

## Fill in the gaps

He said the way my blue eyes 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 tendency of getting stuck
On backroads 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 (1) like a spotlight on the lake
When you think happiness
When you think happiness I hope you think (2) little (3) dress
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I hope you think (2) little (3) dress
I hope you think (2) little (3) dress Think of my head on your chest
I hope you think (2) little (3) dress Think of my head on your chest And my old faded blue jeans
I hope you think (2) little (3) dress Think of my head on your chest And my old faded blue jeans When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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 (4) my bed
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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 (4) my bed There's a letter that you never read
I hope you think (2) little (3) 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 (4) my bed There's a letter that you never read Three summers back

It's nice to believe

when you think him McGraw
I hope you think my favourite song
The one you danced to all night long
The moon (5) a spotlight on the lake
When you think happiness
I hope you (6) 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
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 (7) you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think my (8) song
So (9) you'll turn your radio on
I hope it takes you back to that place
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
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. moon
- 2. that
- 3. black
- 4. beneath
- 5. like
- 6. think
- 7. when
- 8. favourite
- 9. then

## Fill in the gaps