

## Fill in the gaps

i was ridin shotgun with my hair undone
In the (1) 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 (2) 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 phone and you talk (3) slow
'Cause it's late and your mama don't know
Our (4) is the way you laugh
The first date
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I (5) have
And when I got home 'fore I (6) "Amen"
Asking God if he could play it again
I was (7) 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

Sneakin' out late, tappin' on your window When we're on the phone and you talk real slow 'Cause it's late and your (8)\_\_\_\_\_ don't know Our (9)\_ \_\_\_\_ 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'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 seat of his car I grabbed a pen and an old napkin And I wrote down our song



- 1. front
- 2. radio
- 3. real
- 4. song
- 5. should
- 6. said
- 7. walking
- 8. mama
- 9. song

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