

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} kinda town, this is my ^C kinda place
I wouldn't mind hangin' round for more than just a couple days ^G ^D
^{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 ^{Em} ^C ^D

I got my new boots covered in red dirt, ^G ^C ^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 ^{Em}

^D Houston we got a problem

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

You shoulda seen 19th street, should have seen the midnight
rodeo ^{Em} ^C ^G ^D

The way them saloon doors swing when they line dance to ^{Em} ^C ^G ^D
copperhead road

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

Oh I wish I was an outlaw, but all i can think about is you ^{Em} ^C ^D

I got my new boots covered in red dirt, ^G ^C ^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 ^G ^C

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

'Cause it ain't got you ^{Em}

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

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

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

'Cause it ain't got you ^{Em}

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

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

We got a problem ^{Em}

Acordes

