

# Nothing Like You

Luke Combs

I'm on this red-eye rolling down a runway  
Window seat, nonstop one-way  
2 pm, Gate B10, it can't come soon enough  
I've got a mid-flight magazine and a mixed drink  
I wish time would fly right with me  
Damn the days that baggage claim's in another taxi town  
But they always bring me back to you

I've seen California and the fields of Oklahoma  
From thirty thousand feet, can't beat the view  
Crossed the Mississippi, watched the mountains over Tennessee  
Become a Carolina sky that was so blue  
And still ain't seen nothing like, nothing like you

I've spent every mile missing you, baby  
It's enough to drive me crazy  
"I love you"'s from hotel rooms  
They sure do make it tough  
But they always bring me back to you

I've seen California and the fields of Oklahoma  
From thirty thousand feet, can't beat the view  
Crossed the Mississippi, watched the mountains over Tennessee  
Become a Carolina sky that was so blue  
And still ain't seen nothing like, nothing like you

In all these nothing towns  
You in this whole world around  
You're the only place I want to get back to

'Cause I've seen California and the fields of Oklahoma  
From thirty thousand feet, can't beat the view  
Crossed the Mississippi, watched the mountains over Tennessee  
Become a Carolina sky that was so blue  
And still ain't seen nothing like  
And still ain't seen nothing like  
And still ain't seen nothing like  
Nothing like you  
Nothing like you