

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 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 you'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, but 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 the 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...

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When you're on the phone and you talk real slow
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Da da da da

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 could have"
And when I got home ... before I said amen
Asking God if he could play it again...

Play it again... Ho yea ho yea

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