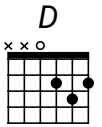


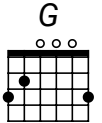
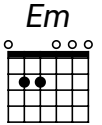
# Our Song

Taylor Swift

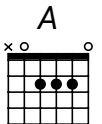
Intro | **D** **Em** | **G** **A** :| x2



Verse 1 **D** **Em** **G** **A**  
I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone in the front seat of his car  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel, the other on my heart  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
I look around, turn the radio down, he says baby is something wrong?  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
I say, "Nothin', I was just thinkin' how we don't have a song"  
**N.C.**  
And he says



Chorus **D** **Em**  
Our song is the slammin' screen door  
**G** **A**  
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window  
**D** **Em** **G**  
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow  
**A** **D**  
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know  
**Em**  
Our song is the way you laugh  
**G** **A**  
The first date, "Man, I didn't kiss her and I should have"  
**Em** **A** **Em**  
And when I got home, 'fore I said "Amen"  
**D G N.C.**  
Askin' God if he could play it again



Interlude | **D** **Em** | **G** **A** |

Verse 2 **D** **Em** **G** **A**  
I was walking up the front porch steps after everythin' that day  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
Had gone all wrong or been trampled on, and lost and thrown away  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
Got to the hallway, well on my way to my lovin' bed  
**D** **Em** **G** **A**  
I almost didn't notice all the roses, and the note that said

| Chorus

Interlude | **D** **Em** | **G** **A** :| x2

*Bridge*

**Em** I've heard every album, listened to the radio  
**G**  
**D A Em**  
Waited for somethin' to come along  
**G**  
That was as good as our song

*Last Chorus*

**D** 'Cause our song is the slammin' screen door **Em**

**G** Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window **A** **D**

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

'Cause it's late and his mama don't know **N.C. A** **D**

Our song is the way he laughs **Em**

The first date, "Man, I didn't kiss her and I should have" **G** **A**

And when I got home, 'fore I said "Amen" **Em** **A** **Em**

Askin' God if he could play it again **D** **G** **D**

*Interlude*    **|: D       Em    | G       A       :|** x2

*D*                      *Em*                      *G*                      *A*

*Outro* I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone in the front seat of his car

*D*                      *Em*                      *G*

I grabbed a pen and an old napkin, and I wrote down our song