

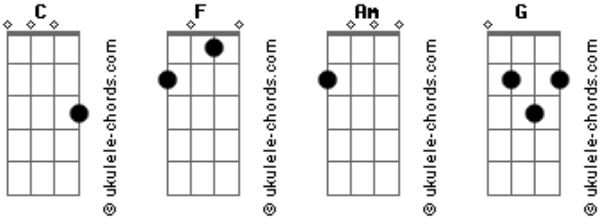
Taylor Swift - The Tortured Poets Department

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?
 But you're in self-sabotage mode
 Throwing spikes down on the road
 But I've seen this episode
 And still love the show
 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]
 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
 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

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
 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?

(Who's gonna hold you?)
F
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
C
Who's gonna hold you,
Gonna know you, gonna hold you? F
[Final]
Am G

Acordes



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)