

Hank Williams Jr. "On Susan's Floor"

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Like crippled ships that made it
Through the storms and finally reached a quiet shore
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor

I didn't feel so cold and tired stretched out before her
fire
Rolling smokes and drinking up her wine
And I remember candle light and singing till we could
not sing no more
And falling warm asleep on Susan's floor

Well now that my song is sweeter, I think I'd like to
greet her
And thank her for the favors that she gave
A stranger I came my head bowed in the rain to her
door
I sat and sang my songs on Susan's floor

In the morning I'd go on
Buying kingdoms with my songs
Knowing I'd be back in just a while
Warming in the sunlight of her smile

Well lots of time and songs have passed, I catch
myself looking back
Reliving all the wonder of those nights
That's where I'd be today if I had only stayed one night
more
And sang another song on Susan's floor

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