

Fill in the gaps

Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window

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' screen door
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on (1) window
When we're on the phone and you (2) real slow
'Cause it's late and (3) mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh
Our song is the way you laugh The first date
The first date
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "Amen"
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "Amen" Asking God if he could play it again
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "Amen" Asking God if he could play it again I was walking up the front porch steps
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "Amen" Asking God if he could play it again I was walking up the front porch steps After everything that day
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "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 trampled on
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "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 trampled on And lost and thrown away
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "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 trampled on And lost and thrown away Got to the hallway
The first date Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have And when I got home 'fore I (4) "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 trampled on And lost and thrown away Got to the hallway Well on my way to my lovin' bed

When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
'Cause it's late 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 good 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 (7) I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he (8) play it again
Play it again
(Oh yeah)
I was ridin' (9) with my hair undor
In the front seat of his car
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin
And I wrote down our song



1. your

- 2. talk
- 3. your
- 4. said
- 5. note
- 6. screen
- 7. when
- 8. could
- 9. shotgun

Fill in the gaps