Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

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                 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
                                 C
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                   Em
We were  cleaning incense off your vinyl shelf
                           D
'Cause we lost track of time again
C                            G
  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
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Acordes

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              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.                      G
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.           C  G  Em  D
So scarlet, it was maroon
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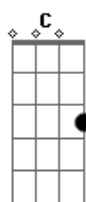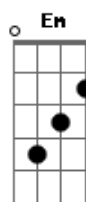
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