

Tim McGraw
(Written by Taylor Swift/Liz Rose)

You said the way my blue eyes shined
Put those Georgia stars to shame that night
I said, that's a lie
Just a boy in a Chevy truck
That had a tendency of getting stuck
On backroads at night
And I was right there beside him
All summer long
And then the time we woke up to find that summer'd gone

But when you think, Tim McGraw
I hope you think my favorite song
The one we danced to all night long
The moon like a spotlight on the lake
When you think happiness
I hope you think that little black dress
Think of my head on your chest
And my old faded blue jeans
When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think of me

September saw a month of tears
And thanking God that you weren't here
To see me like that
But in a box beneath my bed
Is a letter that you never read
From three summers back
It's hard not to find it all a little bitter sweet
And looking back on all of that
It's nice to believe

When you think, Tim McGraw
I hope you think my favorite song
The one we danced to all night long
The moon like a spotlight on the lake
When you think happiness
I hope you think that little black dress
Think of my head on your chest
And my old faded blue jeans
When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think of me

And I'm back for the first time since then
I'm standing on your street
And there's a letter left on your doorstep
And the first thing that you'll read

Is, when you think, Tim McGraw
I hope you think my favorite song
Some day you'll turn your radio on
I hope it takes you back to that place
When you think happiness
I hope you think that little black dress
Think of my head on your chest
And my old faded blue jeans
When you think Tim McGraw
I hope you think of me
Oh, think of me
Mmmm-hmmm

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