

Taylor Swift - I Can Do It With a Broken Heart

tom C	n: [Primeira Parte]	I keep finding his things in drawer: F Crucial evidence
C F		I didn't imagine the whole thing
I can read your mind		C F I'm sure I can pass this test
"She's having the time of her life"		(One, two, three, four)
There in her glittering prime		
The lights refract sequin stars	off her	[Pré-Refrão]
Silhouette every night		Am 'Cause I'm a real tough kid
F I can show you lies		F I can handle my shit
(One, two, three, four)		They said, "Babe, you gotta fake it
[Pré-Refrão]		'Til you make it" and I did
Am		Lights, camera, bitch, smile
'Cause I'm a real tough kid		In stilettos for miles
I can handle my shit		Am He said he'd love me for all time
They said, "Babe, you gotta fak	ke it	But that time was quite short
'Til you make it" and I did		F Breaking down, I hit the floor
Lights, camera, bitch, smile		All the pi?ces of me shatter?d as the
Even when you wanna die		Crowd was chanting, "More"
He said he'd love me all his li	ife	I was grinnin' like I'm winnin'
But that life was too short		G
eaking down, I hit the floor		I was hittin' my marks
All the pi?ces of me shatter?d	as the	'Cause I can do it with a broken hear
Crowd was chanting, "More"		(One, two, three, four)
I was grinnin' like I'm winnin'		[Refrão]
G I was hittin' my marks		F I'm so depressed, I act like it's my
'Cause I can do it with a broke	<mark>C</mark> en heart	<mark>G C</mark> Birthday every day
(One, two, three, four)		F I'm so obsessed with him
[Refrão]		G But he avoids me like the plague
F I'm so depressed, I act like it	r's my	F I cry a lot, but I am so productive
Birthday every day		It's an art
I'm so obsessed with him		F You know you're good when you can evel
G C But he avoids me like the plagu	ıe	<mark>G</mark> Do it with a broken heart
F I cry a lot, but I am so produc	G ctive	[Final]
It's an art		F You_know you're good when you can eve
You know you're good when you o	can even	G Do it with a broken heart
G Do it with a broken heart		F You know you're good
[Segunda Parte]		G Bb And I'm good
F		Am 'Cause I'm miserable (Haha)
I can hold my breath		F G And nobody even knows
I've been doin' it since he l	Left	Ah, try and come for my job
		, ,

Acordes

