

## **Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department**

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

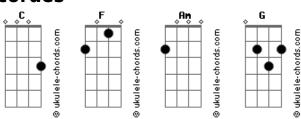
Who's gonna hold you,

Gonna know you, gonna hold you?

[Final]

Am G
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## **Acordes**



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You left your typewriter

At my apartment
C
Straight from
F
The tortured poets department
Am G C
Who else decodes you? (Ooh-ooh)
F
(Ooh-ooh)
C F
(Ooh-ooh)
```