

CRUEL SUMMER

Words and Music by TAYLOR SWIFT,
JACK ANTONOFF and ANNIE CLARK

Moderate groove

mf

With pedal



Fe - ver dream high _ in the qui - et of the night, _ you know _ that I caught it.
Hang your head low _ in the glow _ of the vend - ing ma - chine; _ I'm not dy - ing. We





Bad _ bad boy, _ shin - y toy _ with a price; _ you know _ that I bought it.
say that we'll just _ screw it up _ in these try - ing _ times; _ we're not try - ing. So

Kill - ing me
cut the head -





slow. Out the win - dow, I'm al - ways wait - ing for you to be wait - ing be - low. _ Dev - ils roll the
-lights, sum - mer's a knife. I'm al - ways wait - ing for you just to cut to the bone. _ Dev - ils roll the



* Vocal line written one octave higher than sung.

D  **E** 



dice, an - gels roll their eyes. What does - n't kill ____ me makes me want you more. ____ And it's
dice, an - gles roll their eyes, and if I bleed, ____ you'll be the last to know. ____ Oh, it's

A  **C#m7** 

new, ____ the shape _ of your bod - y. It's blue, ____ the feel - ing I've got. And it's

F#m  **D** 

ooh, ____ whoa, ____ oh, it's a cruel ____ sum - mer. It's

A  **C#m7** 

cool, ____ that's _ what I tell 'em. No rules ____ in break - a - ble heav - en. But

F#m

To Coda

1. D

ooh, _____ whoa, _____ oh, it's a cruel _____ sum - mer with you..

N.C.

2. D

cruel _____ sum - mer with you..

N.C.

I'm drunk in the back of the car, _____ and I cried like a ba - by com-ing home from the bar. _____ (Oh.) _____

Said, "I'm fine," but it was - n't true. _____ I don't wan-na keep se - crets just _____ to keep you. _____ And I



snuck in through the gar-den gate — ev - 'ry night that sum-mer just to seal my fate. — (Oh.) —



And I screamed for what-ev - er it's worth, — "I love — you." — Ain't that the worst thing you ev - er heard?

N.C.

D.S. al Coda



He — looks up, — grin-ning like a dev-il. It's

cruel — sum - mer with you.

N.C.

— I'm drunk in the back of the car, — and I cried like a ba - by com-ing home from the bar. — (Oh.) —

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