

Natasha Bedingfield - Unwritten

medium piano - full version - emilia's version

♩ = 110

Verse

I am un - writ - ten, can't read my mind I'm un - de - fined.
I break tra - di - tion, some-times my tries are out-side the lines

I'm just be - gin - ning, the pen's in my hand end - ing un -
We've been con - di - tioned to not make mis - takes but I can't live

Pre-Chorus

planned that way
Star-ing at the blank page. be - fore you, o - pen up the dir - ty

win - dow. Let the sun il - lu - mi - nate the words. that you could not find.

Reach - ing for some-thing in the dis - tance so close you can al - most

Chorus

15

taste it. Re-lease your in - hi-bi tions. Feel the rain on your_ skin. No one else_ can feel it for_

18

you. On-ly you can let_ it in. No one else, no one else_ can speak the words on your_

21

lips. Drench your - self_ in words. un - spo - ken. Live your life_ with arms. wide o -

23

- pen. To-day is where your book_ be-gins, the rest is still. un writ-ten.

Bridge

26

Star-ing at the blank pa-ge be - fore you, o-pen up the di-rt - y win-dow. Let the sun il-l-u - mi -

29

nate the wor-ds that you could no - t find. Reach - ing for some-thing i - n the

31

dis - tance so close you can al - most taste it. Re - lease your in - hi - bi - tions

34

Chorus

Feel the rain on your skin. No one else can feel it for you. On - ly you can let it in.

37

No one else, no one else can speak the words on your

39

lips. Drench your - self in words. un - spo - ken. Live your life with arms. wide o -

41

- pen. To - day is where your book be - gins, Feel the rain on your

43

- be - gin - s the rest is sti - ll un writ - ten the rest is sti - ll un