

Our Song

Taylor Swift

||: 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...

Our song is the slamming screen door,

Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window

When we'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, and 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 that day

Had gone all wrong or been trampled on and lost and thrown a-way

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...

Our song is the slamming screen door,

Sneakin' out late, tapping on your window

When we're on the phone and you talk real slow

