

## Fill in the gaps

| He said the way my blue (1) shined          |
|---|
| Put those Georgia stars to shame that night |
| I said that's a lie                         |
| Just a boy in a chevy truck                 |
| That had a (2) of getting stuck             |
| On (3) at night                             |
| And I was right there beside him            |
| All summer long                             |
| And then the time                           |
| We woke up to find                          |
| That summer'd gone                          |
| And when you think Tim McGraw               |
| I hope you think my favourite song          |
| The one we danced to all night long         |
| The moon like a (4) on the lake             |
| When you think happiness                    |
| I hope you think that little black dress    |
| Think of my head on your chest              |
| And my old faded blue jeans                 |
| When you think Tim McGraw                   |
| I hope you think of me                      |
| September saw a month of tears              |
| And thanking God that you weren't here      |
| To see me like that                         |
| But in a box beneath my bed                 |
| There's a letter that you never read        |
| Three summers back                          |
| It's hard not to (5) it all a little        |
| Bitter sweet                                |
| And looking back on all the sad             |

It's nice to believe

When you think Tim McGraw I hope you think my favourite song The one you danced to all night long The moon like a spotlight on the lake When you think happiness I hope you think that little black dress Think of my head on your chest And my old faded blue jeans When you (6)\_\_\_\_\_ Tim McGraw I hope you think of me And I'm back for the first time since then I'm standing on your street And there's a letter left on your doorstep And the first thing that you'll read Is when you think Tim McGraw I hope you think my (7)\_\_ \_\_ song So then you'll turn your radio on I hope it takes you back to that place When you think happiness I (8)\_\_\_\_\_ you think that little black dress Think of my (9)\_\_\_\_\_ on your chest And my old faded blue jeans When you think Tim McGraw I (10)\_\_\_\_\_ you think of me You think of me He said the way my blue eyes shined Put those Georgia stars to shame that night I said that's a lie



- 1. eyes
- 2. tendency
- 3. backroads
- 4. spotlight
- 5. find
- 6. think
- 7. favourite
- 8. hope
- 9. head
- 10. hope

## Fill in the gaps

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