

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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Fresh out the slammer, I know who my first call will be to
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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