Cognitive Stylistic Analysis Data

I Can Do It With a Broken Heart

Taylor Swift

I can read your mind
"She's having the time of her life"
There in her glittering prime
The lights refract sequined stars off her silhouette every night
I can show you lies (one, two, three, four)

'Cause I'm a real tough kid, I can handle my shit
They said, "Babe, you gotta fake it 'til you make it" and I did
Lights, camera, bitch smile, even when you wanna die
He said he'd love me all his life
But that life was too short
Breaking down, I hit the floor
All the pieces of me shattered as the crowd was chanting, "More"
I was grinning like I'm winning, I was hitting my marks
'Cause I can do it with a broken heart (one, two, three, four)

I'm so depressed, I act like it's my birthday every day
I'm so obsessed with him but he avoids me like the plague
I cry a lot but I am so productive, it's an art
You know you're good when you can even do it
With a broken heart

I can hold my breath
I've been doing it since he left
I keep finding his things in drawers
Crucial evidence, I didn't imagine the whole thing
I'm sure I can pass this test (one, two, three, four)

'Cause I'm a real tough kid, I can handle my shit
They said, "Babe, you gotta fake it 'til you make it" and I did
Lights, camera, bitch smile, in stilettos for miles
He said he'd love me for all time
But that time was quite short
Breaking down, I hit the floor
All the pieces of me shattered as the crowd was chanting, "More"
I was grinning like I'm winning, I was hitting my marks
'Cause I can do it with a broken heart (one, two, three)

I'm so depressed, I act like it's my birthday every day
I'm so obsessed with him but he avoids me like the plague (he avoids me)
I cry a lot but I am so productive, it's an art
You know you're good when you can even do it
With a broken heart

You know you're good when you can even do it
With a broken heart
You know you're good, I'm good
'Cause I'm miserable
And nobody even knows
Try and come for my job