Doin' This

Luke Combs

Someone asked me once in an interview
"What was growing up like, where'd you go to school?
And what would you do if you weren't doin' this?"

I'd be drivin' my first car, an old worn-out Dodge
Tryin' to make rent with a dead end job, just makin' due
With tips in a jar, my guitar and an old barstool

I'd have a Friday night crowd in the palm of my hand
Cup of brown liquor, couple buddies in a band
Singin' them same damn songs like I am now
I'd be feelin' on fire on a hardwood stage
Bright lights like lightning runnin' through my veins
At the Grand Ole Opry or a show in some no-name town
I'd still be doin' this if I weren't doin' this

I'd still be the same guy they knew back in the day
Who was burnin' CDs just to give away
Payin' his dues if I weren't doin' this

Five deep in a van, head full of steam
Hot on the heels of my neon dreams maybe comin' true
Livin' this life just like I was born to do

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It ain't about the fame
It ain't about the fortune
It ain't about the name
It ain't about the glory
I guess I'm sayin' it's always been about

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"What was growing up like, where'd you go to school?
And what would you do if you weren't doin' this? "

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