

Taylor Swift - Getaway Car/august/the Other Side Of The Door

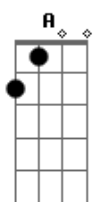
tom: No, nothing good starts in a
 getaway car
 It was the
 Best of times, the worst of crimes
 I struck a match and blew your mind
 But I didn't mean it
 And you didn't see it
 The ties were black, the lies were white
 In shades of gray in candlelight
 I wanted to leave him
 I needed a reason
 X marks the spot where we fell apart
 He poisoned the well, I was lyin' to myself
 I knew it from the first Old Fashioned, we were cursed
 We never had a shotgun shot in the dark
 You were drivin' the getaway car
 We were flyin', but we never get far
 Don't pretend it's such a mystery
 Think about the place where you first met me
 Ridin' in a getaway car
 There were sirens in the beat of your heart
 I shoulda known I'd be the first to leave
 Think about the place where you first met me
 In a getaway car, oh-oh-oh
 No, they never get far, oh-oh-ahh
 No, nothing good starts in a getaway car
 (D A Em G)
 (D A Em G)
 But I can see us lost?in the memory
 August slipped away into a moment in time
 'Cause it was never mine
 And I can see us twisted in bedsheets
 August slipped away like a bottle of wine

'Cause you were never mine
 We were jet-set, Bonnie and Clyde (oh, oh)
 Until I switched to the other side
 To the other si-i-i-i-ide
 It's no surprise I turned you in (oh, oh)
 'Cause us traitors never win
 I'm in a getaway car
 I left you in a motel bar
 Put the money in a bag and I stole the keys
 That was the last time you ever saw me
 Drivin' the getaway car
 There were sirens in the beat of your heart (should've known)
 I shoulda' known I'd be the first to leave
 Think about the place where you first met me
 In a getaway car, oh-oh-oh
 No, they never get far, oh-oh-ahh
 No, nothing good starts in a getaway car
 [Final]
 I was ridin' in a getaway car
 I was cryin' in a getaway car
 I was dyin' in a getaway car
 Said goodbye in a getaway car
 Ridin' in a getaway car
 I was cryin' in a getaway car
 I was dyin' in a getaway car
 Said goodbye in a getaway car
 With your face and the beautiful eyes
 And the conversation with the little white lies
 And the faded picture of a beautiful night
 You carried me from your car up the stairs
 And I broke down crying, was she worth this mess?
 After everything and that little black dress
 After everything I must confess
 I need you

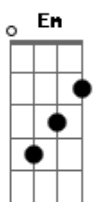
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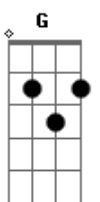
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