

Fill in the gaps

I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window
In the front seat of his car	When we're on the phone and you (6)
He's got a one-hand feel on the steering wheel	'Cause it's late and (7) mama
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
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 (1) is the slammin' screen door	That was as good as our song
Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window	'Cause our (9) is the slammin'
When we're on the (2) and you talk	Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window
(3) slow	When we're on the phone and he talks re
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know	'Cause it's late and his mama don't know
Our song is the way you laugh	Our song is the way he laughs
The first date	The first date
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have	Man, I didn't kiss him, and I (10)
And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"	And when I got home 'fore I said "Amen"
Asking God if he could play it again	Asking God if he could play it again
I was walking up the front porch steps	Play it again
After everything that day	(Oh yeah)
Had gone all wrong or (4) trampled on	I was ridin' shotgun with my hair undone
And lost and thrown away	In the front seat 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 down our song
I (5) 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 (6) real slow		
'Cause it's late and (7) 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 (9) 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 (10) 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 seat of his car		
I grabbed a pen and an old napkin		
And I wrote down our song		



- 1. song
- 2. phone
- 3. real
- 4. been
- 5. almost
- 6. talk
- 7. your
- 8. could
- 9. song
- 10. should

Fill in the gaps

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