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