me.
I'd give,
Anything,
To have you,
With me.

I'd give anything,
to have you here with me.
I admit, you're my wish.

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