

Taylor Swift, The Tortured Poets Department

Taylor Swift prezentuje piosenkę "The Tortured Poets Department" z płyty "The Tortured Poets De

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 loved the show
Who else decodes you?

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're modern idiots"
And who's gonna hold you like me?
Nobody
No-fucking-body
Nobody

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
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

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 know you?)
I laughed in your face and said
"You're not Dylan Thomas
I'm not Patti Smith
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
We're modern idiots"
And who's gonna hold you like me? (Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)
No-fucking-body (Who's gonna hold you? Who's gonna hold you?)
Nobody (Who's gonna hold you? Gonna love you? Gonna troll you?)
Nobody

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
'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

Who's gonna hold you?
Me
Who's gonna know you?
Me
"And you're not Dylan Thomas
I'm not Patti Smith
This ain't the Chelsea Hotel
We're two idiots"
Who's gonna hold you?

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

Who's gonna hold you? (Who's gonna hold you?)
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you?
Who's gonna hold you? Gonna know you? Gonna troll you?

You left your typewriter at my apartment
Straight from the Tortured Poets Department
Who else decodes you?