

Taylor Swift, Mean

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 a nothing,
You, with your voice like nails on a chalkboard
calling me out when I'm wounded,
You, picking on the weaker man.

Well you can take me down
with just one single blow,
But you don't know
what you don't know.

Someday, I'll be living in a big old city,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Someday, I'll be big enough so you can't hit me,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Why you gotta be so mean?

You, with your switching sides
and your wildfire lies and your humiliation,
You, have pointed out my flaws again,
as if I don't already see them,
I walk with my head down
trying to block you out
'cause I'll never impress you,
I just wanna feel okay again.

I'll bet you got pushed around,
somebody made you cold,
But the cycle ends right now
'cause you can't lead me down that road.
And you don't know
what you don't know

Someday, I'll be living in a big old city,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Someday, I'll be big enough so you can't hit me,
And all you'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 the same big loud opinion
But nobody's listening,
Washed up and ranting
about the same old bitter things,

Drunk and grumbling on
about how I can'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.

But someday, I'll be living in a big old city,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Yeah, yeah
Someday, I'll be big enough so you can't hit me,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.

Why you gotta be so mean?

Someday, I'll be living in a big old city,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Why you gotta be so mean?

Someday, I'll be big enough so you can't hit me,
And all you're ever gonna be is mean.
Why you gotta be so mean?