

Taylor
Jack Johnson

[Intro]

```
E|-----X-----X-----X
-----|
B|-----X-----X-----X
-----|
G|-----X-----X-----X
-----|
D|-----X-----X-----X-----1h3p1---1p0
-----|
A|-x-1h3-X-X-X-1h3p1---1--1-----X-X-X-----1-2-x-2h3--X-X-X-----3
-----3p0-----|
E|-----3-----3p1p0--1-1-----1h2h3
-----1-1-|
```

```
E|-X-----X
-----0-----|
B|-X-----X-----X-----X---4--
X--1-----|
G|-X-----X-----X-----X---2--
X--0-----|
D|-X-----X-3-3/5-3p0--2p0-----X--1--1---X
-----2-----|
A|-X-X-X-----1-----1-----1-3--X-----3-----X--3--3---X
-----3-----|
E|-----1h3---1h3---1h3---1h3-----1-1--1--1
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```
E|--0-0-0---0---0---0-----0-|
B|--1-3-3/5-5/3--3---1-----1--1-|
G|--0-0-0---0---0---0---2p0---2-|
D|-----3-|
A|-----|
E|-----|
```

C
C/B
 They say taylor was a good girl, never one to be late
Am
F
C
C/B
Am
F
 Complain, express ideas in her brain
C
C/B
 Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets
Am
F
C
C/B
Am
F
 You re gonna have to pay her if you want to park here
C
C/B
 Well mommys little dancer has quite a little secret
Am
F
C
C/B
Am
F
 Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it

C C/B
 It s quite an imposition and now shes only wishing
 Am F C C/B Am
 That she would have listened to the words they said
 F
 Poor taylor

C C/B Am F C
 She just wanders around, unaffected by
 C/B Am F C
 The winter winds and she ll pretend that
 C/B Am F C
 She s somewhere else, so far and clear
 C/B Am
 About two thousand miles from here

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

C C/B Am F C
 He just wanders around, unaffected by
 C/B Am F C
 The winter winds and he ll pretend that
 C/B Am F C
 She s somewhere else, so far and clear
 C/B Am
 About two thousand miles from here

C C/B
 Such a tough enchilada filled up with nada
 Am F C C/B Am F
 Giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill
 C C/B
 Used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking
 Am F
 Nows shes finger licking to the man

C C/B
 With the money in his pocket flying in his rocket
 Am F C C/B Am
 Only stopping by on his way to a better world
 F C C/B Am
 If taylor finds a better world
 F C
 Then taylor s gonna run away