

Better Together

Luke Combs

A 40 HP Johnson
On a flat bottom metal boat
Coke cans and BB guns
Barbed wire and old fence posts
8-point bucks in autumn
And freshly cut corn fields
One arm out the window
And one hand on the wheel

Some things just go better together
And probably always will
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise
Sunday drives and time to kill
What's the point of this old guitar
If it ain't got no strings
Or pouring your heart into a song
That you ain't gonna sing?
It's a match made up in heaven
Like good ole boys and beer
And me, as long as you're right here

Your license in my wallet
When we go out downtown
Your lipstick stained every coffee cup
That I got in this house
The way you say I love you, too
Is like rain on an old tin roof
And your hand fits right in to mine
Like a needle in a groove

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And probably always will
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Sometimes we're oil and water
But I wouldn't have it any other way
And if I'm being honest
Your first and my last name

Would just sound better together
And probably always will
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And me, as long as you're right here

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