

The Tortured Poets Department

Taylor Swift

Key of C

Verse

C^{sus2}

You left your typewriter at my apartment

F^{sus2}

Straight from the tortured poets department

C^{sus2}

F^{sus2}

I think some things I never say... Like, "Who uses typewriters anyway?"

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

But you're in self-sabotage mode

C

Throwing spikes down on the road

F

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

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

Who else decodes you?

Chorus

C

F^{sus2}

And who's gonna hold you like me?

C

F^{sus2}

And who's gonna know you, if not me?

A^{m7}

I laughed in your face and said

G^{sus4}

"You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C

F^{sus2}

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

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

C

And who's gonna hold you like me?

Post-Chorus

F^{sus2}

Nobody

C

No-fucking-body

F^{sus2}

Nobody

Verse 2

C^{sus2}

You smoked, then ate seven bars of chocolate

F^{sus2}

We declared Charlie Puth should be a bigger artist

C^{sus2}

F^{sus2}

I scratch your head, you fall asleep... Like a tattooed golden retriever

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

But you awaken with dread

C

Pounding nails in your head

F

But I've read this one where you come undone

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

I chose this cyclone with you

Chorus

C

F^{sus2}

And who's gonna hold you like me?

(Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)

C

F^{sus2}

And who's gonna know you like me?

(Who's gonna know you?)

A^{m7}

I laughed in your face and said

G^{sus4}

"You're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C

F^{sus2}

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

A^{m7}

G^{sus4}

C

And who's gonna hold you like me?

(Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)

Post-Chorus

F^{sus2}

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

C

Nobody (Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you? Gonna troll you?)

F^{sus2}

Nobody

Bridge

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

F^{sus2}
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^{sus2}
Everyone we know understands why it's meant to be

C **F^{sus2}**
'Cause we're crazy

C **F^{sus2}**
So tell me, who else is gonna know me?

A^{m7} **G^{sus4}**
At dinner, you take my ring off my middle finger

C **F**
And put it on the one people put wedding rings on

A^{m7} **G^{sus4}**
And that's the closest I've come to my heart exploding

Chorus

C **F**
Who's gonna hold you? (Who?) Me...

C **F**
Who's gonna know you? (Who?) Me...

A^{m7} **G^{sus4}**
And you're not Dylan Thomas, I'm not Patti Smith

C **F^{sus2}**
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel, we're two idiots

A^{m7} **G⁷** **C**
Who's gonna hold you?

Post-Chorus

C
Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?

F^{sus2}
Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?

C **F^{sus2}**
Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you? Gonna troll you?

