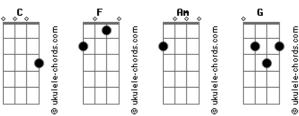


Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

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And who's gonna know you? (Who's gonna hold you?)
                                [Primeira Parte]
                                                                Like me
                                                                I laughed in your face and said
 You left your typewriter at my apartment
                                                                "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith
 Straight from the tortured poets department
                                                                This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
 I think some things I never say
                                                                We'r? modern idiots"
"Like who uses typewriters anyway?"
                                                                And who's gonna hold you?
 But you're in self-sabotage mode
                                                                Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)
Throwing spikes down on the road
                                                                No, nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)
But I've seen this episode
                                                                No-fucking-body (Who's gonna hold you?)
And still love the show
                                                                Nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)
Who else decodes you?
                                                                [Ponte]
[Refrão]
                                                                 Sometimes I wonder if you're
And who's gonna hold you?
                                                                Gonna screw this up with me
Like me
                                                                 But you told Lucy you'd kill
And who's gonna know you?
                                                                Yourself if I ever leave
If not me
                                                                 And I had said that to Jack
I laughed in your face and said
                                                                About you so I felt seen
"You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith
                                                                 Everyone we know understands
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
                                                                Why it's meant to be
We'r? modern idiots"
                                                                 Because we're crazy
And who's gonna hold you?
                                                                So tell me
Like me
                                                                Who else is gonna know me?
No, nobody
                                                                At dinner you take my ring off my
No-fucking-body
                                                                Middle finger and put it on the
Nobody
                                                                One people put wedding rings on
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                And that's the closest I've come
                                                                To my heart exploding
 You smok?d then ate seven bars of chocolate
We declared Charlie Puth
                                                                [Refrão]
Should be a bigger artist
                                                                Who's gonna hold you? Me
 I scratch your head, you fall asleep
                                                                Who's gonna know you? Me
Like a tattooed golden retriever
                                                                "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith
 But you awaken with dread
                                                                This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
Pounding nails in your head
                                                                We'r? modern idiots"
 But I've read this one where you come undone
                                                                Who's gonna hold you?
I chose this cyclone with you
                                                                Who's gonna hold you?
[Refrão]
                                                                Who's gonna hold you?
And who's gonna hold you?
                                                                Who's gonna hold you?
Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)
                                                                Who's gonna hold you?
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Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you?

Acordes



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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
Who else decodes you?
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