

Taylor Swift, I Hate It Here

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 debutant
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

