

Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone	
In the front seat of his car	
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel	
The other on my heart	
I look around	
Turn the radio down	
He says	
"Baby, is somethin' wrong?"	
I say	
"Nothing, I was just thinking"	
"How we don't have a song"	
And he says	
Our song is the slammin' (1) door	
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	
When we're on the phone and you talk (2) slo	w
'Cause it's late and your (3) don't know	
Our song is the way you laugh	
The first date	
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have	
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"	
Asking God if he could play it again	
I was walking up the front porch steps	
After everything that day	
Had gone all wrong or been (4) on	
And lost and thrown away	
Got to the hallway	
Well on my way to my lovin' bed	
I almost didn't (5) all the roses	
And the note (6) said	
Our song is the slammin' screen door	

Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
'Cause it's (7) and your mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh
The first date
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he could play it again
I've heard every album
Listened to the radio
Waited for something to come along
That was as (8) as our song
'Cause our song is the slammin' screen door
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
When we're on the phone and he talks real slow
'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
Our song is the way he laughs
The first date
Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he (9) play it again
Play it again
(Oh yeah)
I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
In the front seat of his car
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin
And I wrote down our song



1. screen

- 2. real
- 3. mama
- 4. trampled
- 5. notice
- 6. that
- 7. late
- 8. good
- 9. could

Fill in the gaps