

Taylor Swift, I Can Fix Him (No Really I Can)

Taylor Swift prezentuje piosenkę "I Can Fix Him (No Really I Can)" z płyty "The Tortured Poets De

The smoke cloud billows out his mouth
Like a freight train through a small town
The jokes that he told across the bar
Were revolting and far too loud

They shake their heads, saying, "God help her" when I
Tell 'em he's my man
But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a finger
I can fix him, no really I can
And only I can

The dopamine races through his brain
On a six-lane Texas highway
His hand, so calloused from his pistol
Softly traces hearts on my face
And I could see it from a mile away
A perfect case for my certain skillset
He had a halo of the highest grade
He just hadn't met me yet

They shake their heads, saying, "God help her" when I
Tell 'em he's my man
But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a finger
I can fix him, no really I can
And only I can

Good boy, that's right
Come close, I'll show you heaven
If you'll be an angel all night
Trust me, I can handle me a dangerous man
No really I can

They shook their heads, saying, "God help her" when I
Told 'em he's my man (I told 'em he's my man)
But your good Lord didn't need to lift a finger
I can fix him, no really I can (No really I can)

Whoa, maybe I can't