

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 look 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 (1)\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ 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

Sheakin out late, tappin on your window
When we're on the phone and you talk real slow
'Cause it's late and your (3) don't know
Our song is the way you laugh
The first date
Man, I didn't (4) her, and I should have
And when I got home 'fore I (5) "Amen"
Asking God if he (6) 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 (8) 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 (9) a pen and an old napkin
And I wrote down our song



## 1. your

- 2. first
- 3. mama
- 4. kiss
- 5. said
- 6. could
- 7. late
- 8. when
- 9. grabbed

## Fill in the gaps