

# Taylor Swift - Our Song

Tom: D  
Intro: 2x: D Em G A

D Em G A  
I was riding shotgun with my hair undone in the front seat of his car  
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel  
The other on my heart  
I look around, turn the radio down  
He says baby is something wrong?  
I say nothing I was just thinking how we don't have a song  
And he says...

D Em G A  
Our song is the slamming screen door,  
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window  
When you're on the phone and you talk real slow  
Cause it's late and your mama don't know  
Our song is the way you laugh  
The first date ?man, I didn't kiss her, but I should have"  
And when I got home ... before I said amen  
Asking God if he could play it again

D Em G A  
I was walking up the front porch steps after everything the day  
Had gone all wrong or been trampled on  
And lost and thrown away  
Got to the hallway, well on my way to my lovin' bed  
I almost didn't notice all the roses  
And the note that said...

D Em  
Our song is the slamming screen door,

G A  
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window  
D Em G  
When you're on the phone and you talk real slow  
Cause it's late and your mama don't know  
Our song is the way you laugh  
G A  
The first date ?man, I didn't kiss her, but I should have"  
Em A Em  
And when I got home ... before I said amen  
G D  
Asking God if he could play it again  
D Em G A  
Da da da da

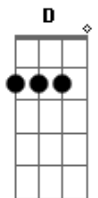
( D Em G A )

Em G  
I've heard every album, listened to the radio  
D A Em  
Waited for something to come along  
G  
That was as good as our song  
D Em  
Cause our song is the slamming screen door  
G A D  
Sneaking out late, tapping on his window  
Em G  
When we're on the phone and he talks real slow  
A D  
Cause it's late and his mama don't know  
Em  
Our song is the way he laughs  
G A  
The first date ?man, I didn't kiss him, and I could have"  
Em A Em  
And when I got home ... before I said amen  
G D Em G A  
Asking God if he could play it again...

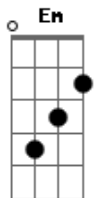
D Em G A D Em G A  
Play it again... Ho yea ho yea

D Em  
I was riding shotgun with my hair undone  
G A  
In the front seat of his car  
D Em  
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin  
G  
And I... wrote down our song

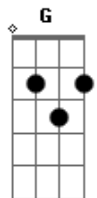
## Acordes



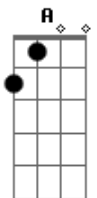
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com