

Luke Combs - Houston, We've Got a Problem

Tom: G

m (forma dos acordes no tom de Em)

Capostrate na 3ª casa

Intro: Em7 C G D
Em7 C G D

This is my Em7 C kinda town, this is my G D kinda place

I wouldn't mind hangin' round for more than just a couple days
Em7 C G D

I got a twelfth floor room with a killer view of the empty
astrodome

A tab at the bar downstairs, but all I can think about is home
Em7 C D

I got my new boots covered in red dirt, A don't mess with
texas t-shirt

And a Lone star postcard postmarked from missing you
G C

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
G C

'Cause it ain't got you
Em7

Houston we got a problem
D

(Em7 C G D)

You shoulda seen 19th street, should have seen the midnight
rodeo

The way them saloon doors swing when they line dance to
copperhead road

Em7 C G D
Something bout the air down here that'll make you feel the way
all them cowboys do

Oh I wish I was an outlaw, but all i can think about is you
Em7 C D

I got my new boots covered in red dirt, A don't mess with
texas t-shirt

And a Lone star postcard postmarked from missing you
G C

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
G C

'Cause it ain't got you
Em7

Houston we got a problem
D Em7 C G D

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
G C

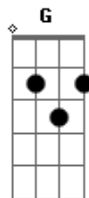
'Cause it ain't got you
Em7

Houston we got a problem
D Em7 C G

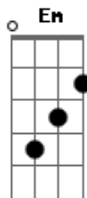
Houston we got a problem
D Em7 C G

We got a problem
Em7

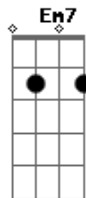
Acordes



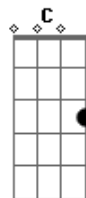
© ukulele-chords.com



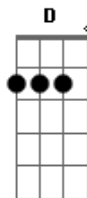
© ukulele-chords.com



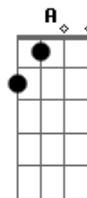
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com