

# illicit affairs

## Taylor Swift

Make sure nobody sees you leave  
Hood over your head  
Keep your eyes down  
Tell your friends you're out for a run  
You'll be flushed when you return  
Take the road less traveled by  
Tell yourself you can always stop  
What started in beautiful rooms  
Ends with meetings in parking lots  
And that's the thing about illicit affairs  
And clandestine meetings  
And longing stares  
It's born from just one single glance  
But it dies and it dies and it dies  
...a million little times  
Leave the perfume on the shelf  
That you picked out just for him  
So you leave no trace behind  
Like you don't even exist  
Take the words for what they are  
A dwindling, mercurial high  
A drug that only worked  
The first few hundred times  
And that's the thing about illicit affairs  
And clandestine meetings  
And stolen stares  
They show their truth one single time  
But they lie and they lie and they lie  
...a million little times  
And you wanna scream  
Don't call me kid  
Don't call me baby  
Look at this godforsaken mess that you made me  
You showed me colors you know I can't see with anyone else  
Don't call me kid  
Don't call me baby  
Look at this idiotic fool that you made me  
You taught me a secret language I can't speak with anyone else  
And you know damn well  
For you I would ruin myself  
...a million little times

