

Our song is the slammin' screen door

Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' (1) with my hair undone	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window
In the front seat of his car	When we're on the (7) and you talk real slo
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 (2) 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
l 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' (8) door
When we're on the (3) and you talk	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
(4) slow	When we're on the phone and he talks real slow
Cause it's late and (5) mama don't know	'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh	Our song is the way he laughs
The first date	The first date
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have	Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"	And (9) I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he could (6) it again	Asking God if he could play it again
I was walking up the front porch steps	Play it again
After everything that day	(Oh yeah)
Had gone all wrong or been trampled on	I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
And lost and thrown away	In the front seat of his car
Got to the hallway	I (10) a pen and an old napkin
Well on my way to my lovin' bed	And I wrote down our song
I almost didn't notice all the roses	
And the note that said	



- 1. shotgun
- 2. radio
- 3. phone
- 4. real
- 5. your
- 6. play
- 7. phone
- 8. screen
- 9. when
- 10. grabbed

Fill in the gaps