

The tortured poets department
Taylor Swift

C

You left your typewriter at my apartment

F

Straight from the tortured poets department

C

F

I think some things I never say

"Like who uses typewriters anyway?"

Am

G

But you're in self-sabotage mode

C

Throwing spikes down on the road

F

But I've seen this episode and still love the show

Am

G

Who else decodes you?

C

And who's gonna hold you?

F

Like me

C

And who's gonna know you?

F

If not me

Am

G

I laughed in your face and said, "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C

F

This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're? modern idiots"

Am

G

And who's gonna hold you?

C

Like me

F

No, nobody

C

No-fucking-body

F

Nobody

C

You smoked then ate seven bars of chocolate

F

We declared Charlie Puth should be a bigger artist

C **F**
I scratch your head, you fall asleep

Like a tattooed golden retriever

Am **G**
But you awaken with dread

Pounding nails in your head

C **F**
But I've read this one where you come undone
Am **G**
I chose this cyclone with you

C
And who's gonna hold you?

F
Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)

C
And who's gonna know you? (Who's gonna hold you?)

F
Like me

Am **G**
I laughed in your face and said, "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C **F**
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're? modern idiots"

Am **G**
And who's gonna hold you?

C
Like me (Who's gonna hold you?)

F
No, nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)

C
No-fucking-body (Who's gonna hold you?)

F
Nobody (Who's gonna hold you?)

C
Sometimes I wonder if you're gonna screw this up with me

F
But you told Lucy you'd kill yourself if I ever leave

C
And I had said that to Jack about you so I felt seen

F
Everyone we know understands why it's meant to be

C **F**
Because we're crazy

C **F**
So tell me who else is gonna love you? Like me

Am **G** **C**
F
At dinner you take my ring off my middle finger and put it on the one people put

wedding rings on

Am

G

And that's the closest I've come to my heart exploding

C

F

Who's gonna hold you? Me

C

F

Who's gonna know you? Me

Am

G

And you're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C

F

This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're two idiots

Am

G

Who's gonna hold you?

C

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

F

Who's gonna hold you?

C

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

Who's gonna hold you?

F

Who's gonna hold you?

Gonna know you?

Am

G

You left your typewriter at my apartment

C

F

Straight from the tortured poets department

Am

G

C F C F

Who else decodes you?