

Phil Vassar, Houston

It's been three days, two hours
And a minute
Since she blasted off breaking every speed limit
As fast and far away from me
As she could get
Well, she said, you'll straighten up one way or another
The Don't Mess With Texas bumper
Sticker on the bumper
Said it all as she drove off into the red sunset
She was right and I've learned my lesson
Here on out, I'm a man on a mission

Houston, we have a problem
If you can put a man on the moon
I'm sure there's something you can do
To help a love a little off course
Well, I'm losin' her, heaven knows I can't do that
I need her back
So come in Houston, we have a problem

She left with a suitcase full of resentment
She told me that I was afraid
Of commitment
She said don't call me baby, I'll call you
Well it's been days and I ain't
Heard nothing
Somebody's just got to do something

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So come in Houston, we have a problem

If I could do anything I would give everything
To make her come home
I only need a chance to say if
I could find a way
To let her know, come in

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So come in Houston, we have a problem
We have a problem