

# Taylor Swift - 'Tis The Damn Season

tom:

Intro: Bb C Bb C

[Primeira Parte]

Bb C If I wanted to know who you were hanging with  
 C While I was gone, I would have asked you  
 C But I felt it when I passed you  
 Bb C There's an ache in you, put there by the ache in me  
 Bb C But if it's all the same to you

[Refrão]

F So we could call it even  
 F You could call me "babe" for the weekend  
 Dm 'Tis the damn season, write this down  
 Dm I'm stayin' at my parents' house  
 Dm And the road not taken looks real good now  
 C C C C And it always leads to you in my hometown

C And th? school that used to be ours  
 Bb C The holidays linger like bad perfume  
 C You can run, but only so far  
 Bb C I escaped it too, remember how you watched me leave  
 Bb C But if it's okay with you, it's okay with me

[Refrão]

F So we could call it even  
 F You could call me "babe" for the weekend  
 Dm 'Tis the damn season, write this down  
 Dm I'm stayin' at my parents' house  
 Dm And the road not taken looks real good now  
 F Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires

F Dm Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out  
 Dm We could just ride around  
 Dm And the road not taken looks real good now  
 C C C C And it always leads to you in my hometown  
 [Ponte]

F Dm Sleep in half the day just for old times' sake  
 C I won't ask you to wait if you don't ask me to stay  
 F So I'll go back to L.A. and the so-called friends  
 F Who'll write books about me, if I ever make it  
 Dm And wonder about the only soul  
 Dm Who can tell which smiles I'm fakin?  
 C C C C And the heart I know I'm breakin' is my own  
 Bb C To leave the warmest bed I've ever known  
 Bb C We could call it even  
 Bb C Even though I'm leavin?  
 Bb And I'll be yours for the weekend  
 C 'Tis the damn season

[Final]

F So we could call it even  
 F You could call me "babe" for the weekend  
 Dm 'Tis the damn season, write this down  
 Dm I'm stayin' at my parents' house  
 Dm And the road not taken looks real good now  
 F Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires  
 F Dm Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out  
 Dm We could just ride around  
 Dm And the road not taken looks real good now  
 C C C C And it always leads to you in my hometown  
 Bb C C Bb C And it always leads to you in my hometown

## Acordes

