

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 was walking up the (3)\_ \_ 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 I almost didn't notice all the roses And the note that said

Our song is the slammin' screen door

## Fill in the gaps

Sneakin' out late,	tappin' on your wind	wok	
When we're on the phone and you talk (4)			_ slow
'Cause it's late and your (5) don't know			
Our song is the way you laugh			
The (6)	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 a	lbum		
Listened to the rad	dio		
Waited for someth	ning to (7)	_ 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 (8)	date		
Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have			
And (9) I got home 'fore I said "Amen"			
Asking God if he of	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. radio
- 2. late
- 3. front
- 4. real
- 5. mama
- 6. first
- 7. come
- 8. first
- 9. when

## Fill in the gaps