

Taylor

Jack Johnson

Intro

C G | F | C | F |

A | -3----- | -1----- | -3----- | -1----- |

E | -0-0----- | ---0----- | -0-0----- | ---0----- |

C | -0-0----- | ---0----- | -0-0----- | ---0----- |

G | -0----- | -2----- | -0----- | -2----- |

C G | F | C | F |

A | -3----- | -1----- | -3-3----- | ----- |

E | -0-0----- | ---0----- | -0-0----- | ----- |

C | -0-0----- | ---0----- | -0---2-4-4-2-0-- | 0----- |

G | -0----- | -2----- | -0-----0 | ----- |

VERSE 1

C G | F | C G | Am F |

They say Taylor was a good girl, never one to be late
Am F C G | Am F |

Complain, express ideas in her brain-----

C G | Am F |

Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets,
Am F C G | Am F |

You're gonna have to pay her if you want to park here-----

C G | Am F |

Well mommies little dancer has quite a little secret
Am F C G | Am F |

Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it-----

C G | Am F |

It's quite an imposition and now she's only wishing
Am F C G | Am F |

that she would have listened to the words they said-----poor Taylor

CHORUS

C G | Am F |

she(HE) just wanders around-, unaffected by
C G | Am F |

The winter winds and she'll(he'll) pretend that
C G | Am F |

Sshes(he's) somewhere else-, so far and clear
C G | Am F |

About two thousand miles from here

Interlude

C G | Am F | C G | Am |

VERSE 2

C G | Am F
Peter patrick pitter patters on the window
| C G | Am F |
But sunny silhouette wont let him in-
C G | Am F
Poor old petes got nothing because hes been falling
| C G | Am F
Somehow sunny knows just where hes been
| C G | Am F |
He thinks that singing on sunday is gonna save his soul-
C G | Am F |
Now that satur-day is gone-
C G | Am F
Sometimes he thinks that hes on his way
| C G | Am
But i can see
F |
That his break lights are on

CHORUS

C G | Am F |
She just wanders around-, unaffected by
C G | Am F |
The winter winds and she'll(he'll) pretend that
C G | Am F |
She's omewhere else-, so far and clear
C G | Am F |
About two thousand miles from here

INTERLUDE

C G | Am F | C G | Am F |

VERSE 3

| C G |
Such a tough enchilada filled up with nada
Am F | C G | Am F
giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill-----
| C G |
used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking
Am F
nows shes finger licking to the man
| C G |
with the money in his pocket flying in his rocket
Am F | C D |
only stopping by on his way to a better world
F G | C D |
then Taylor finds a better worldworld
F G |
then Taylor's gonna run away
C | F | C slow | F slow | C single

