

Fill in the gaps

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 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 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	
I (2) didn't notice all the roses	
And the note that said	
Our (3) is the slammin' (4)	door

Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow	
'Cause it's late and (5) mama 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 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 (7) slo	ow
'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 (8) I got home 'fore I said "Amen"	
Asking God if he could (9) 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	



Ansv 1. your

- 2. almost
- 3. song
- 4. screen
- 5. your
- 6. first
- 7. real
- 8. when
- 9. play

Fill in the gaps

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