

# Taylor Swift - I Can Fix Him (No Really I Can)

tom:  
 Capotraste na 2ª casa  
 The smoke cloud billows out his mouth  
 Like a freight train through a small town  
 The jokes that he told across the bar were  
 Revolting and far too loud  
 They shake their heads saying: God, help her, when I  
 Tell 'em he's my man  
 But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a finger  
 I can fix him, no, really, I can  
 And only I can  
 The dopamine races through his brain  
 On a six-lane Texas highway  
 His hands, so calloused from his pistol  
 Softly traces hearts on my face  
 And I could see it from a mile away  
 A perfect case for my certain skill set

He had a halo of the highest grad?  
 He just hadn't met me y?t  
 They shake their heads saying: God, help her, when I  
 Tell 'em he's my man  
 But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a finger  
 I can fix him, no, really, I can  
 And only I can  
 Good boy, that's right, come close  
 I'll show you heaven if you'll be an angel  
 All mine  
 Trust me, I can handle me a dangerous man  
 No, really, I can  
 They shake their heads saying: God, help her, when I  
 Tell 'em he's my man (I told them he's my man)  
 But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a finger  
 I can fix him, no, really, I can (no, really, I can)  
 Woah, maybe I can't

## Acordes

