

# Used to You

Luke Combs

That old phone of mine,  
2: 39, am  
when i got the call  
half asleep,  
thought it was a dream,  
but it wasn't afterall  
that old dog of yours,  
sitting on the porch  
waits for you to come home,  
little does he know  
that you won't  
be walking through that door  
i just leave him alone,  
cause lettin' go don't come that easily  
most of the time,  
i can get by - it's just a little hard on me  
{but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,  
sittin' out in the drive  
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,  
at church on Sunday night  
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',  
without you singin' along  
but i'll never get used to you bein' gone}  
that old rockin chair,  
sittin over there,  
it don't rock no more  
and that old six string,  
aint played a thing,  
been awhile since it's hummed a chord  
just leave em alone cause lettin go,  
don't come that easily  
most of the time,  
I can get by - it's just a little hard on me  
but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,  
sittin' out in the drive  
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,  
at church on Sunday night  
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',  
without you singin' along  
but i'll never get used to you bein' gone  
there's a lot of things in this whole world I can stand,  
but when it comes to losin' you,

I just can't  
yeah, but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,  
sittin' out in the drive  
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,  
at church on Sunday night  
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',  
without you singin' along  
but i'll never get used to,  
oh i'll never used to,  
you bein' gone.  
yeah, bein' gone.  
i'm never gettin' used to you bein' gone.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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