

Six Feet Apart

Luke Combs

When the dogwoods start to bloom
And the crickets hum their tune
It's usually about the time
That I feel most alive But the news has all been bad
And the world just seems so sad
And I ain't had much going on
So I sat down and wrote this song I miss my mom, I miss my dad
I miss the road, I miss my fans
Giving hugs and shaking hands
It's a mystery, I suppose
Just how long this thing goes
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows
And there will be light after dark
Some day when we aren't six feet apart
The first thing that I'm gonna do
Is slide on in some corner booth
Take the whole damn family out
And buy my buddies all a round Pay some extra on the tab
Catch a movie, catch a cab
Watch a ball game from the stands
Probably over-wash my hands I miss my mom, I miss my dad
I miss the road, I miss my fans
Giving hugs and shaking hands
It's a mystery, I suppose
Just how long this thing goes
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows
And there will be light after dark
Some day when we aren't six feet apart
I miss my mom, I miss my dad
I miss the road, I miss my fans
Giving hugs and shaking hands
Now it's a mystery, I suppose
Just how long this thing goes
But there'll be crowds and there'll be shows
And there will be light after dark
Some day when we aren't six feet apart
And there will be light after dark
Some day when we aren't six feet apart

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