

Hi, I'm Taylor. I've been alive for 20 years now, and I finally have my own kitchen. I'm very excited about this, and generally excited by anything else that falls into the "cute" or "cozy" categories. I learned to play guitar when I was twelve from this guy named Ronnie who came over to fix my parents' computer. I like quilts. But that's probably because I'm always freezing cold. I LOVE Nashville. That's where I live, when I'm lucky enough to be there. I love the town so much, I sometimes feel like I should just roll the windows down in my car (nicknamed the Toyoat. Because it's a Toyota) and scream "I LOVE THIS TOWN" loudly out the windows. That wouldn't be weird, right? Every time I try and wink at someone, I mess it up and end up scaring people. My lucky number always has been and always will be 13. It pops up in front of me in the most obvious and undeniable ways, but only when something good is about to happen. I'm a Sagittarius. I think that means I'm always looking for something new. It also means I have a Christmas-themed birthday party every year. I love bright colors and things that make reality seem more whimsical than it is. I have a collection of ribbons and headbands, and I love them all the same. I over-think and over-plan and over-organize. I've been like this since I was a baby, before I was gigantically tall and over-talkative.

These days, I've been trying to classify my thoughts into two categories: "Things I can change," and "Things I can't." It seems to help me sort through what to really stress about. But there I go again, over-planning and over-organizing my over-thinking! I write songs about my adventures and misadventures, most of which concern love. Love is a tricky business. But if it wasn't, I wouldn't be so enthralled with it. Lately I've come to a wonderful realization that makes me even more fascinated by it: I have no idea what I'm doing when it comes to love. No one does! There's no pattern to it, except that it happens to all of us, of course. I can't plan for it. I can't predict how it'll end up. Because love is unpredictable and it's frustrating and it's tragic and it's beautiful. And even though there's no way to feel like I'm an expert at it, it's worth writing songs about -- more than anything else I've ever experienced in my life.

I've apparently been the victim of growing up, which apparently happens to all of us at one point or another. It's been going on for quite some time now, without me knowing it. I've found that growing up can mean a lot of things. For me, it doesn't mean I should become somebody completely new and stop loving the things I used to love. It means I've just added more things to my list. Like for example, I'm still beyond obsessed with the winter season and I still start putting up strings of lights in September. I still love sparkles and grocery shopping and really old cats that are only nice to you half the time. I still love writing in my journal and wearing dresses all the time and staring at chandeliers. But some new things I've fallen in love with -- mismatched everything. Mismatched chairs, mismatched colors, mismatched personalities. I love spraying perfumes I used to wear when I was in high school. It brings me back to the days of trying to get a close parking spot at school, trying to get noticed by soccer players, and trying to figure out how to avoid doing or saying anything uncool, and wishing every minute of every day that one day maybe I'd get a chance to win a Grammy. Or something crazy and out of reach like that. ;) I love old buildings with the paint chipping off the walls and my dad's stories about college. I love the freedom of living alone, but I also love things that make me feel seven again. Back then naivety was the norm and skepticism was a foreign language, and I just think every once in a while you need fries and a chocolate milkshake and your mom. I love picking up a cookbook and closing my eyes and opening it to a random page, then attempting to make that recipe. I've loved my fans from the very first day, but they've said things and done things recently that make me feel like they're my friends -- more now than ever before. I'll never go a day without thinking about our memories together.

For the last two years, I've been writing and recording an album called *Speak Now*. I only have the option of writing about things that happen in my life, so thankfully a LOT has happened in my life in the last two years. I know I don't always say the right thing at the right time or speak up when I should, but I write it all down. I get my guitar and a pen and all of a sudden, I have a chance to say exactly what I meant to say in real life. Some of the things I wrote about are things everyone saw me go through. Some of the things I wrote about are things nobody ever knew about. I'm beyond excited for you to hear these stories and confessions.

I think it's important that you know that I will never change. But I'll never stay the same either. Must be a Sagittarius thing.

I'm pretty stoked that you read this whole thing. I commend you for that. This was ridiculously long, and you probably have other stuff you could've done in the last four minutes. So to you, or anyone else who has spent four minutes on me in some way-- listening to just one song, or watching one of my videos....Thank you. I love you like I love sparkles and having the last word. And that's real love.

--Taylor