

Better Together

Luke Combs

A 40 HP Johnson on a flat bottom metal boat
Coke cans and BB guns, barbed wire and old fence posts
8-point bucks in autumn and freshly cut cornfields
One arm out the window and one hand on the wheel
Some things just go better together and
probably always will
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer
And me, as long as you're right here
Your license in my wallet when we go out downtown
Your lipstick's stained every coffee cup that I got in this house
The way you say, "I love you, too" is like rain on an old tin roof
And your hand fits right into mine like a needle in a groove
Some things just go better together
and probably always will
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer
And me, as long as you're right here
Sometimes we're oil and water, but I wouldn't have it any
other way
And if I'm being honest, your first and my last name
Would just sound better together and probably always will
Like a cup of coffee and a sunrise, Sunday drives and time to kill
What's the point of this ol' guitar if it ain't got no strings?
Or pourin' your heart into a song that you ain't gonna sing?
It's a match made up in heaven, like good ol' boys and beer
And me, as long as you're right here
And me, as long as you're right here

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