

THE WHATSAPP SHAKESPEARE

RAYE

♩ = 128

Cm

Once up-on a time there was a Girl and there was a ser-pent Oh,

mf

4

and her name was Eve And she took a bite from the ap-ple And the

6

Fm Fm(maj7) Fm Fm7

sto-ry ain't this dis-sim-i-lar Man-y, man-y, man-y moons lat-er She'd be de-

8

Fm Fm(maj7) Fm

-ceived by her ver-y own trai-tor And he weren't e-ven my type on pa-per Such sweet

2

10

Cm

po - et - ry he would write The Whats - App Shake - speare kill - er, we call him Lies just to

12

climb in - to your bed - room door Now you're fight - ing for your life on your bed - room floor And then, oh,

14

Fm(maj7)

Fm

Fm7

dev - il did send him Heart of blue, black ven - om My moth - er knew when she met him

16

Fm

Fm(maj7)

Fm

Fm7

Wolf in sheep's clothes, oh, but in this case, den - im Uh, cold - blood fel - on

§

18

Cm

Oh, moth - er would then mourn the ghost of her daugh - ter

20

As he lured me in like a lamb to the slaughter

22

Fm Fm7

Yeah, yeah, sounds very dramatic, don't it? A modern-day

24

Fm Fm7

play small notes 2nd time

tragedy, I call it Not with thy flesh, but with thy words, he would

26

Cm Gm/Bb Abmaj7

p

romance, (Romance) on me, on me, on me He'd WhatsApp

29

Gm7 Fm7

call me, call me with a "Wherefore art thou

32 N/C GSUS4 Cm

true__ love?" He strikes a - gain oh, he's a cur - sive kiss - er *mf* *f* He'd ro - mance,

35

on me, on me, on me Ro - me-o, oh no, I was a fool to love you,

38 Fm7 Fm Fm6

damn Ju - liet must run, Ju - liet must van - ish

40 Fm Fm6 Fm Fm7 To Coda

Damn it, cut him off, sav - age, he must be ban - ished The Whats - App Shake - speare kill - er

42 Cm9(maj7) *tr*

mp I was still

44 Cm

breath - ing ba - by, just bare - ly Grand - ma had to bring her Bi - ble (Bi - ble)

mf

46 Fm

Sis - ter wan - na hunt him down But on - ly Je - sus can save him now Like - like - like

48 Fm Fm6 Fm7

Laz - a - rus, I did rise What a mir - a - cle she could sur - vive
Lost her ac - cent in the dead of the

50 Fm6 N/C D.S. al Coda

night When the light in her eyes left with her Hold sis ear - rings, go get him

52 Cm

Run, Ju - li - et, run, Ju - li - et, run Si - lence all no - ti - fi - ca - tions

6

54

For - ward this text to at least ten peo - ple, please

56

Fm7 Fm6

Thy words I plead from thy tongue His weap-ons of mass se - duc - tion

58

Fm7 Fm6

My mid - sum-mer night night - mare Don't end up like me

60

Cm Gm/Bb Abmaj7 Gm7

gva

mf [spoken] He's still out there, Romeo Fraud

He's a 6'2" sick mother—, five months minimum recovery

From a sweet lie to the all-out

Shakespearean voice-note-ery

64

Cm Gm/Bb N/C

Swung 8^{ths}

Ab⁹ Fm⁶/G Fm^{7b5}/G

f

Though I'd love to clarify, no one did die in the story

But I did inside when I found out

I was one of seven of the leading ladies

Starring in the new romantic thriller

68 Cm⁶ Dm7^{b5} G7^{b9} Cm⁶

Pre - sent - ing the Whats-App Shake-speare Kill - er [spoken] Ooh, he's a cursive kisser

71 Dm7^{b5} G7^{b9} Cm⁹ Fm⁷ Ab⁷

He'd Whats-App call me (Call me, call me with the,

Double time, straight 8ths

74 G⁷ Ab/G^b

wow) "Where - fore__ art thou,__

78 F⁷ E7^{b5} Eb^{aug} Dm7^{b5} G7^{#9b13}

true love?"

81

Slower, swung 8ths ♩ = 130

(Ba - bum, ba - bum, dum) He would ro -

84 Fm7 Bb13 Ebmaj7

-mance
mp

[spoken]
Where once I lived in the palm of his hand

87 Gm7 Cm7 Fm7 Ab13

And at the time, how could I understand? Why now, I

90 N/C

ask you to for-ward this mes-sage or face sev-en months' sad-ness__ You bet-ter

Faster ♩ = 256
Cm

run [spoken] You better run Stick it to the man

f

95

You better run while you can Fact, your Uber's outside

98 Cm6 Dm7^{b5}/C Gaug Cm

Must learn the art of airtime

101

You never must reply

You must escape the

104 Cm7

clutches of this

fake Prince Charming,

A. - k. - a. the

Slower, straight 8ths ♩ = 122

107 N/C Ab/Gb

Whats - App Shake - speare, dar - ling dun - dun, dun - dun - dun

ff

Slower ♩ = 112

110 Abaug

p *gva* *pp*