

# Taylor Swift, Fresh Out the Slammer

Taylor Swift prezentuje piosenkę "Fresh Out the Slammer" z płyty "The Tortured Poets Department"

Now, pretty baby, I'm runnin' back home to you  
Fresh out the slammer, I know who my first call will be to  
Fresh out the slammer, oh

Another summer, takin' cover  
Rollin' thunder, he don't understand me  
Splintered back in winter, silent dinners, bitter  
He was with her in dreams  
Gray and blue and fights and tunnels  
Handcuffed to the spell I was under  
For just one hour of sunshine  
Years of labor, locks and ceilings  
In the shade of how he was feelin'  
But it's gonna be alright, I did my time

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

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