

Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on (6) window
In the front seat of his car	When we're on the phone and you talk (7)
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel	'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
The other on my heart	Our song is the way you laugh
I look around	The first date
Turn the radio down	Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have
He says	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
"Baby, is somethin' wrong?"	Asking God if he (8) play it again
I say	
"Nothing, I was just thinking"	I've heard every album
"How we don't have a song"	Listened to the radio
And he says	Waited for something to come along
Our song is the slammin' screen door	That was as good as our song
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	'Cause our song is the slammin' screen door
When we're on the (1) and you talk real slow	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know	When we're on the phone and he talks real slow
Our song is the way you laugh	'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
The first date	Our song is the way he laughs
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have	The first date
And when I got (2) 'fore I said "Amen"	Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have
Asking God if he could play it again	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
I was walking up the (3) porch steps	Asking God if he could play it again
After everything that day	Play it again
Had (4) all wrong or been (5)	(Oh yeah)
on	I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
And lost and thrown away	In the front (9) 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 (10) our song
I almost didn't notice all the roses	
And the note that said	

Our song is the slammin' screen door

When we're on the phone and you talk (7)	
'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 (8) 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 real slow	
'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 when I got home 'fore I said "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 (9) of his car	
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin	
And I wrote (10) our song	



- 1. phone
- 2. home
- 3. front
- 4. gone
- 5. trampled
- 6. your
- 7. real
- 8. could
- 9. seat
- 10. down

Fill in the gaps

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