

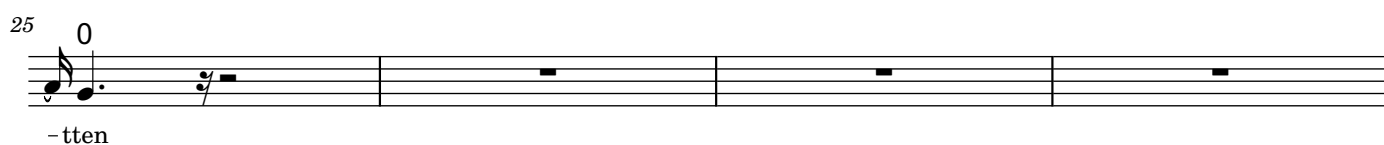
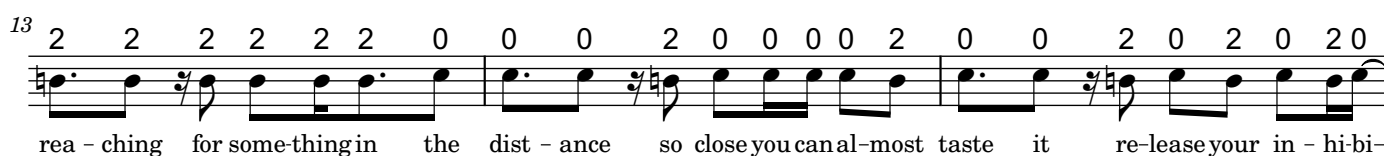
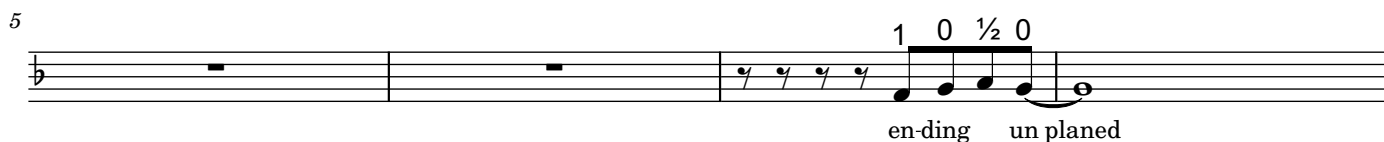
Trompete 2

Unwritten

Natascha Bedingfield

Arr. Lea Kramer

♩ = 150



f reaching for some-thing in the distance so close you can al-most taste it re-lease your in-hi-bi-tions feel the rain on your

45 2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 2 1/2 1/2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 2 0 0 0 2

skin nooneelse can feel it for you on-ly you can let it in nooneelse, nooneelse can speak the words on your

49 2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 1/2 1/2 2 1/2 1/2 0 1/2 0 1/2 0 1/2 2 1/2

lipsdrenchyourselfinwordsunspoken liveyourlifewitharmswideo-pen todayis whereyourbook begins, therestisstillunwri

53 0

-tten

57 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

star-ing attheblankpagebe-foreyou openupthedir-ty win-dow letthesuni-llu-min-ate the words that you could not find

61 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1/2 0 1/2 0 1/2 2

f rea-ching forsome-thingin the dist-ance socloseyou canal-most taste it leaseyour in-hi-bi - tions

65 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 2 1/2 1/2 2 1/2 1/2

feel therainonyour skin nooneelsecan feel it for you on-ly you can let it in nooneelse, nooneelse

69 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 2 2 1/2 1/2 0 0 1/2 2 1/2 1/2 2 1/2 1/2

canspeakthewordsonyour lipsdrenchyourselfinwordsunspoken liveyourlifewitharmswideo-pen todayis whereyourbook

73 0 1/2 0 1/2 0 1/2 2 1/2 0

be-gins, therest is still un - wri - tten