

# Fortnight

artist: Taylor Swift feat. Post Malone writer: Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff, Austin Post

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q3zqJs7JUCQ> capo 4

*Thanks to rapirapjose and ultimate guitar*

[C] I was supposed to be [D] sent away  
But [Bm] they forgot to come and [Em] get me  
[C] I was a functioning [D] alcoholic  
'Til nobody [G] noticed my new aes-[Em]thetic

[C] All of this to [D] say, I hope you're o-[Bm]kay  
But you're the [Em] reason  
[C] And no one [D] here's to blame  
But [G] what about your quiet [Em] treason?

And for a [C] fortnight there we [D] were forever  
Run into you [Bm] sometimes, ask a-[Em]bout the weather  
Now you're in my [C] backyard, turned in-[D]to good neighbors  
Your wife waters [G] flowers, I want to [Em] kill her  
[C] [D] [G].

[C] All my mornings are [D] Monday stuck in an [Bm] endless Febru-[Em]ary  
[C] I took the miracle [D] move on drug, the e-[G]ffects were tempo-[Em]rary  
And I [C] love you, it's [D] ruining my life (And I [Bm] love you, it's [Em] ruining my life)  
I [C] touched you for [D] only a fortnight (I [G] touched you)  
But I [Em] touched you

And for a [C] fortnight there we [D] were forever  
Run into you [Bm] sometimes, ask a-[Em]bout the weather  
Now you're in my [C] backyard, turned in-[D]to good neighbors  
Your wife waters [G] flowers, I want to [Em] kill her

And for a [C] fortnight there we [D] were together  
Run into you [Bm] sometimes, comment [Em] on my sweater  
Now you're at the [C] mailbox, turned in-[D]to good neighbors  
My husband is [G] cheating, I want to [Em] kill him

I [C] love you, it's [D] ruining my life, I [Bm] love you, it's [Em] ruining my life  
I [C] touched you for [D] only a fortnight, I [G] touched you, I [Em] touched you  
I [C] love you, it's [D] ruining my life, I [Bm] love you, it's [Em] ruining my life  
I [C] touched you for [D] only a fortnight, I [G] touched you, I [Em] touched you

Thought of [C] calling you but you [D] won't pick up  
Another [Bm] fortnight lost in A-[Em]merica  
Move to [C] Florida, buy the [D] car you want  
But it [G] won't start up 'til you [Em] touch, touch, touch me  
Thought of [C] calling you but you [D] won't pick up  
Another [Bm] fortnight lost in A-[Em]merica  
Move to [C] Florida, buy the [D] car you want  
But it [G] won't start up 'til I [Em] touch, touch, touch [G] you

