

# Jack Johnson - Taylor

Tom: **C**

( **C** **G** **Am** **F** )

They say taylor was a good girl never one to be late  
complain express ideas in her brain

working on the night shift passing out the tickets  
cause you're gonna have to pay her if you want to park here

well mommys little dancer has quite a little secret  
working on the streets now never gonna keep it

its quite an imposition and now shes only wishing  
that she would have listened to the words they said  
poor taylor

( **C** **G** **Am** **F** )

she just wonders around unaffected by  
the winter winds here and she'll pretend that  
she's somewhere else so far and clear

about two thousand miles from here

peter patrick pitter patters on the window  
but sunny silhouette wont let him in  
poor old petes got nothing 'cause hes been falling  
somehow sunny knows just where hes been  
he thinks that singing on sunday is gonna save his soul  
now that saturday is gone  
sometimes he thinks that hes on his way  
but i can see that his break lights are on

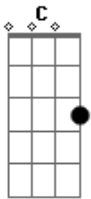
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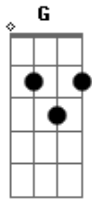
such a tough enchilada filled up with nada  
giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill  
used to be a limber chicken times a been a ticking  
nows shes finger licking to the man  
with the money in his pocket flying in his rocket  
only stopping by on his way to a better world

if taylor finds a better world  
then taylor's gonna run away

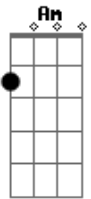
## Acordes



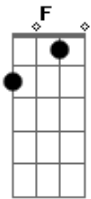
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