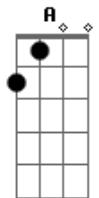


Taylor Swift - I Can Fix Him (No Really I Can)

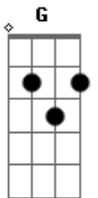
tom:
 Capotraste na 2ª casa
 The smoke cloud billows out his mouth
 Like a freight train through a small town
 The jokes that he told across the bar were
 Revolting and far too loud
 They shake their heads saying: God, help her, when I
 Tell 'em he's my man
 But your good Lord doesn't need to lift a 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

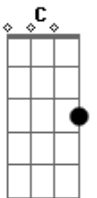
Acordes



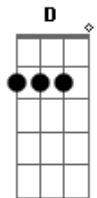
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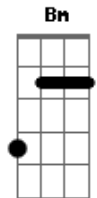
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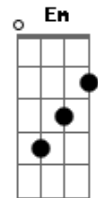
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