Mean

Taylor Swift

You, with your words like knives
And swords and weapons
That you use against me,
You, have knocked me
Off my feet again,
Got me feeling like IÂ’m nothing
You, with your voice
Like nails on a chalkboard
Calling me out when IÂ’m wounded
You, pickinÂ’ on the weaker man

Well you can take me down,
With just one single blow
But you donÂ’t know,
What you donÂ’t know...

Someday,
IÂ’ll be living in a big old city,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Someday,
IÂ’ll be big enough so you canÂ’t hit me,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Why you gotta be so mean?

You, with your switching sides,
And your walk by lies
And your humiliation
You, have pointed out my flaws again,
As if I donÂ’t already see them
I walk with my head down,
Trying to block you out cause
IÂ’ll never impress you
I just wanna feel okay again...

I bet you got pushed around,
Somebody made you cold,
But the cycle ends right now,
You canÂ’t lead me down that road,
You donÂ’t know, what you donÂ’t know...

Someday,
IÂ’ll be, living in a big old city,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Someday,
IÂ’ll be big enough so you canÂ’t hit me,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Why you gotta be so mean?

And I can see you years from now in a bar,
Talking over a football game,
With that same big loud opinion but,
NobodyÂ’s listening,
Washed up and ranting about
The same old bitter things,
Drunk and grumbling on about how
I canÂ’t sing...

But all you are is mean,
All you are is mean.
And a liar, and pathetic,
And alone in life,
And mean, and mean,
And mean, and mean...

But someday,
IÂ’ll be, living in a big old city,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean...Yeah!
Someday,
IÂ’ll be big enough so you canÂ’t hit me,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Why you gotta be so ?
Someday,
IÂ’ll be, living in a big old city,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean...Yeah!
Someday,
IÂ’ll be big enough so you canÂ’t hit me,
And all youÂ’re ever gonna be is mean
Why you gotta be so mean?

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