

Justine Dorsey**"Unsaid"**

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The headlights are fuzzy in my eyes,
I watch the passing city with a sigh.
If it were raining it'd look like a painting
On this captivating Thursday night.

I don't really know you, but just so you know, I want to.
I was sad to say goodbye on 125 Broadway Avenue.

I want to say a million things,
To make you fall in love with me.
I was halfway there the very first time we met,
But considering the fact that I'm slightly underage,
And you're the kind of boy with a dangerous edge,
The words I want to you will go unsaid.

Unsaid.

My wild imagination opened up a door,
I'm carbonated with the hope of something more.
I know it's useless to picture me with you like this,
But what can you blame me for?

We're nothing more than strangers,
And I wish that that could change 'cause...
I was sad to say goodbye on 125 Broadway Avenue.

I want to say a million things,
To make you fall in love with me.
I was halfway there the very first time we met,
But considering the fact that I'm slightly underage,
And you're the kind of boy with a dangerous edge,
The words I want to you will go unsaid.

Unsaid.

I'd picture what I'd say if I though we had a chance,
This won't go beyond a coffee house bench,
So we'll live inside our separate worlds.

But I can't stand the thought of not seeing your face,
So I'll sit on that bench every possible Thursday,

Hiding away these secret worlds.

I have a million things I want to say,
But there's no point to it anyway.
I keep chasing possibilities that evaporate.

So maybe one day you'll hear this song,
And know what I was feeling inside all along.
The words I want to say to you will go unsaid.

Unsaid.

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I watch the passing city with a sigh.

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