

# Our Song

Taylor Swift

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, "Nothin', I was just thinkin' how we don't have a song"  
And he said, Our song is a 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, on the first date  
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have  
And when I got home, before 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 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 a 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, on the first date  
Man, I didn't kiss her, and I should have  
And when I got home, before 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 a slamming screen door  
Sneaking 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, on the first date  
Man, I didn't kiss him, and I should have  
And when I got home, before 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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