

Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

tom:
G

G
You left your typewriter At my apartment
C
Straight from The tortured poets department
G
I think some things I never say
Like: Who uses typewriters anyway?
Em
But you're in self-sabotage mode
Throwing spikes down on the road
But I've seen this episode And still love the show
Em D
Who else decodes you?
G C
And who's gonna hold you like me?
G C
And who's gonna know you, if not me?
Em
I laughed in your face and said
D
You're not Dylan and Thomas G
I'm not Patti Smith
C
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
We'r? modern idiots
Em D G
And who's gonna hold you like me?
C
Nobody
G
No-fucking-body
C
Nobody
(C G Em D D)
C
When the morning came
G
We were cleaning incense off your vinyl shelf
D
'Cause we lost track of time again
C
Laughing with my feet in your lap
Em D
Like you were my closest friend
C G
How'd we end up?on?the?floor, anyway?
Em
You say,"Your roommate's
D
Cheap-ass?screw top Rosé," that's how
C G D
I see you everyday now
C G
And I chose you
Em D
The one I was dancing with
C G
In New York, no shoes

Acordes

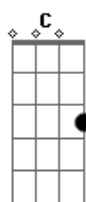
Em D
Looked up at the sky, and it was
C
The burgundy on my T-shirt
G
When you splashed your wine onto me
Em
And how the blood rushed into my cheeks
D
So scarlet, it was
C
The mark you saw on my collarbon?
G
The rust that grew between t?lephones
Em
The lips I used to call "home"
D C G Em D
So scarlet, it was maroon
G
Sometimes, I wonder if you're
Gonna screw this up with me
C
But you told Lucy you'd
Kill yourself if I ever leave
G
And I had said that to Jack
About you, so I felt seen
C
Everyone we know understands
Why it's meant to be (oh)
G C
'Cause we're crazy
So tell me
G C
Who else is gonna know me?
Em
At dinner
D
You take my ring off my middle finger
G
And put it on the one
C
People put wedding rings on
Em
And that's the closest
D
I've come to my heart exploding
C G
And I awake, with your memory over me
Em. D
That's a real fucking legacy, legacy
C.
Awake with your memory over me
Em. D
That's a real fucking legacy to leave
C
The burgundy on my T-shirt
G
When you splashed your wine onto me
Em
And how the blood rushed into my cheeks
D.
So scarlet, it was maroon



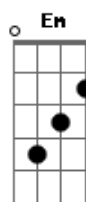
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