

# Blaine Larsen, Teaching Me How To Love You

Her name was Sarah Jean, it was a night like this  
In front of the Dairy Queen, she gave me my first kiss  
I was just ten years old, so I never knew  
She was teaching me how to love you

After the high school dance, in my ol' man's car  
Holdin' Carol Ann, I tried to go too far  
When she said "no", I didn't have a clue  
She was teaching me how to love you

Every hand we hold, every bridge we burn  
Every story told was another lesson learned

A few years ago, I met Jill one night  
Man I loved her so, but I didn't treat her right  
When she left me there with my heart broke in two  
She was teaching me how to love you

Every hand we hold, every bridge we burn  
Every single story told is another lesson learned

So if I should glance in your rearview mirror  
At every failed romance that brought you here  
Honey, I can't be hurt by what I see  
They were teaching you how to love me  
They were teaching you how to love me