

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

