Drops Of Jupiter Taylor Swift

Intro 2x: D A Em G

D

Now that he s back in the atmosphere

A Em

With drops of Jupiter in his hair, hey, hey

D

Walks like summer and talks like rain

A Em G

Reminds me that there s time to change, hey, hey

Since the return from his stay on the moon

A Em G

He listens like spring and he talks like June, hey, hey

A I

Tell me did you sail across the sun

G

Did you make it to the Milky Way to see the lights all faded

D

And that heaven is overrated

A E

Tell me, did you fall for a shooting star

Em

One without a permanent scar

G DAEm G (2x)

And did you miss me while you were looking for yourself out there

D

Now that he s back from that soul vacation

A Em G

Tracing his way through the constellation, hey, hey

D

He checks out Mozart while he does tae-bo

A Em G

Reminds me that there s a room to grow, hey, hey

D

But now that he s back in the atmosphere

A Em - once

I m afraid that he might think of me as plain ol Jane

G - once

Told a story about a man who is too afraid to fly so he never did land

A I

Tell me did the wind sweep you off your feet

Did you finally get the chance to dance alone the light of day And head back to the Milky Way And tell me, did Venus blow your mind Was it everything you wanted to find And did you miss me while you were looking for yourself out there Can you imagine no love, pride, deep-fried chicken Your best friend always sticking up for you even when I know you re wrong Can you imagine no first dance, freeze dried romance five-hour phone conversation The best soy latte that you ever had... and me Tell me did the wind sweep you off your feet Did you finally get the chance to dance alone the light of day And head back to the Milky Way Tell me, did you fall for a shooting star One without a permanent scar And did you miss me while you were looking for yourself $\mathbf{A} \mathbf{E} \mathbf{G} \mathbf{D} (2\mathbf{x})$ na oh oh Can you imagine no love, pride, deep-fried chicken Your best friend always sticking up for you even when I know you re wrong Can you imagine no first dance, freeze dried romance five-hour phone conversation

The best soy latte that you ever had... and me