

Houston, We Have a Problem

Joe Diffie

She said she'd meet me
In the cheap seats at the end zone
And now I sittin's here cryin'
In the parkin' lot of the Astro Dome

When she stands me up like this
We both know where she is
Big city what are we gonna do
Looks like it's just me and you

Houston, we have a problem
I think we've lost her one more time
Well, Houston, she's gone to Austin
But she's run off and left us high and dry

He slicks his hair back
And he talks fast for a Southerner
He's the bona fide right hand
Of the third hand from the Governor

I don't know what she sees in him
But dog gone it, she's gone again
Leavin' me in a pool of tears
What's it gonna take to keep her here

Houston, we have a problem
I think we lost her one more time
Well, Houston, she's gone to Austin
But she's run off and left us high and dry

You've gotta million petty fights
But every time she takes that ride
You lose every bit of your shine

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A laugh, high and dry