

# Six Feet Apart

Luke Combs

When the dogwoods start to bloom  
And the crickets hum their tune  
It's usually about the time  
That I feel most alive But the news has all been bad  
And the world just seems so sad  
And I ain't had much going on  
So I sat down and wrote this song I miss my mom, I miss my dad  
I miss the road, I miss my fans  
Giving hugs and shaking hands  
It's a mystery, I suppose  
Just how long this thing goes  
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows  
And there will be light after dark  
Some day when we aren't six feet apart  
The first thing that I'm gonna do  
Is slide on in some corner booth  
Take the whole damn family out  
And buy my buddies all a round Pay some extra on the tab  
Catch a movie, catch a cab  
Watch a ball game from the stands  
Probably over-wash my hands I miss my mom, I miss my dad  
I miss the road, I miss my fans  
Giving hugs and shaking hands  
It's a mystery, I suppose  
Just how long this thing goes  
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows  
And there will be light after dark  
Some day when we aren't six feet apart  
I miss my mom, I miss my dad  
I miss the road, I miss my fans  
Giving hugs and shaking hands  
Now it's a mystery, I suppose  
Just how long this thing goes  
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows  
And there will be light after dark  
Some day when we aren't six feet apart  
And there will be light after dark  
Some day when we aren't six feet apart

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

