

Our song is the slammin' screen door

## Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window
In the front seat of his car	When we're on the phone and you talk real 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 (6) 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 (7) along
Our song is the slammin' screen door	That was as good as our song
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	'Cause our (8) is the slammin' screen doo
When we're on the phone and you talk (1) 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 talks 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 (2) her, and I (3) 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 (4) 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 wrong or been trampled on	(Oh yeah)
And lost and (5) away	I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
Got to the hallway	In the front seat of his car
Well on my way to my lovin' bed	I grabbed a pen and an old napkin
I almost didn't notice all the roses	And I wrote down our song
And the note that said	



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. real
- 2. kiss
- 3. should
- 4. play
- 5. thrown
- 6. when
- 7. come
- 8. song