

# Better Together

Luke Combs

A 40 HP Johnson on a flat bottom metal boat  
Coke cans and BB guns, barbed wire and old fence posts  
8-point bucks in autumn and freshly cut cornfields  
One arm out the window and one hand on the wheel  
Some things just go better together and  
probably always will  
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill  
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?  
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?  
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer  
And me, as long as you're right here  
Your license in my wallet when we go out downtown  
Your lipstick's stained every coffee cup that I got in this house  
The way you say, "I love you, too" is like rain on an old tin roof  
And your hand fits right into mine like a needle in a groove  
Some things just go better together  
and probably always will  
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill  
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?  
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?  
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer  
And me, as long as you're right here  
Sometimes we're oil and water, but I wouldn't have it any  
other way  
And if I'm being honest, your first and my last name  
Would just sound better together and probably always will  
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill  
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?  
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?  
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer  
And me, as long as you're right here  
And me, as long as you're right here

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