

Where the Wild Things Are

Luke Combs

♩ = 115

p

4

My big bro-ther rode an In - di - an Scout It was black like his jack

mp

7

- et_ A-me-ri-can Spi-rit han-gin' out-ta his mouth Just like our dad-

mp

11

- dy He kick - star-ted that bike one night and broke ma-ma's heart

mp