

Read Me

Wafia

You made it to the last page
No lines to read in between 'em
'Cause there's nothing left to say
Nothing, nothing, nothing

I did everything my way
With every rhyme, every reason
And those decisions I'd make
Again, again, again

I've laid it on the table, make what you want of me
Up for interpretation just do it gently
So when you

Read this my only wish is
By the end of it you think of me fondly
I changed, I'm not my mistakes
I hope that you'd stay and think of me fondly

It's not the kind of thing that's keeping me awake at night
I kind of did it for myself and I wasn't expecting you to find
me
But now that you did I'm glad that you made it
I want to imprint you on my pages

I've laid it on the table, make what you want of me
Up for interpretation just do it gently

So when you read this my only wish is
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