

Our song is the slammin' screen door

Fill in the gaps

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

| Sheakin out late, tappin on your window        |
|--|
| When we're on the phone 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'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 (7) 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)                                      |
| 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. screen

- 2. when
- 3. could
- 4. play
- 5. that
- 6. gone
- 7. late
- 8. could

## Fill in the gaps