

# Writer In the Dark

Lorde

Break the news — you're walking out  
To be a good man for someone else  
Sorry I was never good like you  
Stood on my chest and kept me down  
Hated hearing my name on the lips of a crowd  
Did my best to exist just for you  
Bet you rue the day you kissed a writer in the dark  
Bet you rue the day you kissed a writer in the dark  
Now she's gonna play and sing and lock you in her heart  
Bet you rue the day you kissed a writer in the dark  
I am my mother's child, I'll love you 'til my  
breathing stops  
I'll love you 'til you call the cops on me  
But in our darkest hours, I stumbled on a secret power  
I'll find a way to be without you, babe  
I still feel you, now and then  
Slow like pseudo-ephedrine  
When you see me, will you say I've changed?  
I ride the subway, read the signs  
I let the seasons change my mind  
I love it here since I've stopped needing you  
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