

Taylor Swift - Fresh Out The Slammer

tom:
 D (forma dos acordes no tom de C)
 Capotraste na 2ª casa

Now, pretty baby
 I'm running back home to you
 Fresh out the slammer, I know who my first call will be to
 (Fresh out the slammer, oh)

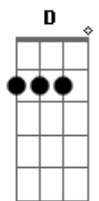
Another summer taking cover, rolling thunder
 He don't understand me
 Splintered back in winter, silent dinners, bitter
 He was with her in dreams
 Gray and blue, and fights and tunnels
 Handcuffed to the spell I was under
 For just one hour of sunshine
 Years of labor, locks and ceilings
 In the shade of how he was feeling
 But it's gonna be alright, I did my time

Now, pretty baby
 I'm running back home to you
 Fresh out the slammer, I know who my first call will be to
 (Fresh out the slammer, oh)

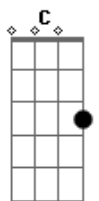
Camera flashes, welcome bashes
 Get the matches, toss the ashes off the ledge
 As I said in my letters, now that I know better
 I will never lose my baby again
 My friends tried, but I wouldn't hear it
 Watched me daily disappearing
 For just one glimpse of his smile
 All those nights you kept me goin'
 Swirled you into all of my poems
 Now we're at the starting line, I did my time

Now, pretty baby
 I'm runnin'
 To the house where you still wait
 Up and that porch light gleams (gleams)
 To the one who says I'm the girl of his American dreams
 And no matter what I've done, it wouldn't matter anyway
 Ain't no way I'm gonna screw up, now
 That I know what's at stake here
 At the park where we used to sit on children's swings
 Wearing imaginary rings
 But it's gonna be alright, I did my time

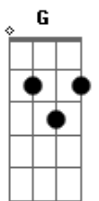
Acordes



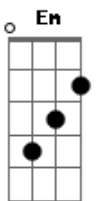
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