

THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT



## FORTNIGHT

FEATURING POST MALONE

I was supposed to be sent away  
But they forgot to  
come and get me  
I was a functioning alcoholic  
Til nobody noticed  
my new aesthetic  
All of this to say  
I hope you're okay  
But you're the reason  
And no one here's to blame  
But what about your  
quiet treason?

And for a fortnight there  
We were forever  
Run into you sometimes  
Ask about the weather  
Now you're in my backyard  
Turned into good neighbors  
Your wife waters flowers  
I want to kill her.

All my mornings are Mondays  
Stuck in an endless February  
I took the miracle move-on drug  
The effects were temporary  
And I love you  
It's ruining my life  
(I love you, it's ruining my life)  
I touched you  
For only a fortnight  
(I touched you)  
But I touched you

*Chorus*

And for a fortnight there  
We were together  
Run into you sometimes  
Comment on my sweater  
Now you're at the mailbox  
Turned into good neighbors

My husband is cheating  
I want to kill him.

I love you, it's ruining my life  
(I love you, it's ruining my life)  
I touched you for only a fortnight  
(I touched you)  
I touched you

I love you  
It's ruining my life  
(I love you, it's ruining my life)  
I touched you for only a fortnight  
(I touched you)  
I touched you

Thought of calling ya  
But you won't pick up  
Another fortnight lost in America  
Move to Florida  
Buy the car you want  
But it won't start up  
Til you touch, touch, touch me

Thought of calling ya  
But you won't pick up  
Another fortnight lost in America  
Move to Florida  
Buy the car you want  
But it won't start up  
Til I touch, touch, touch you





# II. THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT JACK ANTONOFF

You left your typewriter  
at my apartment  
Straight from the Tortured  
Poets Department  
I think some things I never say  
Like "Who uses  
typewriters anyway?"  
But you're in self-sabotage mode  
Throwing spikes down on the road  
But I've seen this episode  
And still loved the show  
Who else decodes you?

And who's gonna hold you like me?  
And who's gonna know  
you, if not me?  
But I've seen this episode  
"You're not Dylan Thomas.  
I'm not Patti Smith.  
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel.  
We're modern idiots."  
And who's gonna hold you like me?  
Nobody.

Nofuckinbody.  
Nobody.  
  
You smoked then ate seven  
bars of chocolate  
We declared Charlie Puth  
should be a bigger artist  
I scratch your head, you fall asleep  
Like a tattooed Golden Retriever  
But you awaken with dread  
Pounding nails in your head  
But I've read this one  
Where you come undone  
I chose this cyclone with you.

And who's gonna hold you like me?  
And who's gonna know  
you like me?  
I laughed in your face and said,  
"You're not Dylan Thomas.  
I'm not Patti Smith.  
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel.  
We're modern idiots."  
And who's gonna hold you like me?

Nofuckinbody.  
Nobody.  
Nobody.

Sometimes I wonder if you're  
gonna screw this up with me  
But you told Lucy you'd kill  
yourself if I ever leave  
And I had said that to Jack  
about you so I felt seen  
Everyone we know understands  
Why it's meant to be  
Cause we're ... Crazy.  
So tell me  
Who else is gonna know me?  
At dinner you take my ring off my  
middle finger and put it on the one  
people put wedding rings on  
And that's the closest I've  
come to my heart exploding  
Who's gonna hold you?  
Me.  
Who's gonna know you?  
Me.



"And you're not Dylan Thomas.  
I'm not Patti Smith.  
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel.  
We're two idiots."  
Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you,  
Gonna know you  
Gonna troll you?

You left your typewriter  
at my apartment  
Straight from the Tortured  
Poets Department  
Who else decodes you?

# III. WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT

## MY BOY ONLY BREAKS HIS FAVORITE TOYS

Oh, here we go again.  
The voices in his head  
Called the rain to end  
our days of wild  
The sickest army doll  
Purchased at the mall  
Rivulets descend my plastic smile  
But you should've seen him  
When he first got me

My boy only breaks his favorite toys  
I'm queen of sand castles he destroys  
Cause it fit too right  
Puzzle pieces in the dead of night  
Should've known it was  
a matter of time  
Oh, my boy only breaks  
his favorite toys

There was a litany of reasons why  
We could've played for  
keeps this time  
I know I'm just repeating myself  
Put me back on my shelf  
But first - Pull the string  
And I'll tell you that he runs  
Because he loves me.  
Cause you should've seen him  
When he first saw me.

My boy only breaks  
his favorite toys  
I'm queen of sand  
castles he destroys  
Cause I knew too much  
There was danger in the  
heat of my touch  
He saw forever so he  
smashed it up  
Oh, my boy only breaks  
his favorite toys

Once I fix me, he's gonna miss me  
Once I fix me, he's gonna miss me

Just say when, I'd play again  
He was my best friend  
Down at the sandlot  
I felt more when we  
played pretend  
Than with all the Kens  
Cause he took me out of my box  
Stole my tortured heart  
Left all these broken parts  
Told me I'm better off  
But I'm not  
I'm not  
I'm not.

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# IV.

## DOWN BAD

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT JACK ANTONOFF

Did you really beam me up?  
In a cloud of sparkling dust  
Just to do experiments on  
Tell me I was the chosen one  
Show me that this world  
is bigger than us  
Then sent me back  
where I came from  
For a moment I knew cosmic love

Now I'm down bad crying at the gym  
Everything comes out  
teenage petulance  
"Fuck it if I can't have him"  
"I might just die, it would  
make no difference."  
Down bad, waking up in blood  
Staring at the sky, come  
back and pick me up  
Fuck it if I can't have us.  
I might just not get up  
I might stay down bad

Fuck it if I can't have him  
Down bad  
Fuck it if I can't have him

Did you take all my old clothes?  
Just to leave me here naked and alone  
In a field in my same old town  
That somehow seems so hollow now  
They'll say I'm nuts if I talk  
about the existence of you  
For a moment I was heaven struck

*Chorus*  
Like I lost my twin  
Fuck it if I can't have him  
Down bad  
Down bad  
Waving at the ship  
Fuck it if I can't have him

I loved your hostile takeovers  
Encounters closer and closer  
All your indecent exposures

How dare you say that it's -  
I'll build you a fort on some planet  
Where they can all understand it  
How dare you think it's romantic  
Leaving me safe and stranded  
Cause fuck it, I was in love  
So fuck you if I can't have us.  
Cause fuck it, I was in love

### Chorus

Like I lost my twin  
Fuck it if I can't have him  
Down bad  
Down bad  
Waving at the ship  
Fuck it if I can't have him

Like I lost my twin  
Fuck it if I can't have him  
Down bad  
Waving at the ship  
Fuck it if I can't have him

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## So Long,



## London

V. WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT AARON DESSNER

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And my friends said it isn't right to be scared  
Every day of a love affair

I saw in my mind fairy  
lights through the mist  
I kept calm and carried  
the weight of the rift  
Pulled him in tighter each  
time he was drifting away  
My spine split from  
carrying us up the hill  
Wet through my clothes, weary  
bones caught the chill  
I stopped trying to make him laugh  
Stopped trying to drill the safe  
Thinkin, how much sad  
did you think I had  
Did you think I had in me?  
Oh, the tragedy ...

So long, London  
You'll find someone ...

I didn't opt in to be  
your odd man out  
I founded the club she's  
heard great things about  
I left all I knew  
You left me at the house  
by the Heath  
I stopped CPR, after all it's no use  
The spirit was gone, we  
would never come to  
And I'm pissed off you let me  
give you all that youth for free

For so long, London  
Stitches undone  
Two graves, one gun  
I'll find someone ...

And you say I abandoned the ship  
But I was going down with it  
My white knuckle dying grip  
Holding tight to your  
quiet resentment  
And my friends said it isn't  
right to be scared  
Every day of a love affair  
Every breath feels like rarest air  
When you're not sure if  
he wants to be there  
So how much sad did  
you think I had  
Did you think I had in me?  
How much tragedy?  
Just how low did you think I'd go?  
Before I'd self-implode  
Before I'd have to go be free

You swore that you loved me  
but where were the clues?  
I died on the altar waiting  
for the proof  
You sacrificed us to the  
gods of your bluest days  
And I'm just getting color  
back into my face  
I'm just mad as hell cause  
I loved this place

For so long, London  
Had a good run  
A moment of warm sun  
But I'm not the one  
So long, London  
Stitches undone  
Two graves, one gun  
You'll find someone ...



# BUT DADDY I LOVE HIM

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT AARON DESSNER

I forget how the West was won / I forget if this was ever fun / I just learned these people only  
raise you to cage you / Sarahs and Hannahs in their Sunday best / Clutching their pearls, sighing  
“What a mess” / I just learned these people try and save you / ... cause they hate you // Too high  
a horse / For a simple girl to rise above it / They slammed the door on my whole world /  
The one thing I wanted // Now I’m running with my dress unbuttoned / Screaming “But  
Daddy I love him!” / I’m having his baby / No, I’m not, but you should see your faces  
/ I’m telling him to floor it through the fences / No, I’m not coming to my senses /  
I know he’s crazy but he’s the one I want // Dutiful daughter, all my plans were  
laid / Tendrils tucked into a woven braid / Growing up precocious sometimes  
means / Not growing up at all / He was chaos, he was revelry / Bedroom  
eyes like a remedy / Soon enough the elders had convened / Down at the  
city hall / “Stay away from her” / The saboteurs protested too much /  
Lord knows the words we never heard / Just screeching tires and  
true love // Chorus // I’ll tell you something right now / I’d rather  
burn my whole life down / Than listen to one more second of  
all this bitching and moaning / I’ll tell you something about  
my good name / It’s mine alone to disgrace / I don’t  
cater to all these vipers dressed in empath’s clothing  
// God save the most judgmental creeps / Who say they  
want what’s best for me / Sanctimoniously performing  
soliloquies I’ll never see / Thinking it can change the beat /  
Of my heart when he touches me / And counteract the chemistry  
/ And undo the destiny / You ain’t gotta pray for me / Me and my  
wild boy / And all this wild joy / If all you want is gray for me / Then it’s  
just white noise / And it’s just my choice // There’s a lot of people in town  
that I / Bestow upon my fakest smiles / Scandal does funny things to pride  
/ But brings lovers closer / We came back when the heat died down / Went to  
my parents and they came around / All the wine moms are still holding out / But  
fuck ‘em. It’s over. // Now I’m dancing in my dress in the sun and / Even my daddy  
just loves him / I’m his lady, and oh my God / You should see your faces / Time, doesn’t  
it give some perspective / No, you can’t come to the wedding / I know he’s crazy but he’s  
the one I want // I’ll tell you something right now you ain’t gotta pray for me / Me and my  
wild boy and all of this wild joy // He was chaos, he was revelry / If all you want is gray for me  
/ Then it’s just white noise, and it’s my choice // Screaming “But Daddy I love him!” / I’m having  
his baby / No, I’m not! But you - / Should see your faces / But oh my God you should see your faces

VI.

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BY MIKEY FREEDOM HART AND DAVID HART AT BIG MERCY SOUND (BROOKLYN, NY) /  
EVAN SMITH’S PERFORMANCE RECORDED BY EVAN SMITH AT PLEASURE HILL RECORDING  
(PORTLAND, MAINE) / ZEM AUDU’S PERFORMANCE RECORDED BY ZEM AUDU AT AUDIO MUSIC  
STUDIO (BROOKLYN, NY) / AARON DESSNER’S PERFORMANCE RECORDED BY JONATHAN  
LOW AND BELLA BLASKO AT LUNG POND (HUDSON VALLEY, NY) / MASTERED BY RANDY  
MERRILL AT STERLING SOUND (EDGEWATER, NJ) // PROGRAMMING, CELLO, JUNO, BASS,  
ELECTRIC AND ACOUSTIC GUITARS, SYNTHESIZERS, BACKING VOCALS, MELLOTRON BY JACK  
ANTONOFF / STRINGS BY BOBBY HAWK / DRUMS BY SEAN HUTCHINSON / SYNTHS BY EVAN  
SMITH, MIKEY FREEDOM HART AND ZEM AUDU / ACOUSTIC GUITARS BY AARON DESSNER /  
LEAD VOCALS BY TAYLOR SWIFT



# VII.

# Fresh Out The Slammer

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT JACK ANTONOFF

Now pretty baby I’m running  
back home to you  
Fresh out the slammer  
I know who my first call will be to ...  
Fresh out the slammer

But it’s gonna be alright.  
I did my time.

*Chorus*

Another summer, taking cover  
Rolling thunder, he don’t  
understand me  
Splintered back in winter  
Silent dinners, bitter  
He was with her in dreams  
Gray and blue and fights and tunnels  
Handcuffed to the spell I was under  
For just one hour of sunshine  
Years of labor, locks and ceilings  
In the shade of how he was feeling

Camera flashes, welcome bashes  
Get the matches, toss the ashes off  
the ledge  
As I said in my letters, now that I  
know better  
I will never lose my baby again  
My friends tried but I wouldn’t  
hear it  
Watched me daily disappearing  
For just one glimpse of his smile  
All those nights you kept me going  
Swirled you into all of my poems

Now we’re at the starting line  
I did my time.

Now pretty baby I’m running  
To the house where you still wait up  
And that porch light gleams  
To the one who says  
I’m the girl of his American Dreams  
And no matter what I’ve done  
It wouldn’t matter anyway  
Ain’t no way I’m gonna screw up  
Now that I know what’s at stake  
Here. At the park where we used  
to sit on children’s swings  
Wearing imaginary rings ...  
But it’s gonna be alright. I did  
my time ...

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RECORDING (LOS ANGELES, CA) AND ESPLANADE STUDIOS (NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA) / ASSISTANT ENGINEERED BY JON SHER, JACK MANNING AND JESSE SOLON  
SNIDER / TAYLOR SWIFT’S PERFORMANCE RECORDED BY CHRISTOPHER ROWE AND LAURA SISK AT ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS (NEW YORK, NY) AND PRIME RECORDING  
(NASHVILLE, TN) / ASSISTANT ENGINEERED BY DEREK GARTEN / MASTERED BY RANDY MERRILL AT STERLING SOUND (EDGEWATER, NJ) // PROGRAMMING,  
PERCUSSION, M1, SYNTHESISERS, ORGAN, DXT, ELECTRIC AND ACOUSTIC GUITARS, DRUMS BY JACK ANTONOFF / LEAD VOCALS BY TAYLOR SWIFT



# VIII.

WRITTEN BY  
TAYLOR SWIFT  
FLORENCE WELCH

## FLORIDA!!!

FEATURING FLORENCE + THE MACHINE

You can beat the heat  
If you beat the  
charges, too  
They said I was a cheat  
I guess it must be true  
And my friends all smell  
like weed or little babies  
And this city reeks of  
driving myself crazy

Little did you know  
Your home's really  
only a town  
You're just a guest in  
So you work your life away  
Just to pay for a timeshare  
Down in Destin  
Florida!!!  
Is one hell of a drug  
Florida!!!  
Can I use you up?

The hurricane with my  
name when it came

I got drunk and I dared  
it to wash me away  
Barricaded in the  
bathroom with a  
bottle of wine  
Well me and my ghosts,  
we had a hell of a time  
Yes I'm haunted, but  
I'm feeling just fine  
All my girls got their  
lace and their crimes  
And your  
cheating husband  
disappeared, well  
No one asks any  
questions here  
So I did my best  
to lay to rest  
All of the bodies that have  
ever been on my body  
And in my mind, they  
sink into the swamp  
Is that a bad thing  
to say in a song?

Little did you know  
your home's  
Really only the town  
you'll get arrested  
So you pack your life away  
Just to wait out  
the shitstorm  
Back in Texas  
Florida!!!  
Is one hell of a drug  
Florida!!!  
Can I use you up?

I need to forget so  
Take me to Florida  
I got some regrets  
I'll bury them in Florida  
Tell me I'm despicable  
Say it's unforgivable  
At least the dolls  
are beautiful  
Fuck me up, Florida!

I need to forget so  
Take me to Florida  
I got some regrets  
I'll bury them in Florida  
Tell me I'm despicable  
Say it's unforgivable  
What a crash, what a rush  
Fuck me up, Florida!  
It's one hell of a drug  
It's one hell of a drug  
Love left me like this  
And I don't want to exist  
So take me to Florida

Little did you know  
Your home's really  
only a town  
You're just a guest in  
So you work your life away  
Just to pay for a timeshare  
Down in Destin  
Little did you know  
your home's  
Really only the town  
you'll get arrested  
So you pack your life away  
Just to wait out  
the shitstorm  
Back in Texas  
Florida!!!  
Is one hell of a drug  
Florida!!!  
Can I use you up?  
Florida!!!  
Is one hell of a drug  
Florida!!!  
Go on, fuck me up ...

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## IX.

WRITTEN BY  
TAYLOR SWIFT  
JACK ANTONOFF

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## GUILTY AS SIN?



Drowning in the  
Blue Nile  
He sent me  
'Downtown Lights'  
I hadn't heard it in a while  
My boredom's bone deep  
This cage was  
once just fine  
Am I allowed to cry?  
I dream of cracking locks  
Throwing my life  
to the wolves  
Or the ocean rocks  
Crashing into him tonight  
He's a paradox  
I'm seeing visions,  
am I bad?  
Or mad? Or wise?

What if he's written  
'mine' on my upper thigh  
Only in my mind?  
One slip and falling back  
into the hedge maze  
Oh what a way to die  
I keep recalling  
things we never did  
Messy top lip kiss  
How I long for our trysts  
Without ever  
touching his skin.  
How can I be  
guilty as sin?

I keep these  
longings locked  
In lowercase inside a vault  
Someone told me  
There's no such thing  
as bad thoughts  
Only your actions talk  
These fatal fantasies  
Giving way to  
labored breath  
Taking all of me

We've already done  
it in my head  
If it's make believe  
Why does it feel like a vow  
We'll both uphold  
somehow?

What if he's written  
'mine' on my upper thigh  
Only in my mind?  
One slip and falling back  
into the hedge maze  
Oh what a way to die  
My bedsheets are ablaze  
I've screamed his name  
Building up like waves  
Crashing over my grave  
Without ever  
touching his skin  
How can I be  
guilty as sin?

What if I roll the  
stone away?  
They're gonna  
crucify me anyway  
What if the way  
you hold me  
Is actually what's holy?  
If long suffering propriety  
Is what they want from me  
They don't know how  
you've haunted me  
So stunningly  
I choose you and me  
... Religiously

*Chorus*

He sent me  
'Downtown Lights'  
I hadn't heard it in a while  
Am I allowed to cry?



# X. WHO'S AFRAID OF LITTLE OLD ME?

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT

The 'Who's Who' of 'Who's That?'  
Is poised for the attack  
But my bare hands paved their paths  
You don't get to tell me about 'sad.'  
If you wanted me dead,  
You should've just said  
Nothing makes me feel more alive

So I leap from the gallows  
And I levitate down your street  
Crash the party like a record scratch  
As I scream:  
"Who's afraid of little old me?!"

You should be.

The scandal was contained  
The bullet had just grazed  
At all costs, keep your good name  
You don't get to tell me you feel bad.  
Is it a wonder I broke?  
Let's hear one more joke  
Then we could all just laugh  
Until I cry

*Chorus*

I was tame, I was gentle  
Til the circus life made me mean  
Don't you worry folks,  
We took out all her teeth  
Who's afraid of little old me?  
Well you should be,  
you should be,  
you should be

So tell me everything  
is not about me,  
But what if it is?  
Then say they didn't do it to hurt me  
But what if they did?  
I want to snarl and show you  
just how disturbed this has made me  
You wouldn't last an hour  
In the asylum where they raised me  
So all you kids can sneak into my  
house, with all the cobwebs  
I'm always drunk on my own tears  
Isn't that what they all said?  
That I'll sue you if you

step on my lawn  
That I'm fearsome and I'm wretched  
and I'm wrong  
Put narcotics into all of my songs  
And that's why you're  
still singing along ...

*Chorus*

I was tame, I was gentle  
Til the circus life made me mean  
Don't you worry folks,  
We took out all her teeth  
Who's afraid of little old me?  
Well you should be, you should be,  
you should be

Cause you lured me, and you  
hurt me, and you taught me  
You caged me,  
And then you called me crazy  
I am what I am cause you trained me  
So who's afraid of me?  
So who's afraid of little old me?  
Who's afraid of little old me ...?

Softly traces hearts  
on my face  
And I could see it  
from a mile away  
A perfect case for my  
certain skillset  
He had a halo of the  
highest grade  
He just hadn't met me yet

*Chorus*

Good boy, that's right  
Come close, I'll show  
you heaven  
If you'll be an angel all night  
Trust me, I can handle  
me a dangerous man  
No really I can ...

They shook their heads  
Saying, "God help her"  
When I told 'em he's my man  
But your good Lord  
didn't need to  
lift a finger, I can fix him  
No, really, I can

WOAH - maybe I can't.

# XI.

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT AARON DESSNER

Who's gonna stop us from waltzing  
Back into rekindled flames  
If we know the steps anyway  
We embroidered the memories  
Of the time I was away  
Stitching "We were just kids, babe"  
I said, "I don't mind. It takes time."  
I thought I was better  
safe than starry-eyed  
I felt aglow like this  
Never before and never since

If you know it in one  
glimpse, it's legendary  
You and I go from one kiss  
to gettin married  
Still alive killing time  
at the cemetery  
Never quite buried  
In your suit and tie, in  
the nick of time  
You lowdown boy, you standup guy  
You Holy Ghost, you told me I'm  
The love of your life

You said I'm the love of your life  
About a million times

Who's gonna tell me the truth  
When you blew in with  
the winds of fate  
And told me I reformed you  
When your impressionist  
paintings of heaven  
Turned out to be fakes  
Well, you took me to hell, too  
And all at once, the ink bleeds  
A con man sells a fool a  
get-love-quick scheme

# lomi

But I felt a hole like this  
Never before, and ever since  
If you know it in one glimpse  
It's legendary  
What we thought was for all time  
Was momentary  
Still alive killing time  
at the cemetery  
Never quite buried  
You cinephile in black and white  
All those plot twists and dynamite  
Mr. Steal Your Girl,  
then make her cry  
You said I'm the love of your life

You shit-talked me under the table  
Talking rings and talking cradles  
I wish I could un-recall  
How we almost had it all  
Dancing phantoms on the terrace  
Are they second-hand embarrassed  
That I can't get out of bed  
Cause something counterfeit's dead  
It was legendary  
It was momentary  
It was unnecessary  
Should've let it stay buried

Oh what a valiant roar  
What a bland goodbye  
The coward claimed he was a lion  
I'm combing through  
the braids of lies  
"I'll never leave" ...  
"Never mind"  
Our field of dreams, engulfed in fire  
Your arson's match,  
your somber eyes  
And I'll still see it until I die  
You're the loss of my life.

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I can read your mind  
"She's having the time of her life"  
There in her glittering prime  
The lights refract sequin stars  
Off her silhouette every night  
I can show you lies

Cause I'm a real tough kid  
I can handle my shit  
They said, "Babe, you gotta  
fake it til you make it."  
And I did  
Lights, camera, bitch smile  
Even when you want to die  
He said he'd love me all his life  
But that life was too short  
Breaking down I hit the floor  
All the pieces of me shattered  
As the crowd was  
chanting "MORE!"  
I was grinning like I'm winning  
I was hitting my marks  
Cause I can do it with  
a broken heart.



## XIII.

# I CAN DO IT WITH A BROKEN HEART

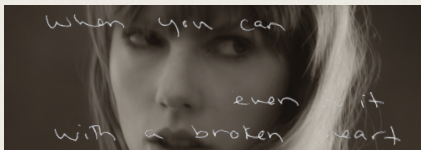
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Lights, camera, bitch smile  
In stilettos for miles  
He said he'd love me for all time  
But that time was quite short  
Breaking down I hit the floor  
All the pieces of me shattered  
As the crowd was  
chanting "MORE!"  
I was grinning like I'm winning  
I was hitting my marks  
Cause I can do it with  
a broken heart

*Chorus*  
You know you're good when you  
can even do it with a broken heart

You know you're good, and I'm good  
Cause I'm MISERABLE!  
And nobody even knows!  
Try and come for my job.



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# The Smallest Man Who Ever Lived

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT AARON DESSNER

Was any of it true?  
Gazing at me starry-eyed  
In your Jehovah's Witness suit  
Who the fuck was that guy?  
You tried to buy some pills  
From a friend of friends of mine  
They just ghosted you  
Now you know what it feels like.

And I don't even want you back  
I just want to know  
If rusting my sparkling  
summer was the goal  
And I don't miss what we had  
But could someone give  
A message to the smallest  
man who ever lived

You hung me on your wall  
Stabbed me with your push pins  
In public, showed me off  
Then sank in stoned oblivion  
Cause once your queen had come  
You'd treat her like an also-ran  
You didn't measure up  
In any measure of a man

And I'll forget you but  
I'll never forgive  
The smallest man  
who  
ever  
lived.

## XIV.

*Chorus*

Were you sent by someone  
Who wanted me dead?  
Did you sleep with a gun  
underneath our bed?  
Were you writing a book?  
Were you a sleeper cell spy?  
In 50 years will all this  
be declassified?  
And you'll confess why you did it  
And I'll say, "Good riddance"  
Cause it wasn't sexy once  
it wasn't forbidden

I would've died for your sins  
Instead I just died inside  
And you deserve prison,  
but you won't get time  
You'll slide into inboxes  
And slip through the bars  
You crashed my party  
and your rental car  
You said normal girls were "boring"  
But you were gone by the morning  
You kicked out the stage lights  
But you're still performing  
And in plain sight you hid  
But you are what you did  
And I'll forget you but  
I'll never forgive  
The smallest man who ever lived



WRITTEN BY  
TAYLOR SWIFT  
JACK ANTONOFF



## XV.

Hey you, what if I told  
you we're cool?  
That child's play back in school  
Is forgiven under my rule  
I haven't come around in so long  
But I'm making a comeback  
to where I belong ...

*Chorus*

These blokes warm the benches  
We been on a winning streak  
He jokes that it's heroin but  
this time with an "E"  
Cause the sign on your heart  
said it's still reserved for me  
Honestly, who are we to  
fight the alchemy?

Beer sticking to the floor  
Cheers chanted, cause they said  
There was no chance, trying to be  
The greatest in the league  
Where's the trophy?  
He just comes running over to me

*Chorus*

These blokes warm the benches  
We been on a winning streak  
He jokes that it's heroin but  
this time with an "E"  
Cause the sign on your heart  
said it's still reserved for me  
Honestly, who are we to  
fight the alchemy?

XVI.  
Clara Bow

"You look like Clara Bow in this light  
Remarkable  
All your life, did you know  
You'd be picked like a rose"

"I'm not trying to exaggerate  
But I think I might die if it happened  
Die if it happened to me  
No one in my small town thought  
I'd see the lights of Manhattan"

"This town is fake but  
You're the real thing  
Breath of fresh air  
through smoke rings  
Take the glory, give everything  
Promise to be dazzling"

"You look like Stevie Nicks  
In '75, the hair and lips  
Crowd goes wild at her fingertips  
Half moonshine, a full eclipse"  
"I'm not trying to exaggerate  
But I think I might die if I made it,  
Die if I made it  
No one in my small town  
Thought I'd meet these suits in L.A.  
They all want to say ..."

*Chorus*

"The crown is stained but  
you're the real queen  
Flesh and blood amongst  
war machines  
You're the new god  
we're worshipping  
Promise to be ... dazzling"

Beauty is a beast that roars  
Down on all fours  
Demanding "more"  
Only when your girlish glow  
Flickers just so  
Do they let you know  
It's hell on earth to be heavenly  
Them's the breaks  
They don't come gently

"You look like Taylor Swift  
In this light  
We're loving it.  
You've got edge she never did,  
The future's bright

... Dazzling."

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[illegible]



## (ACOUSTIC VERSION)

I forget now the West was won /  
I forget if this was ever fun / I just  
learned these people only raise you  
to cage you / Sarahs and Hannahs in  
their Sunday best / Clutching their  
pearls, sighing "What a mess" / I just  
learned these people try and save you  
/ ... cause they hate you // Too high  
a horse / For a simple girl to rise  
above it / They slammed the door  
on my whole world / The one thing I  
wanted // Now I'm running with my  
dress unbuttoned / Screaming "But  
Daddy I love him!" / I'm having his  
baby / No, I'm not, but you should  
see your faces / I'm telling him to  
floor it through the fences / No, I'm  
not coming to my senses / I know  
he's crazy but he's the one I want //  
Dutiful daughter, all my plans were  
laid / Tendrils tucked into a woven  
braid / Growing up precocious  
sometimes means / Not growing up  
at all / Times was chaos, he was revelry  
/ Bedroom eyes like a remedy / Soon

ough the elders had convened /  
 Down at the city hall / "Stay away  
 from her" / The saboteurs protested  
 too much / Lord knows the words  
 we never heard / Just screeching tires  
 and true love // Chorus / I'll tell you  
 something right now / I'd rather burn  
 my whole life down / Than listen to  
 one more second of all this bitching  
 and moaning / I'll tell you something  
 about my good name / It's mine alone  
 to disgrace / I don't cater to all these  
 rippers dressed in empath's clothing  
 // God save the most judgmental  
 creeps / Who say they want what's  
 best for me / Sanctimoniously  
 performing soliloquies I'll never see /  
 Thinking it can change the beat / Of  
 my heart when he touches me / And  
 counteract the chemistry / And undo  
 the destiny / You ain't gotta pray for  
 me / Me and my wild boy / And all  
 this wild joy / If all you want is gray  
 for me / Then it's just white noise /  
 And it's just my choice // There's a

lot of people in town that I / Bestow  
 upon my fakesst smiles / Scandal does  
 funny things to pride / But brings  
 lovers closer / We came back when  
 the heat died down / Went to my  
 parents and they came around / All  
 the wine moms are still holding out  
 / But fuck 'em. It's over. // Now I'm  
 dancing in my dress in the sun and /  
 Even my daddy just loves him / I'm  
 his lady, and oh my God / You should  
 see your faces / Time, doesn't it give  
 some perspective / No, you can't  
 come to the wedding / I know he's  
 crazy but he's the one I want // I'll tell  
 you something right now you ain't  
 gotta pray for me / Me and my wild  
 boy and all of this wild joy // He was  
 chaos, he was revelry / If all you want  
 is gray for me / Then it's just white  
 noise, and it's my choice // Screaming  
 "But Daddy I love him!" / I'm having  
 his baby / No, I'm not! But you - /  
 Should see your faces / But oh my  
 God you should see your faces

At this hearing  
I stand before my fellow  
members  
of The Tortured Poets  
Department  
With a summary of my findings  
A debrief, a detailed rewinding  
For the purpose of warning  
For the sake of reminding

Stars placed and glued meticulously by hand next to the ceiling fan

Tried wishing on comets.  
Tried dimming the shine.  
Tried to orbit his planet.  
Some stars never align.

And in one conversation,  
I tore down the whole sky.

Spring sprung forth with  
dazzling freedom hues  
Then a crash from the skylight  
bursting through  
Something old,  
someone hallowed,  
who told me he could  
be brand new

A smirk creeps onto this poet's face. Because it's the worst men that I write best.

And so I enter into evidence  
My tarnished coat of arms  
My muses, acquired  
like bruises  
My talismans and charms  
The tick, tick, tick of  
love bombs  
My veins of pitch black ink

*All's fair in love and poetry*

Sincerely, The Chairman of  
The Tortured Poets Department

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