

Our song is the slammin' screen door

Fill in the gaps

I was ridin shotgun with my hair undone	Sheakin out late, tappin on your window
In the (1) seat of his car	When we're on the phone and you talk (4) slow
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel	'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
The other on my heart	Our song is the way you laugh
I look around	The first date
Turn the radio down	Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have
He says	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
"Baby, is somethin' wrong?"	Asking God if he could play it again
I say	
"Nothing, I was just thinking"	I've heard every album
"How we don't have a song"	Listened to the radio
And he says	Waited for something to come along
Our song is the slammin' screen door	That was as good as our song
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	'Cause our song is the slammin' screen door
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know	When we're on the phone and he (5) real slow
Our song is the way you laugh	'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
The first date	Our song is the way he laughs
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have	The first date
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"	Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have
Asking God if he could play it again	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
I was walking up the front porch steps	Asking God if he could play it again
After everything that day	Play it again
Had gone all (2) or (3) trampled on	(Oh yeah)
And lost and thrown away	I was ridin' (6) (7) my hair
Got to the hallway	undone
Well on my way to my lovin' bed	In the front seat of his car
I almost didn't notice all the roses	I grabbed a pen and an old napkin
And the note that said	And I wrote down our song



- 1. front
- 2. wrong
- 3. been
- 4. real
- 5. talks
- 6. shotgun
- 7. with

Fill in the gaps