

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