

# Taylor Swift, Our Song

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...

[Chorus:]

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 ... 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...

[Repeat Chorus]

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  
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  
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

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