

Our Song

Taylor Swift

D Emi G A (2x)

D Emi G A
I was riding shotgun with my hair undone in the front seat of his car

D Emi
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel

G A
The other on my heart

D Emi
I look around, turn the radio down

G A
He says baby is something wrong?

D Emi G A
I say nothing I was just thinking how we don't have a song
And he says...

D Emi
Our song is the slamming screen door,

G A
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window

D Emi G
When you're on the phone and you talk real slow

A D
Cause it's late and your mama don't know

Emi
Our song is the way you laugh

G A
The first date "man, I didn't kiss her, but I should have"

Emi A Emi
And when I got home ... before I said amen

D G
Asking God if he could play it again

D Emi G A

D Emi G A
I was walking up the front porch steps after everything the day

D Emi
Had gone all wrong or been trampled on

G A
And lost and thrown away

D Emi G A
Got to the hallway, well on my way to my lovin' bed

D Emi
I almost didn't notice all the roses

G A
And the note that said...

D Emi
Our song is the slamming screen door,

G A
Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window

D Emi G
When you're on the phone and you talk real slow

A D
Cause it's late and your mama don't know

Emi

Our song is the way you laugh

G A

The first date "man, I didn't kiss her, but I should have"

Emi A Emi

And when I got home ... before I said amen

D G

Asking God if he could play it again

D Em G A

Da da da da

D Emi G A

Emi G

I've heard every album, listened to the radio

D A Emi

Waited for something to come along

G

That was as good as our song

D Emi

Cause our song is the slamming screen door

G A D

Sneaking out late, tapping on his window

Emi G

When we're on the phone and he talks real slow

A D

Cause it's late and his mama don't know

Emi

Our song is the way he laughs

G A

The first date "man, I didn't kiss him, and I could have"

Emi A Emi

And when I got home ... before I said amen

D G D Emi G A

Asking God if he could play it again...

D Emi G A D Emi G A

Play it again... Ho yea ho yea

D Emi

I was riding shotgun with my hair undone

G A

In the front seat of his car

D Emi

I grabbed a pen and an old napkin

G

And I... wrote down our song