

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 your window When we're on the phone and you talk real slow 'Cause it's (2)\_\_\_\_\_ and your mama don't know Our song is the way you laugh The (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (5)\_\_\_\_ day

Had gone all wrong or been trampled on

Well on my way to my lovin' bed I almost didn't notice all the roses

Our song is the slammin' screen door

And lost and (6)\_\_\_ Got to the hallway

And the note that said

## Fill in the gaps

Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window

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' (7) doc	or
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window	
When we're on the (8) and he talks real s	low
'Cause it's late and his mama don't know	
Our (9) 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 (10) "Amen"	
Asking God if he could 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. look
- 2. late
- 3. first
- 4. said
- 5. that
- 6. thrown
- 7. screen
- 8. phone
- 9. song
- 10. said

## Fill in the gaps