I can do it with a broken heart
Taylor Swift

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C                    F
 I can read your mind
C                             F
 She's having the time of her life
C
 There in her glittering prime
     F                                        C
The lights refract sequin stars off her silhouette every night
            F
I can show you lies
(One, two, three, four)


Am
 'Cause I'm a real tough kid
              F
I can handle my shit
                                              C
They said, "Babe, you gotta fake it till you make it" And I did

Lights, camera, bitch, smile

Even when you wanna die
                    G        Am
He said he'd love me all his life

But that life was too short
                    F
Breaking down, I hit the floor
                                        C
All the pi?ces of me shatter?d as the crowd was chanting "More"

I was grinnin' like I'm winnin'
              G
I was hitting my marks
                          C
'Cause I can do it with a broken heart (One, two, three)


                  F                  G        C
I'm so depressed, I act like it's my birthday every day
                  F                  G        C
I'm so obsessed with him, but he avoids me like the plague
                  F              G          C
I cry a lot, but I am so productive, it's an art
                    F              G            C
You know you're good when you can even do it with a broken heart
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              F
I can hold my breath
C                         F
 I've been doing it since he left
C
 I keep finding his things in drawers
         F
Crucial evidence, I didn't imagine the whole thing
C                         F
I'm sure I can pass this test
(One, two, three, four)


Am
 'Cause I'm a real tough kid
                 F
I can handle my shit
                                           C
They said, "Babe, you gotta fake it till you make it" And I did

Lights, camera, bitch, smile

In stilettos for miles
                      G         Am
He said he'd love me for all time

But that time was quite short
                         F
Breaking down, I hit the floor
                                          C
All the pi?ces of me shatter?d as the crowd was chanting "More"

I was grinnin' like I'm winnin'
              G
I was hitting my marks
                         C
'Cause I can do it with a broken heart

(One, two, three, four)


                  F                    G        C
I'm so depressed, I act like it's my birthday every day
                  F                    G        C
I'm so obsessed with him, but he avoids me like the plague (He avoids me
like the plague)
                  F                 G         C
I cry a lot, but I am so productive, it's an art (It's an art)
                      F                G            C
You know you're good when you can even do it with a broken heart

                      F                G            C
You know you're good when you can even do it with a broken heart
              F     G
You know you're good
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      Bb C
Good
Am
  'Cause I'm miserable (Haha)
      F
And nobody even knows
G
  Try and come for my job
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