

The Manuscript

Taylor Swift

Now and then she rereads the manuscript
Of the entire torrid affair
They compared their licenses
He said, "I'm not a donor but
I'd give you my heart if you needed it"
She rolled her eyes and said
"You're a professional"
He said, "No, just a good samaritan"
He said that if the sex was half as good as the conversation was
Soon they'd be pushin' strollers
But soon it was over

In the age of him, she wished she was thirty
And made coffee every morning in a French press
Afterwards she only ate kids' cereal
And couldn't sleep unless it was in her mother's bed
Then she dated boys who were her own age
With dart boards on the backs of their doors
She thought about how he said since she was so wise beyond her
years
Everything had been above board
She wasn't sure

And the years passed
Like scenes of a show
The Professor said to write what you know
Lookin' backwards
Might be the only way to move forward
Then the actors
Were hitting their marks
And the slow dance
Was alight with the sparks
And the tears fell
In synchronicity with the score
And at last
She knew what the agony had been for

The only thing that's left is the manuscript
One last souvenir from my trip to your shores
Now and then I reread the manuscript
But the story isn't mine anymore