

Taylor Swift, Sweet Nothing

I spy with my little tired eye
Tiny as a firefly
A pebble that we picked up last July
Down deep inside your pocket
We almost forgot it
Does it ever miss Wicklow sometimes?
Ooh
Ooh

They said the end is coming
Everyone's up to something
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings

Outside, they're push and shoving
You're in the kitchen humming
All that you ever wanted from me was
Sweet nothing

On the way home
I wrote a poem
You say, "What a mind"
This happens all the time
Ooh
Ooh

'Cause they said the end is coming
Everyone's up to something
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings

Outside they're push and shoving
You're in the kitchen humming
All that you ever wanted from me was
Nothing

Industry disrupters and soul deconstructors
And smooth-talking hucksters
Out glad-handing each other
And the voices that implore
"You should be doing more"
To you I can admit
That I'm just too soft for all of it
Ooh

They said the end is coming
Everyone's up to something
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings

Outside, they're push and shoving
You're in the kitchen humming
All that you ever wanted from me was
Sweet nothing

They said the end is coming (They said the end is coming)
Everyone's up to something (Everyone's up to something)
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings

Outside, they're push and shoving (Outside, they're push and shoving)
You're in the kitchen humming (You're in the kitchen humming)
All that you ever wanted from me was
Sweet nothing

