

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