

# 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

