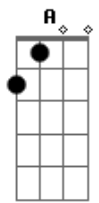


Taylor Swift - The Lakes

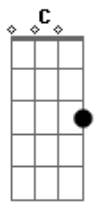
tom:
 Is it romantic how all my elegies
 Eulogize me?
 I'm not cut out for all these cynical clones
 These hunters with cell phones
 Take me to the Lakes
 Where all the poets went to die
 I don't belong
 And, my beloved, neither do you
 Those Windermere peaks
 Look like a perfect place to cry
 I'm setting 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 name-dropping 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

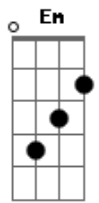
Acordes



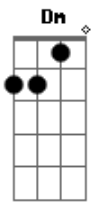
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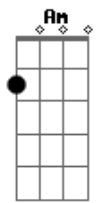
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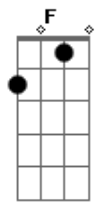
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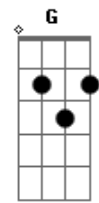
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