

# 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 home  
I 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 you  
I 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  
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We got a problem  
We got a problem

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

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

