

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 your window When we're on the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ window When we're on the phone and you talk real slow 'Cause it's late and your (4)\_\_\_\_\_ don't know Our song is the way you laugh The (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ is the slammin' screen door Sneakin' out late, tappin' on his window When we're on the phone and he talks (7)\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ play it again Play it again (Oh yeah...) \_\_\_\_\_ with my hair undone I was ridin' (9)\_\_\_ In the front seat of his car I grabbed a pen and an old napkin And I wrote down our song



- 1. look
- 2. phone
- 3. your
- 4. mama
- 5. first
- 6. song
- 7. real
- 8. could
- 9. shotgun

## Fill in the gaps