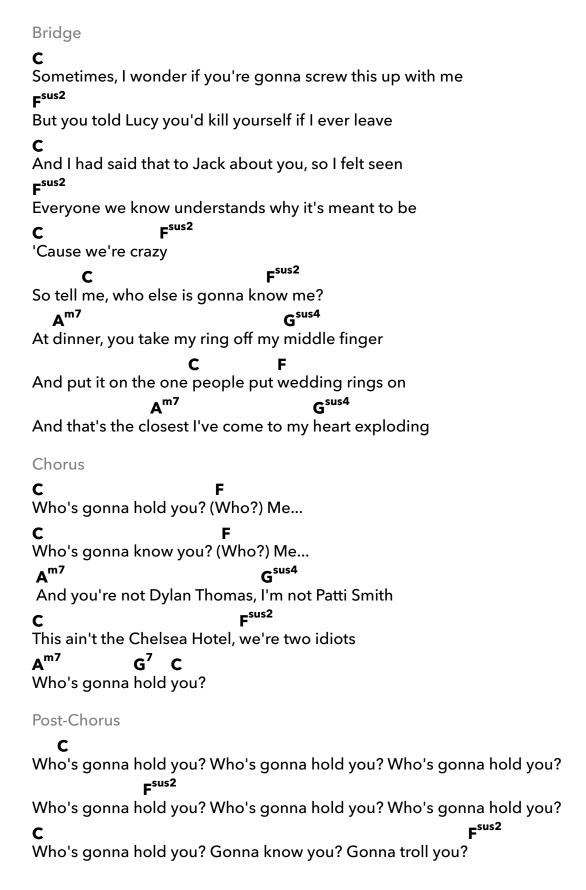
## The Tortured Poets Department **Taylor Swift** Key of C Verse C<sup>sus2</sup> You left your typewriter at my apartment F<sup>sus2</sup> Straight from the tortured poets department I think some things I never say... Like, "Who uses typewriters anyway?" A<sup>m7</sup> But you're in self-sabotage mode Throwing spikes down on the road But I've seen this episode and still loved the show G<sup>sus4</sup> Who else decodes you? Chorus And who's gonna hold you like me? And who's gonna know you, if not me? A<sup>m7</sup> I laughed in your face and said "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith F<sup>sus2</sup> C This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're modern idiots" And who's gonna hold you like me? Post-Chorus F<sup>sus2</sup> Nobody C No-fucking-body **F**<sup>sus2</sup> Nobody

## Verse 2 C<sup>sus2</sup> You smoked, 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 G<sup>sus4</sup> $\Delta^{m7}$ 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 Chorus And who's gonna hold you like me? (Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?) **F**sus2 C And who's gonna know you like me? (Who's gonna know you?) I laughed in your face and said G<sup>sus4</sup> "You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith **F**sus2 This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're modern idiots" G<sup>sus4</sup> And who's gonna hold you like me? (Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?) Post-Chorus **⊏**sus2 No-fucking-body (Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?) Nobody (Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you? Gonna troll you?) F<sup>sus2</sup> Nobody



## Outro

A<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>sus4</sup> C
You left your typewriter at my apartment
F<sup>sus2</sup>
Straight from the tortured poets department
A<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>sus4</sup> C F<sup>sus2</sup> C F<sup>sus2</sup>
Who else decodes you?