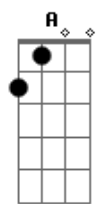


# Taylor Swift - The Lakes

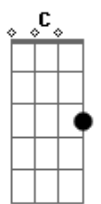
tom:  
 Is it romantic how all my elegies  
 Eulogize me?  
 I'm not cut out for all these cynical clones  
 These hunters with cell phones  
 Take me to the Lakes  
 Where all the poets went to die  
 I don't belong  
 And, my beloved, neither do you  
 Those Windermere peaks  
 Look like a perfect place to cry  
 I'm setting off  
 But not without my muse  
 What should be over  
 Burrowed under my skin  
 In heart-stopping waves of hurt  
 I've come too far to watch some name-dropping sleaze  
 Tell me what are my words worth  
 Take me to the Lakes  
 Where all the poets went to die  
 I don't belong  
 And, my beloved, neither do you

Those Windermere peaks  
 Look like a perfect place to cry  
 I'm setting off  
 But not without my muse  
 I want auroras and sad prose  
 I want to watch wisteria grow  
 Right over my bare feet  
 'Cause I haven't moved in years  
 And I want you right here  
 A red rose grew up out of ice frozen ground  
 With no one around to tweet it  
 While I bathe in cliffside pools  
 With my calamitous love and insurmountable grief  
 Take me to the Lakes  
 Where all the poets went to die  
 I don't belong  
 And, my beloved, neither do you  
 Those Windermere peaks  
 Look like a perfect place to cry  
 I'm setting off  
 But not without my muse  
 No, not without you

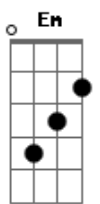
## Acordes



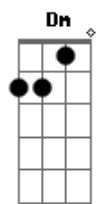
© ukulele-chords.com



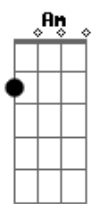
© ukulele-chords.com



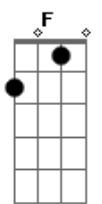
© ukulele-chords.com



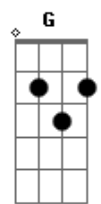
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com