

# Our Song

## Hushabye Baby

I was riding 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 thinking  
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 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 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  
Asking God if He could play it again  
Play it again, oh, yeah, oh, oh, yeah  
I was riding 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

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