

# Cruel Summer – Taylor Swift

Fever dream high in the quiet of the night  
You know that I caught it  
Bad, bad boy, shiny toy with a price  
You know that I bought it

Killing me slow, out the window  
I'm always waiting for you to be waiting below  
Devils roll the dice, angels roll their eyes  
What doesn't kill me makes me want you more

And it's new  
The shape of your body  
It's blue  
The feeling I've got  
And it's ooh, whoa-oh  
It's a cruel summer  
It's cool  
That's what I tell 'em  
No rules  
In breakable heaven  
But ooh, whoa-oh  
It's a cruel summer  
With you

Hang your head low in the glow  
Of the vending machine, I'm not dying  
You say that we'll just screw it up  
In these trying times, we're not trying

So cut the headlights, summer's a knife  
I'm always waiting for you just to cut to the bone  
Devils roll the dice, angels roll their eyes  
And if I bleed, you'll be the last to know

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I'm drunk in the back of the car  
And I cried like a baby  
Coming home from the bar  
Said "I'm fine" but it wasn't true  
I don't wanna keep secrets just to keep you  
And I snuck in through the garden gate  
Every night that summer just to seal my fate  
And I screamed for whatever it's worth  
"I love you"  
Ain't that the worst thing you ever heard?

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Słowa: Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff, Annie Clark  
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