

# Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

tom:  
C [Primeira Parte]

C You left your typewriter at my apartment  
F Straight from the tortured poets department  
C I think some things I never say

"Like who uses typewriters anyway?"  
Am But you're in self-sabotage mode  
C Throwing spikes down on the road  
F But I've seen this episode

And still love the show  
Am Who else decodes you?

[Refrão]

C And who's gonna hold you?  
F Like me  
C And who's gonna know you?  
F If not me

I laughed in your face and said  
G "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith"  
C This ain't the Chelsea Hotel

We'r? modern idiots"  
Am And who's gonna hold you?  
C Like me  
F No, nobody  
C No-fucking-body  
F Nobody

[Segunda Parte]

C You smok?d then ate seven bars of chocolate  
F We declared Charlie Puth

Should be a bigger artist  
C I scratch your head, you fall asleep

Like a tattooed golden retriever  
Am But you awaken with dread

Pounding nails in your head  
C But I've read this one where you come undone  
Am I chose this cyclone with you

[Refrão]

C And who's gonna hold you?  
F Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)  
C

And who's gonna know you? (Who's gonna hold you?)  
F Like me

I laughed in your face and said  
Am "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith"  
C This ain't the Chelsea Hotel

We'r? modern idiots"  
Am And who's gonna hold you?  
C Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)  
F No, nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)  
C No-fucking-body (Who's gonna hold you?)  
F Nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)

[Ponte]

C Sometimes I wonder if you're  
Gonna screw this up with me  
F But you told Lucy you'd kill  
Yourself if I ever leave  
C And I had said that to Jack

About you so I felt seen  
F Everyone we know understands

Why it's meant to be  
C Because we're crazy  
C So tell me

F Who else is gonna know me?  
Am At dinner you take my ring off my  
G Middle finger and put it on the  
C One people put wedding rings on  
Am And that's the closest I've come  
G To my heart exploding

[Refrão]

C Who's gonna hold you? Me  
F Who's gonna know you? Me  
Am "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith"  
C This ain't the Chelsea Hotel

We'r? modern idiots"  
Am Who's gonna hold you?  
C Who's gonna hold you?  
Who's gonna hold you?  
Who's gonna hold you?  
F Who's gonna hold you?  
C

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

Gonna know you?

Gonna troll you?

[Final]

Am G  
You left your typewriter at my apartment

C F  
Straight from the tortured poets department

Am G C F C F  
Who else decodes you?

## Acordes

