

Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

tom:
[Primeira Parte]

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

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

And still love the show
Who else decodes you?

[Refrão]

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

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

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

[Segunda Parte]

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

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

Like a tattooed golden retriever
But you awaken with dread

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

[Refrão]

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

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

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

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

[Ponte]

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

About you so I felt seen
Everyone we know understands

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

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

[Refrão]

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

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

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?

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

