

Used to You

Luke Combs

That old phone of mine,
2: 39, am
when i got the call
half asleep,
thought it was a dream,
but it wasn't afterall
that old dog of yours,
sitting on the porch
waits for you to come home,
little does he know
that you won't
be walking through that door
i just leave him alone,
cause lettin' go don't come that easily
most of the time,
i can get by - it's just a little hard on me
{but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,
sittin' out in the drive
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,
at church on Sunday night
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',
without you singin' along
but i'll never get used to you bein' gone}
that old rockin chair,
sittin over there,
it don't rock no more
and that old six string,
aint played a thing,
been awhile since it's hummed a chord
just leave em alone cause lettin go,
don't come that easily
most of the time,
I can get by - it's just a little hard on me
but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,
sittin' out in the drive
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,
at church on Sunday night
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',
without you singin' along
but i'll never get used to you bein' gone
there's a lot of things in this whole world I can stand,
but when it comes to losin' you,

I just can't
yeah, but i'm gettin' used to that old truck of yours,
sittin' out in the drive
i'm gettin' used to you not bein' there,
at church on Sunday night
i'm gettin' used to the radio playin',
without you singin' along
but i'll never get used to,
oh i'll never used to,
you bein' gone.
yeah, bein' gone.
i'm never gettin' used to you bein' gone.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>