

## Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' (1) (2) my hair	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on (6) window
undone	When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
In the front seat of his car	'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel	Our song is the way you laugh
The other on my heart	The first date
I look around	Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have
Turn the radio down	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
He says	Asking God if he could play it again
"Baby, is somethin' wrong?"	
I say	I've heard every album
"Nothing, I was just thinking"	Listened to the radio
"How we don't have a song"	Waited for something to (7) along
And he says	That was as (8) as our song
Our song is the slammin' screen door	'Cause our song is the slammin' screen door
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow	When we're on the phone and he (9) real slow
'Cause it's late and your 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 when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he could play it again	Asking God if he could play it again
I was walking up the (3) porch steps	Play it again
After everything that day	(Oh yeah)
Had (4) 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 grabbed 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	
Our (5) is the slammin' screen door	



- 1. shotgun
- 2. with
- 3. front
- 4. gone
- 5. song
- 6. your
- 7. come
- 8. good
- 9. talks

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