

# 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?