

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} kinda town, this is my ^G kinda place

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

I got a twelfth floor room with a killer view of the empty
^D ^C ^G ^D
astrodome

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

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

And a Lone star postcard postmarked from missing you
^G ^C ^C ^G ^D

It's got the biggest sky you've ever seen, the coldest beer
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D
you'd ever drink

But I still feel like I landed on the moon
^G ^C ^{Em7}

'Cause it ain't got you
^D ^{Em7}

Houston we got a problem
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D

(^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D)

You shoulda seen 19th street, should have seen the midnight
^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D
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
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G
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, ^G ^A don't mess with
^C ^C ^G ^D
texas t-shirt

And a Lone star postcard postmarked from missing you
^G ^C ^C ^G ^D

It's got the biggest sky you've ever seen, the coldest beer
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D
you'd ever drink

But I still feel like I landed on the moon
^G ^C ^{Em7}

'Cause it ain't got you
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G ^D

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 ^{Em7}
you'd ever drink

but I still feel like I landed on the moon
^G ^C ^{Em7}

'Cause it ain't got you
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G

Houston we got a problem
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G

Houston we got a problem
^D ^{Em7} ^C ^G

We got a problem
^{Em7}

Acordes

