



Ytting

Designed by Yingying Chen

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg  
 Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn  
 Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu  
 Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

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12 pt

"They played at hearts as other children might play at ball; only, as it was really their two hearts that they flung to and fro, they had to be very, very handy to catch them, each time, without hurting them."

14 pt

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18 pt

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21 pt

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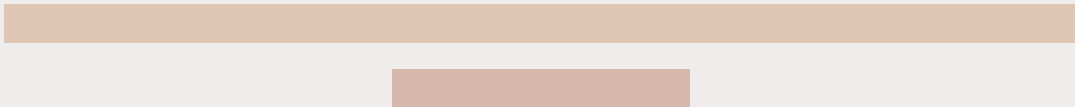
24 pt

"They played at hearts as other children might play at ball; only, as it was really their two hearts that they flung to and fro, they had to be very, very handy to catch them, each time, without hurting them."

YINGYING CHEN



April 26th, 1999



Guangdong, China



and more to see...



# RED

Taylor Swift

Loving him is like driving a new Maserati  
Down a dead end street  
Faster than the wind, passionate as sin  
Ending so suddenly  
Loving him is like trying to change your mind  
Once you're already flying through the free fall  
Like the colors in autumn, so bright  
Just before they lose it all  
Losing him was blue like I'd never known  
Missing him was dark gray all alone  
Forgetting him is like trying to know  
Somebody you have never met  
But loving him was red  
Touching him was like realizing all you ever wanted was  
right there in front of you  
Memorizing him was as easy as knowing all the words  
to your old favorite song  
Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword  
And realizing there's no right answer  
Touching him was like realizing all you ever wanted was  
right there in front of you  
Memorizing him was as easy as  
knowing all the words to your old favorite song  
Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword  
And realizing there's no right answer  
Regretting him was like wishing you never found out that  
love could be that strong

Losing him was blue like I'd never known  
Missing him was dark gray all alone  
Forgetting him is like trying to know somebody  
You've never met  
But loving him was red, loving him was red  
Remembering him comes in flashbacks and echoes  
Tell myself it's time now, gotta let go  
But moving on from him is impossible  
When I still see it all in my head  
In burning red, in burning red  
Losing him was blue like I'd never known  
Missing him was dark gray, all alone  
Forgetting him is like trying to know somebody  
you never met  
Cause loving him was red  
Loving him was red, loving him was red  
And that is why he is spinning  
Round through my head, burning red  
Burning red  
His love was like driving a new Maserati  
down a dead end street

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Y T I N G

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y t i n g

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