

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 Em7 C hangin' round for more than just a G D couple days

I got a twelfth floor room with a killer view of the empty Em7 C astrodome

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

I got my new boots covered in red dirt, A C don't mess with G 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 D C 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 Em7 C 19th street, should have seen the G D midnight Em7 rodeo

The way them saloon doors swing when they line dance to Em7 C G D copperhead road

Something bout the air down here that'll make you feel the way Em7 C D 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 C don't mess with G 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 G C 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 G C 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

