

Mandolin

Taylor Swift

He's got a nice little life
He's gonna live it, but on
Friday nights he plays that mandolin
Painted red, and he said
It's not the best I know
But it's mine, I'm gonna make it mine

People there can't help but care
About the friendly music of a guy
Who's getting by from their applause
He's got a song that moves along
He's got his local crowd tonight
At Angelina's family bar and grill

He's got his heart on his sleeve
The songs he plays just living free
But who knows what goes through his mind
When he plays a song it brings along
Everybody saying
Who's that guy who plays the mandolin... mandolin
Oh yeah, mandolin

Got a car, got a scar
Like everyone he's got a few but
Everybody loves that mandolin
Got his problems, bills to pay
Somehow that boy finds a way
Through paychecks in tip jars, yeah

He's got his heart on his sleeve
The songs he plays just living free
But who knows what goes through his mind
When he plays a song it brings along
Everybody saying
Who's that guy who plays the mandolin... mandolin
Oh yeah, mandolin

Oh he's the kind of guy
Who never really wanted fame
His feet are planted firmly on the ground
He never wanted people to remember his name
He never wanted word to get around
That he found heaven on earth

He's got his heart on his sleeve
The songs he plays just living free
But who knows what goes through his mind
When he plays a song it brings along
Everybody saying
Who's that guy who plays the mandolin
Oh, I'm the guy who plays the mandolin
Mandolin
Oh, mandolin