

Luke Combs - Houston, We've Got a Problem

Tom: G

m (forma dos acordes no tom de Em)

Capostrate na 3ª casa

Intro: Em C G D
Em C G D

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

I wouldn't mind hangin' round for more than just a couple days
Em 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

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

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

D Houston we got a problem

(Em 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

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

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texas t-shirt

And a Lone star postcard postmarked from missing you

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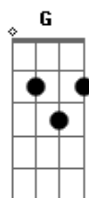
'Cause it ain't got you

D Houston we got a problem

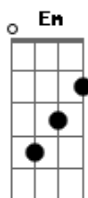
D Houston we got a problem

Em We got a problem

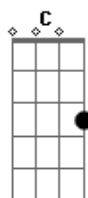
Acordes



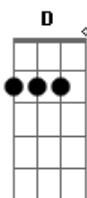
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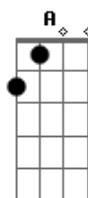
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