

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 something wrong?"  
I say, "Nothing, I was just thinkin' how we don't have a song"  
And he says  
Our song is the slamming screen door  
Sneakin' out late, tapping 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 was walkin' up the front porch steps after everything that day  
Had gone all wrong and 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 slamming screen door  
Sneakin' out late, tapping 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 slamming screen door  
Sneakin' out late, tapping 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"  
Askin' God if he could play it again, play it again  
Oh, yeah  
Oh, 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