

Melléklet

A dalszövegek nyomtatott kiadásban ez idáig még nem jelentek meg, csak a szerző által hitelesített internetes portálokon (pl. genius.com) érhetőek el. A dolgozatban szereplő dalszövegrészleteket saját fordításomban közlöm, eredeti nyelven pedig itt, a mellékletben érhetőek el. Emellett az idézett művek (pretextusok) eredeti nyelvű részleteit is itt ismertetem. A dolgozatban kiemelt magyar nyelvű szövegrészletek angol megfelelőit a mellékletben félkövérrel emeltem ki.

A dalszövegek forrása: <https://genius.com/artists/Taylor-swift>

Taylor SWIFT, *Our Song* = *Taylor Swift*, Big Machine Records, 2006.

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
In the front seat of his car
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel
The other on my heart
I look around, turn the radio down
He says, "Baby, is something wrong?"
I say, "Nothin', I was just thinkin'
How we don't have a song"
And he says

Our song is a slamming screen door
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh
The first date, "Man, I didn't kiss her and I should have"
And when I got home, 'fore I said, "Amen"
Askin' God if he could play it again

I was walking up the front porch steps

After everything that day
Had gone all wrong and been trampled on
And lost and thrown away
Got to the hallway, well on my way to my lovin' bed
I almost didn't notice all the roses
And the note that said

Our song is a slamming screen door
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh
The first date, "Man, I didn't kiss her and I should have"
And when I got home, 'fore I said, "Amen"
Askin' God if he could play it again

Da-da-da-da

I've heard every album, listened to the radio
Waited for somethin' to come along
That was as good as our song

'Cause our song is a slamming screen door
Sneakin' out late, tapping on his window
When we're on the phone and he talks real slow
'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
Our song is the way he laughs
The first date, "Man, I didn't kiss him and I should have"
And when I got home, 'fore I said, "Amen"
Askin' God if he could play it again

Play it again, oh yeah
Oh-oh, yeah

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
In the front seat of his car
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin
And I wrote down our song

Taylor SWIFT–Liz ROSE, *All Too Well [10 Minute Version] (Taylor's Version) [From The Vault]* = *Red (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2021.

I walked through the door with you, the air was cold
But somethin' 'bout it felt like home somehow
And I left my scarf there at your sister's house
And you've still got it in your drawer, even now

Oh, your sweet disposition and my wide-eyed gaze
We're singin' in the car, getting lost upstate
Autumn leaves fallin' down like pieces into place
And I can picture it after all these days

And I know it's long gone and
That magic's not here no more
And I might be okay, but I'm not fine at all
Oh, oh, oh

'Cause there we are again on that little town street
You almost ran the red 'cause you were lookin' over at me
Wind in my hair, I was there
I remember it all too well

Photo album on the counter, your cheeks were turnin' red
You used to be a little kid with glasses in a twin-sized bed
And your mother's tellin' stories 'bout you on the tee-ball team
You taught me 'bout your past thinkin' your future was me
And you were tossing me the car keys, "Fuck the patriarchy"

Keychain on the ground, we were always skippin' town
And I was thinkin' on the drive down: "Any time now
He's gonna say it's love", you never called it what it was
'Till we were dead and gone and buried
Check the pulse and come back swearing, it's the same
After three months in the grave
And then you wondered where it went to as I reached for you
But all I felt was shame and you held my lifeless frame

And I know it's long gone and
There was nothing else I could do
And I forget about you long enough
To forget why I needed to

'Cause there we are again in the middle of the night
We're dancin' 'round the kitchen in the refrigerator light
Down the stairs, I was there
I remember it all too well

And there we are again when nobody had to know
You kept me like a secret, but I kept you like an oath
Sacred prayer and we'd swear
To remember it all too well, yeah

Well, maybe we got lost in translation, maybe I asked for too much
But maybe this thing was a masterpiece 'til you tore it all up
Runnin' scared, I was there
I remember it all too well
And you call me up again just to break me like a promise
So casually cruel in the name of bein' honest
I'm a crumpled-up piece of paper lyin' here
'Cause I remember it all, all, all

They say all's well that ends well, but I'm in a new hell every time

You double-cross my mind

You said if we had been closer in age, maybe it would've been fine

And that made me want to die

The idea you had of me, who was she?

A never-needy, ever-lovely jewel whose shine reflects on you

Not weepin' in a party bathroom

Some actress askin' me what happened, you

That's what happened, you

You who charmed my dad with self-effacing jokes

Sippin' coffee like you're on a late-night show

But then he watched me watch the front door all night, willin' you to come

And he said, "It's supposed to be fun turning twenty-one"

Time won't fly, it's like I'm paralyzed by it

I'd like to be my old self again, but I'm still tryin' to find it

After plaid shirt days and nights when you made me your own

Now you mail back my things and I walk home alone

But you keep my old scarf from that very first week

'Cause it reminds you of innocence and it smells like me

You can't get rid of it

'Cause you remember it all too well, yeah

'Cause there we are again when I loved you so

Back before you lost the one real thing you've ever known

It was rare, I was there

I remember it all too well

Wind in my hair, you were there

You remember it all

Down the stairs, you were there

You remember it all

It was rare, I was there

I remember it all too well

And I was never good at tellin' jokes, but the punch line goes
"I'll get older, but your lovers stay my age"
From when your Brooklyn broke my skin and bones
I'm a soldier who's returning half her weight
And did the twin flame bruise paint you blue?
Just between us, did the love affair maim you too?
'Cause in this city's barren cold
I still remember the first fall of snow
And how it glistened as it fell
I remember it all too well

Just between us, did the love affair maim you all too well?
Just between us, do you remember it all too well?
Just between us **I remember it** (just between us) **all too well**
Wind in my hair, I was there, I was there (I was there)
Down the stairs, I was there, I was there
Sacred prayer, I was there, I was there
It was rare, you remember it all too well
Wind in my hair, I was there, I was there (Oh)
Down the stairs, I was there, I was there (I was there)
Sacred prayer, I was there, I was there
It was rare, you remember it (All too well)
Wind in my hair, I was there, I was there
Down the stairs, I was there, I was there
Sacred prayer, I was there, I was there
It was rare, you remember it
Wind in my hair, I was there, I was there
Down the stairs, I was there, I was there
Sacred prayer, I was there, I was there
It was rare, you remember it

SWIFT–DESSNER, *evermore* = *evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Gray November
I've been down since July
Motion capture
Put me in a bad light
I replay my footsteps on each stepping stone
Trying to find the one where I went wrong
Writing letters
Addressed to the fire

And I was catching my breath
Staring out an open window
Catching my death
And I couldn't be sure
I had a feeling so peculiar
That this pain would be for
Evermore
Hey, December
Guess I'm feeling unmoored
Can't remember
What I used to fight for
I rewind the tape but all it does is pause
On the very moment all was lost
Sending signals
To be double crossed

And I was catching my breath
Barefoot in the wildest winter
Catching my death
And I couldn't be sure
I had a feeling so peculiar
That this pain would be for
Evermore

(Evermore)

Can't not think of all the cost
And the things that will be lost
Oh, can we just get a pause?
To be certain we'll be tall again
Whether weather be the frost
Or the violence of the dog days
I'm on waves, out being tossed
Is there a line that I could just go cross?
And when I was shipwrecked (Can't think of all the cost)
I thought of you (All the things that will be lost now)
In the cracks of light (Can we just get a pause?)
I dreamed of you (To be certain we'll be tall again)
(If you think of all the costs)
It was real enough (Whether weather be the frost)
To get me through (Or the violence of the dog days)
(Or the violence of the dog days)
(Out on waves, being tossed)
(I'm on waves, out being tossed)
But I swear (Is there a line that we could just go cross?)
You were there

And I was catching my breath
Floors of a cabin creaking under my step
And I couldn't be sure
I had a feeling so peculiar
This pain wouldn't be for
Evermore

Evermore (Evermore)
Evermore (Evermore)
This pain wouldn't be for evermore
Evermore

SWIFT–Max MARTIN–SHELLBACK, Shake It Off (Taylor's Version) = 1989 (Taylor's Version), Republic Records, 2023.

I stay out too late
Got nothin' in my brain
That's what people say, mm-mm
That's what people say, mm-mm
I go on too many dates (Haha)
But I can't make them stay
At least, that's what people say, mm-mm
That's what people say, mm-mm

But I keep cruisin'
Can't stop, won't stop movin'
It's like I got this music in my mind
Sayin', "It's gonna be alright"

'Cause the players gonna play, play, play, play, play
And the haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
Shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh)
Heartbreakers gonna break, break, break, break, break
And the fakers gonna fake, fake, fake, fake, fake
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh)

I never miss a beat
I'm lightnin' on my feet
And that's what they don't see, mm-mm
That's what they don't see, mm-mm
I'm dancin' on my own (Dancin' on my own)
I make the moves up as I go (Moves up as I go)
And that's what they don't know, mm-mm
That's what they don't know, mm-mm

But I keep cruisin'
Can't stop, won't stop groovin'
It's like I got this music in my mind
Sayin', "It's gonna be alright"

'Cause the players gonna play, play, play, play, play
And the haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
Shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh)
Heartbreakers gonna break, break, break, break, break
And the fakers gonna fake, fake, fake, fake, fake
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh)

I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off (Haha)

Hey, hey, hey
Just think, while you've been gettin' down and out about the liars
And the dirty, dirty cheats of the world
You could've been gettin' down to this sick beat

My ex-man brought his new girlfriend
She's like, "Oh, my God" (Haha), but I'm just gonna shake
And to the fella over there with the hella good hair
Won't you come on over, baby?
We could shake, shake, shake
Yeah, oh, woah

'Cause the players gonna play, play, play, play, play
And the haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, hate (Haters gonna hate)

Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh; Hey)
Heartbreakers gonna break, break, break, break, break (Mmm)
And the fakers gonna fake, fake, fake, fake, fake (They fake and fake and fake)
Baby, I'm just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake
I shake it off, I shake it off (Ooh; Off)

I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off (Off)
I, I, I shake it off (Yeah), I shake it off
I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off (You got to)
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off
I, I, I shake it off, I shake it off

Taylor SWIFT–Jack ANTONOFF, *The Tortured Poets Department* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*, Republic Records, 2024.

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

No-fucking-body

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?

(Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)

And who's gonna know you like me?

(Who's gonna know you?)

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?

(Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)

No-fucking-body

(Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)

Nobody

(Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you? Gonna troll you?)

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? (Who?)
Me
Who's gonna know you? (Who?)
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?
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
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?

Taylor SWIFT–Aaron DESSNER, *loml* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*, Republic
Records, 2024.

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 getting 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 stand-up 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
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
Talkin' rings and talkin' 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

Taylor SWIFT, *In Summation*, 2024.

**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

Robert FROST, *The Road Not Taken*, [\[link\]](#).

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
**I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.**

Taylor SWIFT, *The Outside* = *Taylor Swift*, Big Machine Records, 2006.

**I didn't know what I would find
When I went lookin' for a reason**
I know I didn't read between the lines
And baby I've got nowhere to go

**I tried to take the road less traveled by
But nothing seems to work the first few times, am I right?**

**So, how can I ever try to be better?
Nobody ever let's me in**
And I can still see you, this ain't the best view
On the outside looking in
**I've been a lot of lonely places
I've never been on the outside**

You saw me there but never knew
That I would give it all up to be
A part of this, a part of you
And now it's all too late so you see

You could have helped if you had wanted to
But no one notices until it's too late to do anything

How can I ever try to be better?
Nobody ever let's me in
And I can still see you, this ain't the best view
On the outside looking in
I've been a lot of lonely places
I've never been on the outside

Oh yeah

How can I ever try to be better?
Nobody ever let's me in
And I can still see you, this ain't the best view
On the outside looking in
I've been a lot of lonely places
I've never been on the outside
Oh, oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh-oh

Taylor SWIFT–Robert Ellis ORRALL – Angelo PETRAGLIA, *A Place In This World* = *Taylor Swift*, Big Machine Records, 2006.

I don't know what I want, so don't ask me
'Cause I'm still trying, to figure it out
Don't know what's down, this road, I'm just walking

Trying to see through the rain coming down
Even though I'm not the only one
Who feels the way I do

I'm alone, on my own, and that's all I know
I'll be strong, **I'll be wrong, oh, but life goes on**
Oh, I'm just a girl trying to find a place in this world

Got the radio on, my old blue jeans
And I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve
Feeling lucky today, got the sunshine
Could you tell me what more do I need?
And tomorrow's just a mystery, oh yeah,
But that's okay

I'm alone, on my own, and that's all I know
I'll be strong, **I'll be wrong, oh, but life goes on**
Oh, I'm just a girl trying to find a place in this world

Maybe I'm just a girl on a mission
But I'm ready to fly

I'm alone, on my own, and that's all I know
Oh, I'll be strong, **I'll be wrong, oh, but life goes on**
Oh, I'm just a girl trying to find a place in this world

Oh, I'm just a girl
Oh, I'm just a girl, oh, oh
Oh, I'm just a girl

Taylor SWIFT–Jack ANTONOFF, *illicit affairs = folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Make sure nobody sees you leave
Hood over your head, keep your eyes down

Tell your friends you're out for a run
You'll be flushed when you return
Take the road less traveled by
Tell yourself you can always stop
What started in beautiful rooms
Ends with meetings in parking lots

And that's the thing about illicit affairs
And clandestine meetings and longing stares
It's born from just one single glance
But it dies, and it dies, and it dies
A million little times

Leave the perfume on the shelf
That you picked out just for him
So you leave no trace behind
Like you don't even exist
Take the words for what they are
A dwindling, mercurial high
A drug that only worked
The first few hundred times

And that's the thing about illicit affairs
And clandestine meetings and stolen stares
They show their truth one single time
But they lie, and they lie, and they lie
A million little times

And you wanna scream
Don't call me "kid", don't call me "baby"
Look at this godforsaken mess that you made me
You showed me colors you know I can't see with anyone else

Don't call me "kid", don't call me "baby"
Look at this idiotic fool that you made me
You taught me a secret language I can't speak with anyone else

And you know damn well
For you, I would ruin myself
A million little times

Taylor SWIFT–Aaron DESSNER, *'tis the damn season = evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

If I wanted to know who you were hanging with
While I was gone I would have asked you
It's the kind of cold, fogs up windshield glass
But I felt it when I passed you
There's an ache in you put there by the ache in me
But if it's all the same to you
It's the same to me

So we could call it even
You could call me babe for the weekend
'Tis the damn season, write this down
I'm stayin' at my parents' house
And the road not taken looks real good now
And it always leads to you in my hometown

I parked my car right between the Methodist
And the school that used to be ours
The holidays linger like bad perfume
You can run, but only so far
I escaped it too, remember how you watched me leave
But if it's okay with you, it's okay with me

We could call it even
You could call me babe for the weekend

'Tis the damn season, write this down

I'm stayin' at my parents' house

And the road not taken looks real good now

Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires

Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out

We could just ride around

And the road not taken looks real good now

And it always leads to you in my hometown

Sleep in half the day just for old times' sake

I won't ask you to wait if you don't ask me to stay

So I'll go back to L.A. and the so-called friends

Who'll write books about me, if I ever make it

And wonder about the only soul who can tell which smiles I'm fakin'

And the heart I know I'm breakin' is my own

To leave the warmest bed I've ever known

We could call it even

Even though I'm leavin'

And I'll be yours for the weekend

'Tis the damn season

We could call it even

You could call me babe for the weekend

'Tis the damn season, write this down

I'm stayin' at my parents' house

And the road not taken looks real good now

Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires

Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out

We could just ride around

And the road not taken looks real good now

And it always leads to you in my hometown

It always leads to you in my hometown

Taylor SWIFT, *Love Story (Taylor's Version) = Fearless (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2021.

We were both young when I first saw you
I close my eyes and the flashback starts
I'm standin' there
On a balcony in summer air
See the lights, see the party, the ball gowns
See you make your way through the crowd
And say, "Hello"
Little did I know

That you were Romeo, you were throwin' pebbles
And my daddy said, "Stay away from Juliet"
And I was cryin' on the staircase
Begging you, "Please don't go," and I said

Romeo, take me somewhere we can be alone
I'll be waiting, all there's left to do is run
You'll be the prince and I'll be the princess
It's a love story, baby, just say, "Yes"

So I sneak out to the garden to see you
We keep quiet, 'cause we're dead if they knew
So close your eyes
Escape this town for a little while, oh oh

'Cause **you were Romeo, I was a scarlet letter**
And my daddy said, "Stay away from Juliet"
But you were everything to me
I was beggin' you, "Please don't go," and I said

Romeo, take me somewhere we can be alone
I'll be waiting, all there's left to do is run

You'll be the prince and I'll be the princess

It's a love story, baby, just say, "Yes"

Romeo, save me, they're trying to tell me how to feel

This love is difficult, but it's real

Don't be afraid, we'll make it out of this mess

It's a love story, baby, just say, "Yes"

Oh, oh

But I got tired of waiting

Wondering if you were ever coming around

My faith in you was fading

When I met you on the outskirts of town,

And I said, "Romeo, save me, I've been feeling so alone

I keep waiting for you, but you never come

Is this in my head? I don't know what to think"

He knelt to the ground and pulled out a ring, and said,

"Marry me, Juliet, you'll never have to be alone

I love you and that's all I really know

I talked to your dad, go pick out a white dress

It's a love story, baby, just say, "Yes"

Oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh

'Cause we were both young when I first saw you

SWIFT–ROSE, *White Horse (Taylor's Version) = Fearless (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2021.

Say you're sorry, that face of an angel

Comes out just when you need it to

As I paced back and forth all this time

'Cause I honestly believed in you

Holdin' on, the days drag on

Stupid girl, I shoulda known, I shoulda known

That I'm not a princess, this ain't a fairytale

I'm not the one you'll sweep off her feet, lead her up the stairwell

This ain't Hollywood, this is a small town

I was a dreamer before you went and let me down

Now it's too late for you and your white horse

To come around

Maybe I was naive, got lost in your eyes

And never really had a chance

Well, my mistake, I didn't know to be in love

You had to fight to have the upper hand

I had so many dreams about you and me

Happy endings, well now I know

That I'm not a princess, this ain't a fairytale

I'm not the one you'll sweep off her feet, lead her up the stairwell

This ain't Hollywood, this is a small town

I was a dreamer before you went and let me down

Now it's too late for you and your white horse

To come around

And there you are on your knees

Beggin' for forgiveness, beggin' for me

Just like I always wanted

But I'm so sorry

'Cause I'm not your princess, this ain't our fairytale

I'm gonna find someone someday

Who might actually treat me well

This is a big world, that was a small town

There in my rearview mirror disappearing now

And it's too late for you and your white horse

Now it's too late for you and your white horse

To catch me now

Oh, woah, woah, woah

Try and catch me now, oh

It's too late to catch me now

SWIFT–MARTIN–SHELLBACK, *New Romantics (Taylor's Version)* = 1989 (*Taylor's Version*), Republic Records, 2023.

We're all bored, we're all so tired of everything

We wait for trains that just aren't comin'

We show off our different scarlet letters

Trust me, mine is better

We're so young, but we're on the road to ruin

We play dumb, but we know exactly what we're doin'

We cry tears of mascara in the bathroom

Honey, life is just a classroom

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

'Cause, baby, I could build a castle

Out of all the bricks they threw at me

And every day is like a battle

But every night with us is like a dream

Baby, we're the new romantics, come on, come along with me

Heartbreak is the national anthem, we sing it proudly

We are too busy dancin' to get knocked off our feet

Baby, we're the new romantics

The best people in life are free

We're all here, the lights and noise are blinding

We hang back, it's all in the timing

It's poker, he can't see it in my face

But I'm about to play my Ace, ah

We need love, but all we want is danger

We team up, then switch sides like a record changer

The rumors are terrible and cruel

But, honey, most of them are true

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

'Cause, baby, I could build a castle

Out of all the bricks they threw at me

And every day is like a battle

But every night with us is like a dream

Baby, we're the new romantics, come on, come along with me

Heartbreak is the national anthem, we sing it proudly
We are too busy dancin' (Yeah) to get knocked off our feet (Hey)
Baby, we're the new romantics
The best people in life are free

(Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh) Oh
(Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh) So, come on, come along with me
(Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh) The best people in life are free
(Oh, oh, oh-oh, oh)

Please, take my hand and
Please, take me dancin' and
Please, leave me stranded
It's so romantic (It's so romantic)
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

'Cause, baby, I could build a castle (Oh, baby, I could build a castle)
Out of all the bricks they threw at me (At me)
And every day is like a battle (Oh)
But every night with us is like a dream (Is like a dream)
'Cause baby, I could build a castle (Castle)
Out of all the bricks they threw at me
And every day is like a battle (And every day is like a battle, oh)
But every night with us is like a dream
Baby, we're the new romantics, come on, come along with me
Heartbreak is the national anthem, we sing it proudly
We are too busy dancin' (Hey) to get knocked off our feet
Baby, we're the new romantics
The best people in life are free

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *Call It What You Want = reputation*, Big Machine Records, 2017.

My castle crumbled overnight

I brought a knife to a gunfight
They took the crown, but it's alright
All the liars are calling me one
Nobody's heard from me for months
I'm doin' better than I ever was
'Cause

My baby's fit like a daydream
Walkin' with his head down
I'm the one he's walking to
So call it what you want, yeah
Call it what you want to
My baby's fly like a jet stream
High above the whole scene
Loves me like I'm brand new
So call it what you want, yeah
Call it what you want to

All my flowers grew back as thorns
Windows boarded up after the storm
He built a fire just to keep me warm
All the drama queens taking swings
All the jokers dressing up as kings
They fade to nothing when I look at him

And I know I make the same mistakes every time

Bridges burn, I never learn

At least I did one thing right

I did one thing right

I'm laughing with my lover, makin' forts under covers

Trust him like a brother

Yeah, you know I did one thing right

Starry eyes sparkin' up my darkest night

My baby's fit like a daydream

Walkin' with his head down

I'm the one he's walking to

So call it what you want, yeah

Call it what you want to

My baby's fly like a jet stream

High above the whole scene

Loves me like I'm brand new

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

So call it what you want, yeah

Call it what you want to

I want to wear his initial on a chain 'round my neck

Chain 'round my neck

Not because he owns me

But 'cause he really knows me

Which is more than they can say, I

I recall late November

Holding my breath, slowly, I said

"You don't need to save me

But would you run away with me?"

Yes (Would you run away?)

My baby's fit like a daydream

Walkin' with his head down

I'm the one he's walking to

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

So call it what you want, yeah (Call it what you want it to)

Call it what you want to

My baby's fly like a jet stream (Oh)

High above the whole scene

Loves me like I'm brand new

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

So call it what you want, yeah

Call it what you want to

(Call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

(Call it what you want, call it what you want, call it)

Call it what you want, yeah

Call it what you want to

SWIFT–DESSNER, *The Albatross* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

Wise men once said

"Wild winds are death to the candle"

A rose by any other name is a scandal

Cautions issued, he stood

Shooting the messengers

They tried to warn him about her

Cross your thoughtless heart

Only liquor anoints you

She's the albatross

She is here to destroy you

Wise men once said

"One bad seed kills the garden"

"One less temptress, one less dagger to sharpen"

Locked me up in towers

But I'd visit in your dreams

And they tried to warn you about me

Cross your thoughtless heart

Only liquor anoints you

She's the albatross

She is here to destroy you

Devils that you know

Raise worse hell than a stranger

She's the death you chose

You're in terrible danger

And when that sky rains fire on you

And **you're persona non grata**

I'll tell you how I've been there too

And that none of it matters

Wise men once read fake news

And they believed it

Jackals raised their hackles

You couldn't conceive it

You were sleeping soundly

When they dragged you from your bed

And I tried to warn you about them

So I crossed my thoughtless heart

Spread my wings like a parachute

I'm the albatross

I swept in at the rescue

The devil that you know

Looks now more like an angel

I'm the life you chose

And all this terrible danger

(This terrible danger)

So cross your thoughtless heart

She's the albatross

She is here to destroy you

SWIFT-ROSE, *Tim McGraw* = *Taylor Swift*, Big Machine Records, 2006.

He said the way my blue eyes shined

Put those Georgia stars to shame that night

I said, "That's a lie"

Just a boy in a Chevy truck

That had a tendency of gettin' stuck

On backroads at night

And I was right there beside him all summer long

And then the time we woke up to find that summer gone

But when you think Tim McGraw

I hope you think my favorite song

The one we danced to all night long

The moon like a spotlight on the lake

When you think happiness

I hope you think that little black dress

Think of my head on your chest

And my old faded blue jeans

When you think Tim McGraw

I hope you think of me

September saw a month of tears

And thanking God that you weren't here

To see me like that

But in a box beneath my bed

Is a letter that you never read

From three summers back

It's hard not to find it all a little bittersweet
And lookin' back on all of that, it's nice to believe

When you think Tim McGraw

I hope you think my favorite song

The one we danced to all night long
The moon like a spotlight on the lake
When you think happiness
I hope you think that little black dress
Think of my head on your chest
And my old faded blue jeans
When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think of me

And I'm back for the first time since then
I'm standing on your street
And there's a letter left on your doorstep
And the first thing that you'll read

Is, "When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think my favorite song
Someday you'll turn your radio on
I hope it takes you back to that place"
When you think happiness
I hope you think that little black dress
Think of my head on your chest
And my old faded blue jeans
When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think of me

Oh, think of me, mmm

He said the way my blue eyes shined
Put those Georgia stars to shame that night

I said, "That's a lie"

SWIFT, *Timeless (Taylor's Version) [From The Vault] = Speak Now (Taylor's Version)*,
Republic Records, 2023.

Down the block, there's an antique shop
And something in my head said, "Stop," so I walked in
On the counter was a cardboard box
And the sign said, "Photos: twenty-five cents each"
Black and white, saw a '30s bride
And two lovers laughin' on the porch of their first house
The kinda love that you only find once in a lifetime
The kind you don't put down

And that's when I called you and it's so hard to explain
But in those photos, I saw us instead
And, somehow, I know that you and I would've found each other
In another life, you still would've turned my head even if we'd met

On a crowded street in 1944
And you were headed off to fight in the war
You still would've been mine
We would have been timeless
I would've read your love letters every single night
And prayed to God you'd be comin' home all right
And you would've been fine
We would have been timeless
'Cause I believe that we were supposed to find this
So, even in a different life, you still would've been mine
We would've been timeless

I had to smile when it caught my eye
There was one of a teenage couple in the driveway
Holdin' hands on the way to a dance
And the date on the back said 1958
Which brought me back to the first time I saw you
Time stood still like somethin' in this old shop
I thought about it as I started lookin' 'round
At these precious things that time forgot

**That's when I came upon a book covered in cobwebs
Story of a romance torn apart by fate
Hundreds of years ago, they fell in love, like we did
And I'd die for you in the same way if I first saw your face**

**In the 1500s off in a foreign land
And I was forced to marry another man
You still would've been mine
We would have been timeless
I would've read your love letters every single night
And run away and left it all behind
You still would've been mine
We would've been timeless
'Cause I believe that we were supposed to find this
So, even in a different life, you still would've been mine
We would've been timeless**

Time breaks down your mind and body
Don't you let it touch your soul
It was like an age-old classic
The first time that you saw me
The story started when you said, "Hello"

In a crowded room a few short years ago
And sometimes there's no proof, you just know

You're always gonna be mine
We're gonna be
I'm gonna love you when our hair is turnin' gray
We'll have a cardboard box of photos of the life we've made
And you'll say, "Oh my, we really were timeless"

We're gonna be timeless, timeless
You still would've been mine
We would've been
Even if we'd met on a crowded street in 1944
You still would've been mine
We would've been

Down the block, there's an antique shop
And somethin' in my head said, "Stop," so I walked in

William SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet: Entire Play*, [\[link\]](#).

„JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.” (Act II, Scene II)

„ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!" (Act II, Scene II)

SWIFT, *Lover = Lover*, Republic Records, 2019.

We could leave the Christmas lights up 'til January

And this is our place, we make the rules

And there's a dazzling haze, a mysterious way about you, dear

Have I known you twenty seconds or twenty years?

Can I go where you go?
Can we always be this close?
Forever and ever, ah
Take me out and take me home
You're my, my, my, my lover

We could let our friends crash in the living room
This is our place, we make the call
And I'm highly suspicious that everyone who sees you wants you
I've loved you three summers now, honey, but I want 'em all

Can I go where you go?
Can we always be this close?
Forever and ever, ah
Take me out and take me home (Forever and ever)
You're my, my, my, my lover

Ladies and gentlemen, will you please stand?
With every guitar string scar on my hand
I take this magnetic force of a man to be my lover
My heart's been borrowed and yours has been blue
All's well that ends well to end up with you
Swear to be overdramatic and true to my lover
And you'll save all your dirtiest jokes for me
And at every table, I'll save you a seat, lover

Can I go where you go?
Can we always be this close?
Forever and ever, ah
Take me out and take me home (Forever and ever)
You're my, my, my, my
Oh, you're my, my, my, my
Darling, you're my, my, my, my lover

SWIFT–DESSNER, *But Daddy I Love Him* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*,
Republic Records, 2024.

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
Screamin', "But, Daddy, I love him"
I'm havin' his baby
No, I'm not, but you should see your faces
I'm tellin' 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

And I'm runnin' with my dress unbuttoned
Screamin', "But, Daddy, I love him"
I'm havin' his baby
No, I'm not, but you should see your faces
I'm tellin' 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

I'll tell you something right now
I'd rather burn my whole life down
Than listen to one more second of all this bitchin' and moanin'
I'll tell you something 'bout 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
Thinkin' 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?
And 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

Screamin', "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
(He was chaos, he was revelry)
(He was chaos, he was revelry)

William SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet* (complete text), [\[link\]](#).

„Gertrude. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.”

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *Getaway Car = reputation*, Big Machine Records, 2017.

(No, nothin' good starts in a getaway car)

It was the best of times, the worst of crimes

I struck a match and blew your mind
But I didn't mean it, and you didn't see it
The ties were black, the lies were white
In shades of gray in candlelight
I wanted to leave him, I needed a reason

"X" marks the spot where we fell apart
He poisoned the well, I was lyin' to myself
I knew it from the first Old Fashioned, we were cursed
We never had a shotgun shot in the dark (Oh)

You were drivin' the getaway car
We were flyin', but we'd never get far
Don't pretend it's such a mystery
Think about the place where you first met me
Ridin' in a getaway car
There were sirens in the beat of your heart
Shoulda known I'd be the first to leave
Think about the place where you first met me

In a getaway car (Oh-oh-oh)
No, they never get far (Oh-oh-ah)
No, nothin' good starts in a getaway car

It was the great escape, the prison break
The light of freedom on my face
But you weren't thinkin' and I was just drinkin'

While he was runnin' after us, I was screamin', "Go, go, go"
But with three of us, honey, it's a sideshow
And a circus ain't a love story, and now we're both sorry (We're both sorry)

"X" marks the spot where we fell apart
He poisoned the well, every man for himself
I knew it from the first Old Fashioned, we were cursed
It hit you like a shotgun shot to the heart (Oh)

You were drivin' the getaway car
We were flyin', but we'd never get far
Don't pretend it's such a mystery
Think about the place where you first met me
Ridin' in a getaway car
There were sirens in the beat of your heart
Shoulda known I'd be the first to leave
Think about the place where you first met me

In a getaway car (Oh-oh-oh)
No, they never get far (Oh-oh-ah)
No, nothin' good starts in a getaway car

We were jet-set, Bonnie and Clyde (Oh-oh)
Until I switched to the other side, to the other side
It's no surprise I turned you in (Oh-oh)
'Cause us traitors never win

I'm in a getaway car
I left you in a motel bar
Put the money in a bag and I stole the keys
That was the last time you ever saw me (Oh)

Drivin' the getaway car
We were flyin', but we'd never get far (Don't pretend)

Don't pretend it's such a mystery
Think about the place where you first met me
Ridin' in a getaway car
There were sirens in the beat of your heart (Shoulda known)
Shoulda known I'd be the first to leave
Think about the place where you first met me

In a getaway car (Oh-oh-oh)
No, they never get far, oh-oh-ah
No, nothin' good starts in a getaway car

I was ridin' in a getaway car
I was cryin' in a getaway car
I was dyin' in a getaway car
Said goodbye in a getaway car
Ridin' in a getaway car
I was cryin' in a getaway car
I was dyin' in a getaway car
Said goodbye in a getaway car

Charles DICKENS, *A Tale of Two Cities*, Project Gutenberg, [\[link\]](#).

„**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times**, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.”

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things = reputation*, Big Machine Records, 2017.

It was so nice throwin' big parties
Jump into the pool from the balcony
Everyone swimmin' in a champagne sea
And there are no rules when you show up here
Bass beat rattling the chandelier
Feelin' so Gatsby for that whole year

So why'd you have to rain on my parade?
I'm shaking my head and locking the gates

This is why we can't have nice things, darlin'
Because you break them, I had to take them away
This is why we can't have nice things, honey (Oh)
Did you think I wouldn't hear all the things you said about me?
This is why we can't have nice things

It was so nice being friends again
There I was, giving you a second chance
But you stabbed me in the back while shakin' my hand
And therein lies the issue, friends don't try to trick you
Get you on the phone and mind-twist you
And so I took an axe to a mended fence

But I'm not the only friend you've lost lately (Mm-mm)
If only you weren't so shady

This is why we can't have nice things, darlin' (yeah)
Because you break them, I had to take them away
This is why we can't have nice (Nice things) things (Baby), honey (oh)
Did you think I wouldn't hear all the things you said about me?
This is why we can't have

Here's a toast to my real friends
They don't care about the he-said, she-said

And here's to my baby
He ain't readin' what they call me lately
And here's to my mama
Had to listen to all this drama
And here's to you
'Cause forgiveness is a nice thing to do
Hahaha, I can't even say it with a straight face (This is why we can't have)

This is why we can't have nice things, darlin' (Darlin')
Because you break them, I had to take them away (Away)
This is why we can't have nice (Uh, uh) things (Oh, no), honey (Baby, oh)
Did you think I wouldn't hear all the things you said about me?
This is why we can't have (Oh) nice (Oh, no) things, darlin'
(And here's to my real friends; Oh)
Because you break them, I had to take them (Away)
(And here's to my baby; Oh)
Nice things (Oh, no), honey
(They didn't care about that he-said, she-said)
Did you think I wouldn't hear all the things you said about me?
This is why we can't have nice things

SWIFT–DESSNER, *happiness = evermore*, Republic Record, 2020.

Honey, when I'm above the trees

I see this for what it is

But now I'm right down in it, all the years I've given
Is just shit we're dividin' up
Showed you all of my hiding spots
I was dancing when the music stopped
And in the disbelief, I can't face reinvention
I haven't met the new me yet

There'll be happiness after you
But there was happiness because of you

Both of these things can be true
There is happiness

Past the blood and bruise
Past the curses and cries
Beyond the terror in the nightfall
Haunted by the look in my eyes
That would've loved you for a lifetime
Leave it all behind
And there is happiness

Tell me, when did your winning smile
Begin to look like a smirk?
When did all our lessons start to look like weapons
Pointed at my deepest hurt?

I hope she'll be a beautiful fool

Who takes my spot next to you

No, I didn't mean that
Sorry, I can't see facts through all of my fury
You haven't met the new me yet

There'll be happiness after me
But there was happiness because of me
Both of these things I believe
There is happiness

In our history, across our great divide
There is a glorious sunrise
Dappled with the flickers of light
From the dress I wore at midnight, leave it all behind
And there is happiness

I can't make it go away by making you a villain
I guess it's the price I paid for seven years in Heaven
And I pulled your body into mine
Every goddamn night, now I get fake niceties
No one teaches you what to do
When a good man hurts you
And you know you hurt him too

Honey, when I'm above the trees

I see it for what it is

But now my eyes leak acid rain on the pillow where you used to lay your head
After giving you the best I had
Tell me what to give after that

All you want from me now is the green light of forgiveness

You haven't met the new me yet

And I think she'll give you that

There'll be happiness after you
But there was happiness because of you too
Both of these things can be true
There is happiness

In our history, across our great divide
There is a glorious sunrise
Dappled with the flickers of light
From the dress I wore at midnight, leave it all behind
Oh, leave it all behind
Leave it all behind
And there is happiness

F. Scott FITZGERALD, *The Great Gatsby*, Project Gutenberg, [\[link\]](#).

„One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white

with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place **above the trees**—he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.” (Chapter VI)

„[...]“It’ll show you how I’ve gotten to feel about—things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. ‘All right,’ I said, ‘I’m glad it’s a girl. And **I hope she’ll be a fool—that’s the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.**’”
(Chapter I)

SWIFT–MARTIN–SHELLBACK, *Wonderland (Taylor’s Version) = 1989 (Taylor’s Version)*, Republic Records, 2023.

Flashin' lights

And we took a wrong turn

And we fell down a rabbit hole

You held on tight to me

'Cause nothing's as it seems

And spinning out of control

Didn't they tell us, "Don't rush into things"?

Didn't you flash your green eyes at me?

Haven't you heard what becomes of curious minds?

Ooh, didn't it all seem new and excitin'?

I felt your arms twistin' around me

I should've slept with one eye open at night

We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it

And we pretended it could last forever, eh

We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it
And life was never worse but never better, eh, eh

In Wonderland
In Wonderland
In Wonderland
In Wonderland

So we went on our way
Too in love to think straight
All alone or so it seemed
But there were strangers watchin'
And whispers turned to talkin'
And talking turned to screams, oh

Didn't they tell us, "Don't rush into things"?
Didn't you flash your green eyes at me?
Didn't you calm my fears with a Cheshire cat smile?
Ooh, didn't it all seem new and excitin'?
I felt your arms twistin' around me
It's all fun and games 'til somebody loses their mind
But darlin'

We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it
And we pretended it could last forever, eh
We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it
And life was never worse but never better, eh, eh

In Wonderland
In Wonderland
In Wonderland
In Wonderland

I reached for you, but you were gone
I knew I had to go back home
You searched the world for somethin' else
To make you feel like what we had
And in the end, in Wonderland, we both went mad
Oh

We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it
And we pretended it could last forever, (Could last forever)
We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it (Got lost in it)
And life was never worse but never better (Never better)
We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it (In Wonderland)
And we pretended it could last forever (In Wonderland)
We found Wonderland, you and I got lost in it (In Wonderland)
And life was never worse but never better
In Wonderland

SWIFT–DESSNER, *long story short = evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Fatefully
I tried to pick my battles 'til the battle picked me
Misery
Like the war of words I shouted in my sleep
And you passed right by
I was in the alley, surrounded on all sides
The knife cuts both ways
If the shoe fits, walk in it 'til your high heels break

And I fell from the pedestal
Right down the rabbit hole
Long story short, it was a bad time
Pushed from the precipice

Clung to the nearest lips
Long story short, it was the wrong guy

Now I'm all about you
I'm all about you, ah
Yeah, yeah
I'm all about you, ah
Yeah, yeah

Actually
I always felt I must look better in the rear view
Missing me
At the golden gates they once held the keys to
When I dropped my sword
I threw it in the bushes and knocked on your door
And we live in peace
But if someone comes at us, this time, I'm ready

'Cause I fell from the pedestal
Right down the rabbit hole
Long story short, it was a bad time
Pushed from the precipice
Clung to the nearest lips
Long story short, it was the wrong guy

Now I'm all about you
I'm all about you, ah
Yeah, yeah
I'm all about you, ah
Yeah, yeah

No more keepin' score
Now I just keep you warm (Keep you warm)
No more tug of war

Now I just know there's more (Know there's more)

No more keepin' score

Now I just keep you warm (Keep you warm)

And my waves meet your shore

Ever and evermore

Past me

I wanna tell you not to get lost in these petty things

Your nemeses

Will defeat themselves before you get the chance to swing

And he's passing by

Rare as the glimmer of a comet in the sky

And he feels like home

If the shoe fits, walk in it everywhere you go

And I fell from the pedestal

Right down the rabbit hole

Long story short, it was a bad time

Pushed from the precipice

Climbed right back up the cliff

Long story short, I survived

Now I'm all about you

(And now) I'm all about you, ah

(And now) I'm all about you

(And now) I'm all about you, ah

Yeah, yeah

I'm all about you

(And now) Yeah, yeah

I'm all about you

Long story short, it was a bad time

Long story short, I survived

SWIFT, *Never Grow Up (Taylor's Version) = Speak Now (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2023.

Your little hand's wrapped around my finger
And it's so quiet in the world tonight
Your little eyelids flutter 'cause you're dreaming
So I tuck you in, turn on your favorite nightlight

To you, everything's funny
You got nothing to regret
I'd give all I have, honey
If you could stay like that

Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, just stay this little
Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, it could stay this simple
I won't let nobody hurt you
Won't let no one break your heart
And no one will desert you
Just try to never grow up

And never grow up

You're in the car, on the way to the movies
And you're mortified your mom's droppin' you off
At fourteen, there's just so much you can't do
And you can't wait to move out someday and call your own shots

But don't make her drop you off around the block
Remember that she's gettin' older, too
And don't lose the way that you dance around
In your PJs getting ready for school

Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, just stay this little
Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, it could stay this simple
And no one's ever burned you
Nothing's ever left you scarred
And even though you want to
Just try to never grow up

Take pictures in your mind of your childhood room
Memorize what it sounded like when your dad gets home
Remember the footsteps, remember the words said
And all your little brother's favorite songs
I just realized everything I have is, someday, gonna be gone

So, here I am in my new apartment
In a big city, they just dropped me off
It's so much colder than I thought it would be
So I tuck myself in and turn my nightlight on

Wish I'd never grown up
Wish I'd never grown up
Oh, I don't wanna grow up
Wish I'd never grown up, I could still be little
Oh, I don't wanna grow up
Wish I'd never grown up, it could still be simple
Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, just stay this little
Oh, darling, don't you ever grow up
Don't you ever grow up, it could stay this simple
I won't let nobody hurt you (Never grow up)
Won't let no one break your heart
And even though you want to
Please, try to never grow up

Oh, oh (Never grow up)

Just never grow up

Oh (Never grow up)

Just never grow up

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *The Archer = Lover*, Republic Records, 2019.

Combat, I'm ready for combat

I say I don't want that, but what if I do?

'Cause cruelty wins in the movies

I've got a hundred thrown-out speeches I almost said to you

Easy they come, easy they go

I jump from the train, I ride off alone

I never grew up, it's getting so old

Help me hold on to you

I've been the archer, I've been the prey

Who could ever leave me, darling

But who could stay?

Dark side, I search for your dark side

But what if I'm alright, right, right, right here?

And I cut off my nose just to spite my face

Then I hate my reflection for years and years

I wake in the night, I pace like a ghost

The room is on fire, invisible smoke

And all of my heroes die all alone

Help me hold on to you

I've been the archer, I've been the prey

Screaming, who could ever leave me, darling
But who could stay?
(I see right through me, I see right through me)

'Cause they see right through me
They see right through me
They see right through
Can you see right through me?
They see right through
They see right through me
I see right through me
I see right through me

All the king's horses, all the king's men
Couldn't put me together again
'Cause all of my enemies started out friends
Help me hold on to you

I've been the archer, I've been the prey
Who could ever leave me, darling
But who could stay?
(I see right through me, I see right through me)
Who could stay?
Who could stay?
Who could stay?
You could stay
You could stay

Combat, I'm ready for combat

SWIFT–DESSNER, *cardigan* = *folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Vintage tee, brand new phone
High heels on cobblestones

When you are young, they assume you know nothing
Sequin smile, black lipstick
Sensual politics
When you are young, they assume you know nothing

But I knew you
Dancin' in your Levi's
Drunk under a streetlight, I
I knew you
Hand under my sweatshirt
Baby, kiss it better, I

And when I felt like I was an old cardigan
Under someone's bed
You put me on and said I was your favorite

A friend to all is a friend to none

Chase two girls, lose the one

When you are young, they assume you know nothing

But I knew you
Playing hide-and-seek and
Giving me your weekends, I
I knew you
Your heartbeat on the High Line
Once in twenty lifetimes, I

And when I felt like I was an old cardigan
Under someone's bed
You put me on and said I was your favorite

To kiss in cars and downtown bars
Was all we needed

You drew stars around my scars
But now I'm bleedin'

'Cause I knew you
Steppin' on the last train
Marked me like a bloodstain, I
I knew you

Tried to change the ending

Peter losing Wendy, I

I knew you
Leavin' like a father
Running like water, I
And when you are young, they assume you know nothing

But I knew you'd linger like a tattoo kiss
I knew you'd haunt all of my what-ifs
The smell of smoke would hang around this long
'Cause I knew everything when I was young
I knew I'd curse you for the longest time
Chasin' shadows in the grocery line
I knew you'd miss me once the thrill expired
And you'd be standin' in my front porch light
And I knew you'd come back to me
You'd come back to me
And you'd come back to me
And you'd come back

And when I felt like I was an old cardigan
Under someone's bed
You put me on and said I was your favorite

SWIFT, *Peter* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic
Records, 2024.

Forgive me, Peter
My lost fearless leader
In closets like cedar
Preserved from when we were just kids
Is it somethin' I did?
The goddess of timing
Once found us beguiling
She said she was trying
Peter, was she lying?
My ribs get the feeling she did

And I didn't wanna come down
I thought it was just goodbye for now

You said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Words from the mouths of babes
Promises oceans-deep
But never to keep
Oh, never to keep

Are you still a mind reader?
A natural scene-stealer?
I've heard great things, Peter
But life was always easier on you
Than it was on me
And sometimes it gets me
When crossing your jet stream
We both did the best we could do
Underneath the same moon

In different galaxies

And I didn't wanna hang around

We said it was just goodbye for now

You said you were gonna grow up

Then you were gonna come find me

Said you were gonna grow up

Then you were gonna come find me

Said you were gonna grow up

Then you were gonna come find me

Words from the mouths of babes

Promises oceans-deep

But never to keep

Never to keep

And I won't confess that I waited, but I let the lamp burn

As the men masqueraded, I hoped you'd return

With your feet on the ground, tell me all that you'd learned

'Cause love's never lost when perspective is earned

And you said you'd come and get me, but you were twenty-five

And the shelf life of those fantasies has expired

Lost to the "Lost Boys" chapter of your life

Forgive me, Peter, please know that I tried

To hold on (Hold on) to the days (To the days)

When you were mine

But the woman who sits by the window

Has turned out the light

You said you were gonna grow up

Then you were gonna come find me

Said you were gonna grow up

You said you were gonna grow up

Then you were gonna come find me

Said you were gonna grow up
You said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Said you were gonna grow up
Then you were gonna come find me
Words from the mouths of babes
Promises oceans-deep
But never to keep

ARISZTOTELÉSZ, *Eudémoszi etika – Hetedik könyv*, ford. STEIGER Kornél, Budapest, Gondolat Kiadó, 1975, 124.

„[...] Ami a mi kutatásunkat és azt a vágyunkat illeti, hogy sok barátunk legyen, hát az a mondás, hogy **egyetlen barátja sincs annak, akinek sok a barátja** - kettős értelemben helyes. Mert ha lehetséges, hogy az ember sokkal éljen együtt, és a lehető legtöbbel tegyünk szert élményekre, akkor ez a legkívánatosabb dolog. Csakhogy ez rendkívül nehéz, szükségképpen korlátozni kell tehát a közös élményszerzés tevékenységét. Így hát nemcsak megszerezni nehéz sok barátot - hiszen ki kell próbálni őket -, hanem ha megszereztük, nehéz jól meglenni is velük. - És néha azt kívánjuk, hogy akit szeretünk, annak menjen jól a sora, de legyen távol tőlünk, néha meg azt, hogy közös dolgokban legyen része velünk. A barátság jele, ha az együttlétet kívánjuk.”

SWIFT–DESSNER, *So High School = THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

I feel so high school every time I look at you
I wanna find you in a crowd just to hide from you

And in a blink of a crinklin' eye
I'm sinkin', our fingers entwined
Cheeks pink in the twinklin' lights
Tell me 'bout the first time you saw me

I'll drink what you think and I'm high
From smokin' your jokes all damn night
The brink of a wrinkle in time
Bittersweet sixteen suddenly

I'm watchin' American Pie with you on a Saturday night
Your friends are around, so be quiet
I'm tryin' to stifle my sighs
'Cause I feel so high school every time I look at you
But look at you

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah

Are you gonna marry, kiss, or kill me? (Kill me)
It's just a game, but really (Really)
I'm bettin' on all three (All three) for us two
Get my car door, isn't that sweet? (That sweet)
Then pull me to the back seat (The back seat)
No one's ever had me (Had me), not like you

Truth, dare, spin bottles
You know how to ball, I know Aristotle
Brand new, full throttle
Touch me while your bros play Grand Theft Auto
It's true, swear, scout's honor
You knew what you wanted and, boy, you got her
Brand new, full throttle
You already know, babe

I feel like laughin' in the middle of practice
Do that impression you did of your dad again
I'm hearing voices like a madman

And in a blink of a crinklin' eye

I'm sinkin', our fingers entwined
Cheeks pink in the twinklin' lights
Tell me 'bout the first time you saw me
I'll drink what you think, and I'm high
From smokin' your jokes all damn night
The brink of a wrinkle in time
Bittersweet sixteen suddenly

I'm watchin' American Pie with you on a Saturday night
Your friends are around, so be quiet
I'm tryin' to stifle my sighs
'Cause I feel so high school (Feel so high school) every time I look at you
But look at you

Truth, dare, spin bottles
You know how to ball, I know Aristotle
Brand new, full throttle
Touch me while your bros play Grand Theft Auto
It's true, swear, scout's honor (Yeah)
You knew what you wanted and, boy, you got her
Brand new, full throttle (Yeah)
You already know, babe
You already know, babe

SWIFT–DESSNER, *I Hate It Here* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

Quick, quick, tell me something awful
Like you are a poet trapped inside the body of a finance guy
Tell me all your secrets, all you'll ever be is
My eternal consolation prize
You see, I was a debutante in another life, but
Now I seem to be scared to go outside
If comfort is a construct, I don't believe in good luck

Now that I know what's what

I hate it here so I will go to secret gardens in my mind

People need a key to get to, the only one is mine

I read about it in a book when I was a precocious child

No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears

I'm there most of the year 'cause I hate it here

I hate it here

My friends used to play a game where

We would pick a decade

We wished we could live in instead of this

I'd say the 1830s but without all the racists

And getting married off for the highest bid

Everyone would look down 'cause it wasn't fun now

Seems like it was never even fun back then

Nostalgia is a mind's trick

If I'd been there, I'd hate it

It was freezing in the palace

I hate it here so I will go to lunar valleys in my mind

When they found a better planet, only the gentle survived

I dreamed about it in the dark, the night I felt like I might die

No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears

I'm there most of the year 'cause I hate it here

I hate it here

I'm lonely, but I'm good

I'm bitter, but I swear I'm fine

I'll save all my romanticism for my inner life and I'll get lost on purpose

This place made me feel worthless

Lucid dreams like electricity, the current flies through me

And in my fantasies, I rise above it

And way up there, I actually love it

I hate it here so I will go to secret gardens in my mind

People need a key to get to, the only one is mine

I read about it in a book when I was a precocious child

No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears

I'm there most of the year 'cause I hate it here

I hate it here

Quick, quick, tell me something awful

Like you are a poet trapped inside the body of a finance guy

SWIFT–DESSNER, *seven = folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Please picture me in the trees

I hit my peak at seven

Feet in the swing over the creek

I was too scared to jump in

But I, I was high in the sky

With Pennsylvania under me

Are there still beautiful things?

Sweet tea in the summer

Cross your heart, won't tell no other

And though I can't recall your face

I still got love for you

Your braids like a pattern

Love you to the Moon and to Saturn

Passed down like folk songs

The love lasts so long

And I've been meaning to tell you

I think your house is haunted

Your dad is always mad and that must be why

And I think you should come live with me

And we can be pirates
Then you won't have to cry
Or hide in the closet
And just like a folk song
Our love will be passed on
Please picture me in the weeds
Before I learned civility
I used to scream ferociously
Any time I wanted
I, I

Sweet tea in the summer
Cross my heart, won't tell no other
And though I can't recall your face
I still got love for you
Pack your dolls and a sweater
We'll move to India forever
Passed down like folk songs
Our love lasts so long

SWIFT-ANTONOFF, *the lakes = folklore (deluxe version)*, Republic Records, 2020.

Is it romantic how all my elegies eulogize me?
I'm not cut out for all these **cynical clones**
These hunters with cell phones

Take me to the Lakes, where all the poets went to die
I don't belong and, my beloved, neither do you
Those Windermere peaks look like a perfect place to cry
I'm setting off, but not without my muse

What should be over, burrowed under my skin
In heart-stopping waves of hurt
I've come too far to watch some namedropping sleaze

Tell me what are my words worth

Take me to the Lakes, where all the poets went to die

I don't belong and, my beloved, neither do you

Those Windermere peaks look like a perfect place to cry

I'm setting off, but not without my muse

I want auroras and sad prose

I want to watch wisteria grow right over my bare feet

'Cause I haven't moved in years

And I want you right here

A red rose grew up out of ice frozen ground

With no one around to tweet it

While I bathe in cliffside pools

With my calamitous love and insurmountable grief

Take me to the Lakes, where all the poets went to die

I don't belong and, my beloved, neither do you

Those Windermere peaks look like a perfect place to cry

I'm setting off, but not without my muse

No, not without you

SWIFT–DESSNER, *invisible string = folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Green was the color of the grass

Where I used to read at Centennial Park

I used to think I would meet somebody there

Teal was the color of your shirt

When you were sixteen at the yogurt shop

You used to work at to make a little money

Time, curious time

Gave me no compasses, gave me no signs

Were there clues I didn't see?

And isn't it just so pretty to think

All along there was some

Invisible string

Tying you to me?

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Bad was the blood of the song in the cab

On your first trip to LA

You ate at my favorite spot for dinner

Bold was the waitress on our three-year trip

Getting lunch down by the Lakes

She said I looked like an American singer

Time, mystical time

Cutting me open, then healing me fine

Were there clues I didn't see?

And isn't it just so pretty to think

All along there was some

Invisible string

Tying you to me?

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

A string that pulled me

Out of all the wrong arms, right into that dive bar

Something wrapped all of my past mistakes in barbed wire

Chains around my demons

Wool to brave the seasons

One single thread of gold

Tied me to you

Cold was the steel of my axe to grind

For the boys who broke my heart

Now I send their babies presents

Gold was the color of the leaves

When I showed you around Centennial Park
Hell was the journey, but it brought me heaven

Time, wondrous time
Gave me the blues and then purple-pink skies
And it's cool, baby, with me
And isn't it just so pretty to think
All along there was some
Invisible string
Tying you to me?
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Me
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

(Ah-ah-ah)

(Ah-ah-ah)

Charlotte BRONTË, *Jane Eyre*, Project Gutenberg, [\[link\]](#).

„[...]“**Because,” he said, “I sometimes have a queer feeling with regard to you—especially when you are near me, as now: it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and inextricably knotted to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame.** And if that boisterous Channel, and two hundred miles or so of land come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be snapt; and then I’ve a nervous notion I should take to bleeding inwardly. As for you,—you’d forget me.”

Ernest HEMINGWAY, *The Sun Also Rises*, Project Gutenberg, [\[link\]](#).

„[...]“Oh, Jake,” Brett said, “we could have had such a damned good time together.”
Ahead was a mounted policeman in khaki directing traffic. He raised his baton. The car slowed suddenly pressing Brett against me.
“Yes,” I said. “Isn’t it pretty to think so?” ”

SWIFT–DESSNER, *mad woman = folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

What did you think I'd say to that?
Does a scorpion sting when fighting back?
They strike to kill, and you know I will
You know I will
What do you sing on your drive home?
Do you see my face in the neighbor's lawn?
Does she smile?
Or does she mouth, "Fuck you forever"?

Every time you call me crazy, I get more crazy
What about that?
And when you say I seem angry, I get more angry

And there's nothing like a mad woman
What a shame she went mad
No one likes a mad woman
You made her like that
And you'll poke that bear 'til her claws come out
And you find something to wrap your noose around
And there's nothing like a mad woman

Now I breathe flames each time I talk
My cannons all firin' at your yacht
They say, "Move on," but you know I won't
And women like hunting witches too
Doing your dirtiest work for you
It's obvious that wanting me dead
Has really brought you two together

Every time you call me crazy, I get more crazy
What about that?
And when you say I seem angry, I get more angry

And there's nothing like a mad woman

What a shame she went mad

No one likes a mad woman

You made her like that

And you'll poke that bear 'til her claws come out

And you find something to wrap your noose around

And there's nothing like a mad woman

I'm taking my time, taking my time

'Cause you took everything from me

Watching you climb, watching you climb

Over people like me

The master of spin has a couple side flings

Good wives always know

She should be mad, should be scathing like me, but

No one likes a mad woman

What a shame she went mad

You made her like that

SWIFT, *Who's Afraid of Little Old Me?* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*, Republic Records, 2024.

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

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?"

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

(You should be) You should be

You should be (You should be)

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 wanna 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 singin' along

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?"

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

(You should be) You should be

'Cause you lured me (You should be)

And you hurt me (You should be)

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?

Who's afraid of little old me?

Who's afraid of little old me?

SWIFT–ANTONOFF–F. FAIRBASS–R. FAIRBASS–MANZOLI, *Look What You Made Me Do* =
reputation, Big Machine Records, 2017.

I don't like your little games

Don't like your tilted stage

The role you made me play

Of the fool, no, I don't like you

I don't like your perfect crime

How you laugh when you lie

You said the gun was mine

Isn't cool, no, I don't like you (Oh)

But I got smarter, I got harder in the nick of time

Honey, I rose up from the dead, I do it all the time

I've got a list of names and yours is in red, underlined

I check it once, then I check it twice, oh

Ooh, look what you made me do

Look what you made me do

Look what you just made me do

Look what you just made me

Ooh, look what you made me do

Look what you made me do

Look what you just made me do

Look what you just made me do

I (I) don't (Don't) like your kingdom keys (Keys)

They (They) once belonged to me (Me)

You (You) asked me for a place to sleep

Locked me out and threw a feast (What?)

The world moves on, another day, another drama, drama

But not for me, not for me, all I think about is karma

And then the world moves on, but one thing's for sure

Maybe I got mine, but you'll all get yours

But I got smarter, I got harder in the nick of time (Nick of time)

Honey, I rose up from the dead, I do it all the time (I do it all the time)

I've got a list of names and yours is in red, underlined

I check it once, then I check it twice, oh

Ooh, look what you made me do

Look what you made me do

Look what you just made me do

Look what you just made me

Ooh, look what you made me do

Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me do

I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starrin' in your bad dreams
I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starrin' in your bad dreams
I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starrin' in your bad dreams
I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starrin' in your bad dreams

(Ooh, look what you made me do)
(Look what you made me do)
(Look what you just made me do)
(Look what you just made me)
"I'm sorry, the old Taylor can't come to the phone right now"
(Ooh, look what you made me do)
(Look what you made me do)
(Look what you just made me)
"Why? Oh, 'cause she's dead" (Oh)

Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me
Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me do
Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do

Look what you just made me
Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me do

Sylvia PLATH, *Lady Lazarus*, [\[link\]](#).

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it——

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?——

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.

And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.

What a trash

To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.

The peanut-crunching crowd

Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot——

The big strip tease.

Gentlemen, ladies

These are my hands

My knees.

I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.

The first time it happened I was ten.

It was an accident.

The second time I meant

To last it out and not come back at all.

I rocked shut

As a seashell.

They had to call and call

And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying

Is an art, like everything else.

I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart——
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.

Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash—

You poke and stir.

Flesh, bone, there is nothing there——

A cake of soap,

A wedding ring,

A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer

Beware

Beware.

Out of the ash

I rise with my red hair

And I eat men like air.

SWIFT–DESSNER, *The Bolter* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

By all accounts, she almost drowned

When she was six in frigid water

And I can confirm she made

A curious child, ever reviled

By everyone except her own father

With a quite bewitching face

Splendidly selfish, charmingly helpless

Excellent fun 'til you get to know her

Then she runs like it's a race

Behind her back, her best mates laughed

And they nicknamed her "The Bolter"

Started with a kiss

"Oh, we must stop meeting like this"
But it always ends up with a town car speeding
Out the drive one evening
Ended with the slam of a door
Then he'll call her a whore
Wish he wouldn't be sore
But as she was leaving
It felt like breathing

All her fuckin' lives
Flashed before her eyes
It feels like the time
She fell through the ice
Then came out alive

He was a cad, wanted her bad
Just like any good trophy hunter
And she liked the way it tastes
Taming a bear, making him care
Watching him jump then pulling him under
And at first blush, this is fate
When it's all roses, portrait poses
Central Park Lake in tiny rowboats
What a charming Saturday
That's when she sees the littlest leaks
Down in the floorboards
And she just knows she must bolt

Started with a kiss
"Oh, we must stop meeting like this"
But it always ends up with a town car speeding
Out the drive one evening
Ended with the slam of a door
Then he'll call her a whore

Wish he wouldn't be sore
But as she was leaving
It felt like breathing

All her fuckin' lives
Flashed before her eyes (Ah-ah-ah)
It feels like the time
She fell through the ice
Then came out alive

**She's been many places with
Men of many faces**

First, they're off to the races
And she's laughing, drawin' aces
But none of it is changin'
That the chariot is waitin'
Hearts are hers for the breakin'
There's escape in escaping

Started with a kiss
"Oh, we must stop meeting like this"
But it always ends up with a town car speeding
Out the drive one evening
Ended with the slam of a door

But she's got the best stories

You can be sure
That as she was leaving
It felt like freedom

All her fuckin' lives
Flashed before her eyes (And she realized)
It feels like the time
She fell through the ice
Then came out alive

Emily DICKINSON, *One Sister have I in our House*, [\[link\]](#).

One Sister have I in our house -
And one a hedge away.
There's only one recorded,
But both belong to me.

One came the way that I came -
And wore my past year's gown -
The other as a bird her nest,
Builded our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did -
It was a different tune -
Herself to her a Music
As Bumble-bee of June.

Today is far from Childhood -
But up and down the hills
I held her hand the tighter -
Which shortened all the miles -

And still her hum
The years among,
Deceives the Butterfly;
Still in her Eye
The Violets lie
Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew -
But took the morn, -
I chose this single star
From out the wide night's numbers -

Sue - forevermore!

Edgar A. POE, *The Raven*, [\[link\]](#).

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”

Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore

Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

SWIFT–DESSNER, *tolerate it = evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

I sit and watch you readin' with your head low
I wake and watch you breathin' with your eyes closed
I sit and watch you
I notice everything you do or don't do

You're so much older and wiser, and I

I wait by the door like I'm just a kid

Use my best colors for your portrait

Lay the table with the fancy shit

And watch you tolerate it

If it's all in my head, tell me now

Tell me I've got it wrong somehow

I know my love should be celebrated

But you tolerate it

I greet you with a battle hero's welcome

I take your indiscretions all in good fun

I sit and listen

I polish plates until they gleam and glisten

You're so much older and wiser, and I

I wait by the door like I'm just a kid

Use my best colors for your portrait

Lay the table with the fancy shit

And watch you tolerate it

If it's all in my head, tell me now

Tell me I've got it wrong somehow

I know my love should be celebrated

But you tolerate it

While you were out buildin' other worlds, where was I?

Where's that man who'd throw blankets over my barbed wire?

I made you my temple, my mural, my sky

Now I'm beggin' for footnotes in the story of your life

Drawin' hearts in the byline

Always takin' up too much space or time

You assume I'm fine, but what would you do if I (I)

Break free and leave us in ruins?
Took this dagger in me and removed it
Gain the weight of you, then lose it
Believe me, I could do it
If it's all in my head, tell me now
Tell me I've got it wrong somehow
I know my love should be celebrated
But you tolerate it

I sit and watch you

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *You're Losing Me*, Republic Records, 2023.

You say, "I don't understand," and I say, "I know you don't"
We thought a cure would come through in time, now, I fear it won't
Remember lookin' at this room? We loved it 'cause of the light
Now, I just sit in the dark and wonder if it's time

Do I throw out everything we built or keep it?

I'm getting tired even for a phoenix

Always risin' from the ashes

Mendin' all her gashes

You might just have dealt the final blow

Stop, you're losin' me

Stop, you're losin' me

Stop, you're losin' me

I can't find a pulse

My heart won't start anymore for you

'Cause you're losin' me

Every mornin', I glared at you with storms in my eyes

How can you say that you love someone you can't tell is dyin'?

I sent you signals and bit my nails down to the quick

My face was gray, but you wouldn't admit that we were sick

And the air is thick with loss and indecision

I know my pain is such an imposition

Now, you're runnin' down the hallway

And you know what they all say

"You don't know what you got until it's gone"

Stop, you're losin' me

Stop, you're losin' me

Stop, you're losin' me

I can't find a pulse

My heart won't start anymore for you

'Cause you're losin' me

'Cause you're losin' me

Stop (Stop) 'cause you're losin' me

My heart won't start anymore

(Stop 'cause you're losin' me)

My heart won't start anymore

(Stop 'cause you're losin' me)

How long could we be a sad song

'Til we were too far gone to bring back to life?

I gave you all my best me's, my endless empathy

And all I did was bleed as I tried to be the bravest soldier

Fighting in only your army, frontlines, don't you ignore me

I'm the best thing at this party (You're losin' me)

And I wouldn't marry me either

A pathological people pleaser

Who only wanted you to see her

And I'm fadin', thinkin'

"Do something, babe, say something" (Say something)

"Lose something, babe, risk something" (You're losin' me)

"Choose something, babe, I got nothing" (I got nothing)

"To believe, unless you're choosin' me"

You're losin' me

Stop (Stop, stop), you're losin' me

Stop (Stop, stop), you're losin' me

I can't find a pulse

My heart won't start anymore

SWIFT–DESSNER, *cowboy like me* = *evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

And the tennis court was covered up

With some tent-like thing

And you asked me to dance

But I said, "Dancin' is a dangerous game"

Oh, I thought

This is gonna be one of those things

Now I know

I'm never gonna love again

I've got some tricks up my sleeve

Takes one to know one

You're a cowboy like me

Never wanted love

Just a fancy car

Now I'm waiting by the phone

Like I'm sitting in an airport bar

You had some tricks up your sleeve

Takes one to know one

You're a cowboy like me

Perched in the dark

Tellin' all the rich folks anything they wanna hear
Like it could be love
I could be the way forward
Only if they pay for it
You're a bandit like me
Eyes full of stars
Hustling for the good life, never thought I'd meet you here
It could be love
We could be the way forward
And I know I'll pay for it

[Chorus]

You're a cowboy like me
Perched in the dark
Tellin' all the rich folks anything they wanna hear
Like it could be love
I could be the way forward
Only if they pay for it
You're a bandit like me
Eyes full of stars
Hustlin' for the good life, never thought I'd meet you here
It could be love
We could be the way forward
And I know I'll pay for it

And the skeletons in both our closets
Plotted hard to fuck this up
And the old men that I've swindled
Really did believe I was the one
And the ladies lunchin' have their stories about
When you passed through town
Oh, but that was all before I locked it down

Now you hang from my lips

Like the Gardens of Babylon

With your boots beneath my bed
Forever is the sweetest con

I've had some tricks up my sleeve
Takes one to know one
You're a cowboy like me

And I'm never gonna love again
I'm never gonna love again
I'm never gonna love again

SWIFT-ALWYN, *champagne problems = evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

You booked the night train for a reason
So you could sit there in this hurt
Bustling crowds or silent sleepers
You're not sure which is worse

Because I dropped your hand while dancing
Left you out there standing
Crestfallen on the landing
Champagne problems
Your mom's ring in your pocket
My picture in your wallet
Your heart was glass, I dropped it
Champagne problems

You told your family for a reason
You couldn't keep it in
Your sister splashed out on the bottle
Now no one's celebrating

Dom Pérignon, you brought it

No crowd of friends applauded
Your hometown skeptics called it
Champagne problems
You had a speech, you're speechless
Love slipped beyond your reaches
And I couldn't give a reason
Champagne problems

Your Midas touch on the Chevy door

November flush and your flannel cure
"This dorm was once a madhouse"
I made a joke, "Well, it's made for me"
How evergreen, our group of friends
Don't think we'll say that word again
And soon they'll have the nerve to deck the halls
That we once walked through
One for the money, two for the show
I never was ready so I watch you go
Sometimes you just don't know the answer
'Til someone's on their knees and asks you
"She would've made such a lovely bride
What a shame she's fucked in the head," they said
But you'll find the real thing instead
She'll patch up your tapestry that I shred

And hold your hand while dancing
Never leave you standing
Crestfallen on the landing
With champagne problems
Your mom's ring in your pocket
Her picture in your wallet
You won't remember all my
Champagne problems

You won't remember all my
Champagne problems

SWIFT, *State of Grace (Taylor's Version) = Red (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2021.

I'm walkin' fast through the traffic lights
Busy streets and busy lives
And all we know is touch and go
We are alone with our changing minds
We fall in love 'til it hurts or bleeds or fades in time

And I never (I never)
Saw you comin'
And I'll never (I'll never)
Be the same

You come around and the armor falls
Pierce the room like a cannonball
Now all we know is don't let go
We are alone, just you and me
Up in your room and our slates are clean
Just twin fire signs, four blue eyes

So you were never a saint and I loved in shades of wrong
We learn to live with the pain, mosaic broken hearts
But this love is brave and wild

And I never (I never)
Saw you comin'
And I'll never (I'll never)
Be the same

This is a state of grace

This is the worthwhile fight
Love is a ruthless game
Unless you play it good and right
These are the hands of fate

You're my Achilles heel

This is the golden age of somethin' good
And right and real

And I never (I never)
Saw you comin'
And I'll never
Be the same, oh-oh-oh
And I never (I never)
Saw you comin'
And I'll never (I'll never)
(So you were never a saint and I loved in shades of wrong)
Be the same (We learn to live with the pain, mosaic broken hearts)
(But this love is brave and wild)

This is a state of grace
This is the worthwhile fight
Love is a ruthless game
Unless you play it good and right

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *gold rush = evermore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Gleaming, twinkling
Eyes like sinking
Ships on waters
So inviting, I almost jump in

But I don't like a gold rush, gold rush

I don't like anticipatin' my face in a red flush
I don't like that anyone would die to feel your touch
Everybody wants you
Everybody wonders what it would be like to love you
Walk past, quick brush
I don't like slow motion, double vision in rose blush
I don't like that falling feels like flying 'til the bone crush
Everybody wants you
But I don't like a gold rush

What must it be like to grow up that beautiful?
With your hair falling into place like dominoes
I see me padding across your wooden floors
With my Eagles T-shirt hanging from the door

At dinner parties, I call you out on your contrarian shit
And the coastal town we wandered 'round had never seen a love as pure as it
And then it fades into the gray of my day-old tea
'Cause it could never be

'Cause I don't like a gold rush, gold rush
I don't like anticipatin' my face in a red flush
I don't like that anyone would die to feel your touch
Everybody wants you
Everybody wonders what it would be like to love you
Walk past, quick brush
I don't like slow motion, double vision in rose blush
I don't like that falling feels like flying 'til the bone crush
Everybody wants you
But I don't like a gold rush

What must it be like to grow up that beautiful?
With your hair falling into place like dominoes
My mind turns your life into folklore

I can't dare to dream about you anymore

At dinner parties, I won't call you out on your contrarian shit
And the coastal town we never found will never see a love as pure as it
'Cause it fades into the gray of my day-old tea
'Cause it will never be

Gleaming, twinkling
Eyes like sinking
Ships on waters
So inviting, I almost jump in

SWIFT-ANTONOFF, *Labyrinth = Midnights*, Republic Records, 2022.

"It only hurts this much right now"
Was what I was thinkin' the whole time
Breathe in, breathe through, breathe deep, breathe out
I'll be gettin' over you my whole life

You know how scared I am of elevators
Never trust it if it rises fast
It can't last

Uh-oh, I'm fallin' in love
Oh no, I'm fallin' in love again
Oh, I'm fallin' in love
I thought the plane was goin' down
How'd you turn it right around?

It only feels this raw right now
Lost in the labyrinth of my mind
Break up, break free, break through, break down
You would break your back to make me break a smile

You know how much I hate
That everybody just expects me to bounce back
Just like that

Uh-oh, I'm fallin' in love
Oh no, I'm fallin' in love again
Oh, I'm fallin' in love
I thought the plane was goin' down
How'd you turn it right around?

Uh-oh, I'm fallin' in love
Oh no, I'm fallin' in love again
Oh, I'm fallin' in love
I thought the plane was goin' down
How'd you turn it right around?

Uh-oh, I'm fallin' in love
Oh no, I'm fallin' in love again
Oh, I'm fallin' in love
I thought the plane was goin' down
How'd you turn it right around?

Uh-oh, I'm fallin' in love
Oh no, I'm fallin' in love again
Oh, I'm fallin' in love
I thought the plane was goin' down
How'd you turn it right around?

SWIFT–ANTONOFF–J. SWEET–K. BEATS–SOUNWAVE, *Karma = Midnights*, Republic Records, 2022.

You're talking shit for the hell of it
Addicted to betrayal, but you're relevant
You're terrified to look down
'Cause if you dare, you'll see the glare
Of everyone you burned just to get there

It's coming back around

And I keep my side of the street clean

You wouldn't know what I mean

'Cause karma is my boyfriend

Karma is a god

Karma is the breeze in my hair on the weekend

Karma's a relaxing thought

Aren't you envious that for you it's not?

Sweet like honey, karma is a cat

Purring in my lap 'cause it loves me

Flexing like a goddamn acrobat

Me and karma vibe like that

Spiderboy, king of thieves

Weave your little webs of opacity

My pennies made your crown

Trick me once, trick me twice

Don't you know that cash ain't the only price?

It's coming back around

And I keep my side of the street clean

You wouldn't know what I mean

'Cause karma is my boyfriend

Karma is a god

Karma is the breeze in my hair on the weekend

Karma's a relaxing thought

Aren't you envious that for you it's not?

Sweet like honey, karma is a cat

Purring in my lap 'cause it loves me

Flexing like a goddamn acrobat

Me and karma vibe like that

Ask me what I learned from all those years
Ask me what I earned from all those tears
Ask me why so many fade, but I'm still here
(I'm still here, I'm still here)

'Cause karma is the thunder
Rattling your ground
Karma's on your scent like a bounty hunter
Karma's gonna track you down
Step by step, from town to town
Sweet like justice, karma is a queen
Karma takes all my friends to the summit
Karma is the guy on the screen
Coming straight home to me

'Cause karma is my boyfriend (Karma is my boyfriend)
Karma is a god
Karma is the breeze in my hair on the weekend (Weekend)

Karma's a relaxing thought

Aren't you envious that for you it's not?

Sweet like honey, karma is a cat
Purring in my lap 'cause it loves me
Flexing like a goddamn acrobat
Me and karma vibe like that

Karma is my boyfriend
Karma is a god (Ah)
Uh-huh, mm
Karma's a relaxing thought

SWIFT–DESSNER, *Cassandra* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

I was in my new house placing daydreams
Patching up the crack along the wall
I pass it and lose track of what I'm saying
'Cause that's where I was when I got the call

When the first stone's thrown, there's screamin'
In the streets, there's a raging riot
When it's "Burn the bitch," they're shrieking
When the truth comes out, it's quiet

So, they killed Cassandra first 'cause she feared the worst
And tried to tell the town
So they filled my cell with snakes, I regret to say
Do you believe me now?

I was in my tower weaving nightmares
Twisting all my smiles into snarls
They say, "What doesn't kill you makes you aware"
What happens if it becomes who you are?

So, they killed Cassandra first 'cause she feared the worst
And tried to tell the town
So they set my life in flames, I regret to say
Do you believe me now?

They knew, they knew, they knew the whole time
That I was onto somethin'
The family, the pure greed, the Christian chorus line
They all said nothin'
Blood's thick, but nothin' like a payroll
Bet they never spared a prayer for my soul
You can mark my words that I said it first
In a mourning warning, no one heard

I patched up the crack along the wall
I pass it and lose track of what I'm saying
'Cause that's where I was when I lost it all

So, they killed Cassandra first 'cause she feared the worst
And tried to tell the town
So they filled my cell with snakes, I regret to say
Do you believe me now?

Ah, ah, ah
I was onto somethin'
Ah, ah
They all said nothin'
Blood's thick but nothin' like a payroll
Bet they never spared a prayer for my soul
You can mark my words that I said it first
In a mourning warning, no one heard
No one heard, not a single word was heard

When the first stone's thrown, there's screamin'
In the streets, there's a raging riot
When it's "Burn the bitch," they're shrieking
When the truth comes out, it's quiet
It's so quiet

SWIFT-ANTONOFF, *Mastermind = Midnights*, Republic Records, 2022.

Once upon a time, the planets and the fates
And all the stars aligned
You and I ended up in the same room
At the same time

And the touch of a hand lit the fuse

Of a chain reaction of countermoves
To assess the equation of you
Checkmate, I couldn't lose

What if I told you none of it was accidental?
And the first night that you saw me
Nothing was gonna stop me
I laid the groundwork, and then
Just like clockwork
The dominoes cascaded in a line
What if I told you I'm a mastermind?
And now you're mine
It was all by design
'Cause I'm a mastermind

You see, all the wisest women
Had to do it this way
'Cause we were born to be the pawn
In every lover's game

If you fail to plan, you plan to fail
Strategy sets the scene for the tale
I'm the wind in our free-flowing sails
And the liquor in our cocktails

What if I told you none of it was accidental?
And the first night that you saw me
I knew I wanted your body
I laid the groundwork, and then
Just like clockwork
The dominoes cascaded in a line
What if I told you I'm a mastermind?
And now you're mine
It was all my design

'Cause I'm a mastermind

No one wanted to play with me as a little kid
So I've been scheming like a criminal ever since
To make them love me and make it seem effortless
This is the first time I've felt the need to confess
And I swear

I'm only cryptic and Machiavellian

'Cause I care

So I told you none of it was accidental
And the first night that you saw me
Nothing was gonna stop me
I laid the groundwork, and then
Saw a wide smirk on your face
You knew the entire time
You knew that I'm a mastermind
And now you're mine
Yeah, all you did was smile
'Cause I'm a mastermind

SWIFT–DESSNER, *The Prophecy* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*, Republic Records, 2024.

Two, one, two, three, four

Hand on the throttle
Thought I caught lightning in a bottle
Oh, but it's gone again
And it was written
I got cursed like Eve got bitten
Oh, was it punishment?
Pad around when I get home
I guess a lesser woman would've lost hope

A greater woman wouldn't beg
But I looked to the sky and said

**"Please
I've been on my knees
Change the prophecy
Don't want money
Just someone who wants my company
Let it once be me
Who do I have to speak to
About if they can redo the prophecy?"**

Cards on the table
Mine play out like fools in a fable
Oh, it was sinking in (Sinking in, oh)
Slow is the quicksand
Poison blood from the wound of the pricked hand
Oh, still I dream of him

**Please
I've been on my knees
Change the prophecy
Don't want money
Just someone who wants my company
Let it once be me
Who do I have to speak to
About if they can redo the prophecy?**

And I sound like an infant
Feeling like the very last drops of an ink pen
A greater woman stays cool
But I howl like a wolf at the moon
And I look unstable
Gathered with a coven 'round a sorceress' table

A greater woman has faith
But even statues crumble if they're made to wait
I'm so afraid I sealed my fate
No sign of soulmates
I'm just a paperweight in shades of greige
Spending my last coin so someone will tell me it'll be okay
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Please

I've been on my knees

Change the prophecy

Don't want money

Just someone who wants my company

Let it once be me

Who do I have to speak to

About if they can redo the prophecy?

Who do I have to speak to

To change the prophecy?

Hand on the throttle
Thought I caught lightning in a bottle
Oh, but it's gone again
Pad around when I get home
I guess a lesser woman would've lost hope
A greater woman wouldn't beg
But I looked to the sky and said ("Please")

SWIFT–ANTONOFF, *Guilty as Sin?* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*, Republic
Records, 2024.

Drownin' 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 crackin' locks
Throwin' my life to the wolves or the ocean rocks
Crashin' 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 fallin' 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 touchin' 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, takin' 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 fallin' back into the hedge maze
Oh, what a way to die
My bed sheets are ablaze
I've screamed his name
Buildin' up like waves crashin' over my grave
Without ever touchin' 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

What if he's written "mine" on my upper thigh only in my mind?

One slip and fallin' 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 touchin' his skin

How can I be guilty as sin?

He sent me "Downtown Lights"

I hadn't heard it in a while

Am I allowed to cry?

SWIFT–DESSNER, *The Smallest Man Who Ever Lived* = *THE TORTURED POETS*
DEPARTMENT, Republic Records, 2024.

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 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?

Were you sent by someone who wanted me dead?
Did you sleep with a gun underneath our bed?
Were you writin' a book? Were you a sleeper cell spy?
In fifty 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

SWIFT, *The Manuscript* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT: THE ANTHOLOGY*,
Republic Records, 2024.

Now and then, she rereads the manuscript

Of the entire torrid affair

They compared their licenses

He said, "I'm not a donor but

I'd give you my heart if you needed it"

She rolled her eyes and said

"You're a professional"

He said, "No, just a good samaritan"

He said that if the sex was half as good as the conversation was

Soon, they'd be pushin' strollers

But, soon, it was over

In the age of him, she wished she was thirty

And made coffee every morning in a French press

Afterwards, she only ate kids' cereal

And couldn't sleep unless it was in her mother's bed

Then she dated boys who were her own age

With dart boards on the backs of their doors

She thought about how he said since she was so wise beyond her years

Everything had been above board

She wasn't sure

And the years passed like scenes of a show

The professor said to write what you know

Lookin' backwards might be the only way to move forward

Then the actors were hitting their marks

And the slow dance was alight with the sparks

And the tears fell in synchronicity with the score

And at last, she knew what the agony had been for

The only thing that's left is the manuscript
One last souvenir from my trip to your shores
Now and then, I reread the manuscript
But the story isn't mine anymore

SWIFT, *Begin Again (Taylor's Version) = Red (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2021.

Took a deep breath in the mirror
He didn't like it when I wore high heels, but I do
Turn the lock and put my headphones on
He always said he didn't get this song, but I do, I do

I walked in, expectin' you'd be late
But you got here early and you stand and wave, I walk to you
You pull my chair out and help me in
And you don't know how nice that is, but I do

And you throw your head back laughin' like a little kid
I think it's strange that you think I'm funny 'cause he never did
I've been spendin' the last eight months
Thinkin' all love ever does is break and burn and end
But on a Wednesday in a café, I watched it begin again

**You said you never met one girl who
Had as many James Taylor records as you, but I do**
We tell stories and you don't know why
I'm comin' off a little shy, but I do

But you throw your head back laughin' like a little kid
I think it's strange that you think I'm funny 'cause he never did
I've been spendin' the last eight months
Thinkin' all love ever does is break and burn and end
But on a Wednesday in a café, I watched it begin again

And we walked down the block to my car
And I almost brought him up
But you start to talk about the movies
That your family watches every single Christmas
And I wanna talk about that
And for the first time, what's past is past

'Cause you throw your head back laughin' like a little kid
I think it's strange that you think I'm funny 'cause he never did
I've been spendin' the last eight months
Thinkin' all love ever does is break and burn and end
But on a Wednesday in a café, I watched it begin again

On a Wednesday in a café, I watched it begin again

SWIFT–DESSNER, *Clara Bow* = *THE TORTURED POETS DEPARTMENT*, Republic Records, 2024.

**"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 wanna say..."

"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
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 lovin' it
You've got edge, she never did
The future's bright, dazzling"**

SWIFT–DESSNER, *the last great american dynasty = folklore*, Republic Records, 2020.

Rebekah rode up on the afternoon train, it was sunny
Her saltbox house on the coast took her mind off St. Louis
Bill was the heir to the Standard Oil name and money
And the town said, "How did a middle-class divorcée do it?"
The wedding was charming, if a little gauche
There's only so far new money goes
They picked out a home and called it "Holiday House"
Their parties were tasteful, if a little loud
The doctor had told him to settle down
It must have been her fault his heart gave out

And they said
"There goes the last great American dynasty
Who knows, if she never showed up, what could've been
There goes the maddest woman this town has ever seen
She had a marvelous time ruining everything"

Rebekah gave up on the Rhode Island set forever
Flew in all her Bitch Pack friends from the city
Filled the pool with champagne and swam with the big names
And blew through the money on the boys and the ballet
And losing on card game bets with Dalí

And they said
"There goes the last great American dynasty
Who knows, if she never showed up, what could've been
There goes the most shameless woman this town has ever seen
She had a marvelous time ruining everything"

They say she was seen on occasion
Pacing the rocks, staring out at the midnight sea
And in a feud with her neighbor
She stole his dog and dyed it key lime green
Fifty years is a long time

Holiday House sat quietly on that beach
Free of women with madness, their men and bad habits
And then it was bought by me

Who knows, if I never showed up, what could've been
There goes the loudest woman this town has ever seen
I had a marvelous time ruining everything

I had a marvelous time ruining everything
A marvelous time ruining everything
A marvelous time
I had a marvelous time

SWIFT, *Carolina*, Republic Records, 2022.

Oh, Carolina creeks running through my veins
Lost I was born, lonesome I came
Lonesome I'll always stay
Carolina knows why, for years, I roam
Free as these birds, light as whispers
Carolina knows

And you didn't see me here
No, they never did see me here
And she's in my dreams

Into the mist, into the clouds
Don't leave
I make a fist, I'll make it count
And there are places I will never, ever go
And things that only Carolina will ever know

Carolina stains on the dress she left
Indelible scars, pivotal marks

Blue as the life she fled
Carolina pines, won't you cover me?
Hide me like robes down the back road
Muddy these webs we weave

And you didn't see me here
Oh, they never did see me
And she's in my dreams

Into the mist, into the clouds
Don't leave
I make a fist, I'll make it count
And there are places I will never, ever go
And things that only Carolina will ever know

And you didn't see me here
They never did see me here
No, you didn't see me here
They never saw me

**Oh, Carolina knows why for years they've said
That I was guilty as sin and sleep in a liar's bed
But the sleep comes fast and I'll meet no ghosts
It's between me, the sand, and the sea
Carolina knows**

SWIFT, *Eyes Open (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2023.

Everybody's waitin'
Everybody's watchin'
Even when you're sleepin'
Keep your eyes open

The tricky thing

Is yesterday, we were just children
Playing soldiers, just pretending
Dreaming dreams with happy endings
In backyards
Winning battles with our wooden swords
But now we've stepped into a cruel world
Where everybody stands and keeps score

(Keep your eyes open)

Everybody's waitin' for you to break down
Everybody's watchin' to see the fallout
Even when you're sleepin', sleepin'
Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open
Keep your eyes open

So here you are
Two steps ahead and stayin' on guard
Every lesson forms a new scar
They never thought you'd make it this far
But turn around (Turn around)
Oh, they've surrounded you, it's a showdown (Showdown)
And nobody comes to save you now
But you got somethin' they don't
Yeah, you got somethin' they don't

You just gotta keep your eyes open

Everybody's waitin' for you to break down
Everybody's watchin' to see the fallout
Even when you're sleepin', sleepin'
Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes

Keep your feet ready, heartbeat steady

Keep your eyes open

Keep your aim locked, the night goes dark

Keep your eyes open

(Keep your eyes open)

(Keep your eyes open)

(Keep your eyes open)

(Keep your eyes open)

Everybody's waitin' for you to break down

Everybody's watchin' to see the fallout

Even when you're sleepin', sleepin'

Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open

Keep your eyes open

SWIFT–J. WILLIAMS–J. P. WHITE–B. T. BURNETT, *Safe & Sound (Taylor's Version)*, Republic Records, 2022.

I remember tears streaming down your face when I said, "I'll never let you go"

When all those shadows almost killed your light

I remember you said, "Don't leave me here alone"

But all that's dead and gone and passed tonight

Just close your eyes

The sun is going down

You'll be alright

No one can hurt you now
Come morning light
You and I'll be safe and sound

Don't you dare look out your window, darlin', everything's on fire
The war outside our door keeps ragin' on
Hold on to this lullaby
Even when the music's gone, gone

Just close your eyes
The sun is going down
You'll be alright
No one can hurt you now
Come morning light
You and I'll be safe and sound

Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Oh (Oh)
Oh (Oh)
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Oh
Oh

Just close your eyes
You'll be alright
Come morning light
You and I'll be safe and sound

Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh