

# Houston, We Got a Problem

Luke Combs

This is my kinda town, this is my kinda place  
I wouldn't mind hangin' 'round for more than just a couple days  
I got a 12th floor room with a killer view of the empty Astrodo  
me  
Got a tab at the bar downstairs, but all I can think about is h  
ome

I got new boots covered in red dirt, a "Don't Mess With Texas"  
t-shirt  
And a Lonestar postcard postmarked with "missin' you"  
It's got the biggest sky you've ever seen, the coldest beer you  
'd ever drink  
But I still feel like I landed on the moon, 'cause it ain't got  
you  
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You should've seen 19th Street, you should've seen a midnight r  
odeo  
The way them saloon doors swing, when they line dance to "Coppe  
rhead Road"

Some like the lager down here, that'll make you feel the way al  
l them cowboys do  
I wish I was an outlaw, but all I can think about is you

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