

illicit affairs

Taylor Swift

Make sure nobody sees you leave
Hood over your head
Keep your eyes down
Tell your friends you're out for a run
You'll be flushed when you return
Take the road less traveled by
Tell yourself you can always stop
What started in beautiful rooms
Ends with meetings in parking lots
And that's the thing about illicit affairs
And clandestine meetings
And longing stares
It's born from just one single glance
But it dies and it dies and it dies
...a million little times
Leave the perfume on the shelf
That you picked out just for him
So you leave no trace behind
Like you don't even exist
Take the words for what they are
A dwindling, mercurial high
A drug that only worked
The first few hundred times
And that's the thing about illicit affairs
And clandestine meetings
And stolen stares
They show their truth one single time
But they lie and they lie and they lie
...a million little times
And you wanna scream
Don't call me kid
Don't call me baby
Look at this godforsaken mess that you made me
You showed me colors you know I can't see with anyone else
Don't call me kid
Don't call me baby
Look at this idiotic fool that you made me
You taught me a secret language I can't speak with anyone else
And you know damn well
For you I would ruin myself
...a million little times

