

Taylor Swift, Beautiful Ghosts

follow me home
if you dare to
i wouldn't know
where to lead you

should I take chances?
when no one took chances on me
so I watch from the dark
wait for my life to start
whit no beauty in my memory

all that I wanted
was to be wanted
too young to wander
London streets alone and haunted
born into nothing
at least you have something
something to cling to
visions of dazzling rooms
I'll never get let into
and the memories
were lost long ago
but at least you have beautiful ghosts

perilous nights
their voices calling
a flicker of light
before the dawning

out here the wild ones
are taming the fear within me
scared to call them my friends
and be broken again
is this hope
just a mystical dream?

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and so maybe my home
isn't what I had known
what I thought it would be
but I feel so alive
whit these phantoms of night
and I know that this life isn't safe
but it's wild and it's free

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and the memories
were lost long ago
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