

Johnny Horton

"Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor"

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The fiddles're squeekin' the guitars're speakin' the
piano plays a jelly-roll
The man on the drum is out from dumb and the
bassman he plays from his soul
The tables're quakin' and your nerves're shakin' but
you keep on beggin' for more
You keep a havin' your fun you lucky son of a gun on a
honky tonk hardwood floor
On a honky tonk hardwood floor on a honky tonk
hardwood floor
You keep a havin' your fun you lucky son of a gun on a
honky tonk hardwood floor
[guitar]
There's a waitress handy and she don't sell candy and
she don't sell soda pop
And there's a fat bartender who's there to serve you if
you really wanna blow your top
If you got no money then there's a little honey she's a
thing that you adore
You keep a havin' your fun you lucky son of a gun on a
honky tonk hardwood floor
On a honky tonk hardwood floor...
[piano]
Your payday's Saturday you're broke on Sunday come
Monday you're feelin' saur
You got big black eyes that you pick up from little from
a little guy the night before
So you swear off off to drinkin' but when you get to
thinkin'
Bout the goodtimes you had oh Lord
So keep a havin' your fun you lucky son of a gun on a
honky tonk hardwood floor
On a honky tonk hardwood floor...

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