

THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT



WRITTEN BY

TAYLOR SWIFT

JACK ANTONOFF

AUSTIN POST

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

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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?
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?
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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GUITAR, PIANO AND SYNTHESIZERS BY
AARON DESSNER / MODULAR SYNTH AND
SYNTHESIZER BY BENJAMIN LANZ / LEAD
VOCALS BY TAYLOR SWIFT

So Long,



London

V. WRITTEN BY
TAYLOR SWIFT
AARON DESSNER

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ENGINEER - BRYCE BORDONE / RECORDED
BY JONATHAN LOW AND AARON DESSNER
AT LONG POND (HUDSON VALLEY, NY)
AND BELLA BLASKO (BIARRITZ, FR) /
BENJAMIN LANZ'S PERFORMANCE
RECORDED BY BENJAMIN LANZ (PARIS,
FR) / MASTERED BY RANDY MERRILL AT
STERLING SOUND (EDGEWATER, NJ) //
DRUM MACHINE PROGRAMMING, ELECTRIC
GUITAR, PIANO AND SYNTHESIZERS BY
AARON DESSNER / MODULAR SYNTH AND
SYNTHESIZER BY BENJAMIN LANZ / LEAD
VOCALS BY TAYLOR SWIFT

You swore that you loved me
But where were the clues?

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 empathy'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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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 runnin
back home to you
Fresh out the slammer
I know who my first call will be to ...
Fresh out the slammer

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

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

Chorus

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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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 ...

IX.

WRITTEN BY
TAYLOR SWIFT
JACK ANTONOFF

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?



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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.

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
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.

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

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

XIII. I CAN DO IT WITH A BROKEN HEART

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT JACK ANTONOFF

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A black and white photograph of Taylor Swift. She is lying down, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. She has long, straight hair with bangs. She is wearing a dark, lace-trimmed top. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a bedsheet or a wall, with soft lighting creating a moody atmosphere.

WRITTEN BY
TAYLOR SWIFT
JACK ANTONOFF

The Alchemy

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 ...

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?

So when I touch down
Call the amateurs and
Cut 'em from the team
Ditch the clowns, get the crown
Baby I'm the one to beat
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

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?

This happens once
every few lifetimes
These chemicals hit me
like white wine

XVI.

Clara Bow

WRITTEN BY
TAYLOR SWIFT
AARON DESSNER

"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."

LONDON CONTEMPORARY ORCHESTRA: VIOLIN I / GALYA BISENGALIEVA (CO-LEADER) / ELOISA-FLEUR THOM (CO-LEADER) / SOPHIE HATHER / MARIANNE HAYNES / JULIANE KAZUHI / TONYO THOMAS / JAMES MCALISTER / VIOLA / O'DONOGHEE / JULIAN KAZUHI / VIOLIN II / EMILY HOLMAN / KIRSTIN CARA LASKARDIS / RONALD LONG / DAN OATES / IOWA ALLAN / VIOLA / NICHOLAS BOOTHMAN / MATTHEW KETTLER / AMY SMITH / ELISA BERGERSEN / KEVIN FORD / JAMES MCALISTER / PETER WATSON / DAVID BRIDGMAN / DOUGLAS BASS / JAMES MCALISTER / CONDUCTOR / ROBERT ANES / DIGITAL RECORDIST / GIANLUCA MASSIMO / TRISTAN NOON / COO RECORDING PROJECTS MANAGER / MEG MONTEITH / LOO ORCHESTRA MANAGER / ANY-ELISABETH HINDS

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Chorus

"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..."

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

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Down on all fours
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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]

XVII.

WRITTEN BY TAYLOR SWIFT JACK ANTONOFF

DOWN BAD *(ACOUSTIC VERSION)*

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
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

In Summation

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

As you might all
unfortunately recall
I had been struck with a case
of a restricted humanity
Which explains my plea
here today
of temporary insanity

You see, the pendulum swings
Oh, the chaos it brings
Leads the caged beast to do
the most curious things

Lovers spend years denying
what's ill fated
Resentment rotting away
galaxies we created

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

And so I was out of the oven
and into the microwave
Out of the slammer and into
a tidal wave
How gallant to save the
empress from her gilded tower
Swinging a sword he could
barely lift
But loneliness struck at that
fateful hour
Low hanging fruit on
his wine stained lips

He never even scratched
the surface of me.
None of them did.

"In summation, it was not a
love affair!"
I screamed while bringing
my fists
to my coffee ringed desk
It was a mutual manic phase.
It was self harm.
It was house and then
cardiac arrest.

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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PIANO, M1, ACOUSTIC GUITARS BY JACK ANTONOFF / DXT, MELLOTRON BY MIKEY FREEDOM HART / LEAD VOCALS BY TAYLOR SWIFT

SUMMARY POEM BY TAYLOR SWIFT

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