Houston, We Got a Problem

Luke Combs

This is my kind of town
This is my kind of place
I wouldn't mind hanging around
For more than just a couple days
I got a 12th floor room with a killer view
Of an empty Astrodome
A tab at the bar downstairs
But all I can think about is homeI got on new boots, covered in red dirt
A "Don't mess with Texas" T-shirt
And a Lonestar postcard post marked from missing 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
Houston, we got a problem
You should've seen 19th street
You should've seen a midnight rodeo
The way them saloon doors swing
When they line dance to Copperhead Road
Something about the Jaeger down here
That'll make you feel the way all them cowboys do
I wish I was an outlaw
But all I can think about is youI got on new boots, covered in red dirt
A "Don't mess with Texas" T-shirt
And a Lonestar postcard post marked from missing 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
Houston, we got a problem
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
Houston, we got a problem
We got a problem
We got a problem

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/