

# You Found Yours

Luke Combs

Remy was a pit mix, she was just skin and bones  
Daddy found in a deep ditch on his way home  
He said she hopped right up when he opened his door  
When you feel that kinda feeling, son  
You found yours

Age of seventeen you worked all summer long  
Washing cars and pulling weeds from your neighbor's lawn  
Well it wasn't no King Ranch, but she was paid for  
When you find that kinda freedom, buddy  
You found yours

Whoa, you found yours  
That living, breathing reason you've been looking for  
Whoa, don't need nothing more  
When you feel that kinda feeling, yeah  
You found yours

She was an answer to an ole boy's prayer  
Way out of your league, but you didn't care  
When you stole that kiss on her daddy's front porch  
That feeling that you're feeling, buddy  
You found yours

Whoa, you found yours  
That living, breathing reason you've been looking for  
Whoa, don't need nothing more  
When you feel that kinda feeling, yeah  
You found yours  
Come on

A fresh coat of blue paint on a bedroom wall  
Turns to two little feet running up and down the hall  
And now it's plain as day what you're down here for  
If you were looking for a reason, buddy  
You found yours

Whoa, you found yours  
That living, breathing reason you've been looking for  
Whoa, don't need nothing more  
When you feel that kinda feeling, yeah  
You found yours