

James Blunt

"The Writer"

Visit "[The Writer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You wait for a silence
I wait for a word
Lying next to your frame
Girl unobserved
You change your position
You're changing me
Casting these shadows
Where they shouldn't be

We're interrupted
By the heat of the sun
Trying to prevent
What's already begun
You're just a body
I can smell your skin
And when I feel it
You're wearing thin

But I've got a plan
Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay?
Why don't you be the writer
Decide the words I say?
Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end
Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me?

Sat on your sofa
It's all broken springs
This isn't the place for
Those violin strings
I try out a smile
And I aim it at you
You must have missed it
You always do

But I've got a plan
Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay?
Why don't you be the writer

Decide the words I say?
Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end
Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me?

You wait
I wait
Casting shadows
Interrupted

You wait
I wait
Casting shadows
Interrupted

You wait
I wait
Casting shadows
Interrupted

You wait
I wait
Casting shadows

Why don't you be the artist
And make me out of clay?
Why don't you be the writer
Decide the words I say?
Cause I'd rather pretend
I'll still be there at the end
Only it's too hard to ask
Won't you try to help me?
Won't you try to help me?
Won't you try to help me?

Visit [James Blunt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.