

Alan Jackson, Walkin' The Floor Over Me

(Alan Jackson/Don Sampson)

There's a lady living right above me
Pretty as a picture on the wall
Once I helped her with a bag of groceries
We met a time or two out in the hall

She told me somebody hurt her feelings
The hurt that's in her eyes is plain to see
Slowly she's been wearing out my ceiling
Walkin' the floor over me

Every night I hear her cryin'
Cryin' over some old memory
A little of my heart is down here dyin'
'Cause she's walkin' the floor over me

Back and forth I followed every footstep
Countin' long enough to fall asleep
Had the sweetest dream last night 'cause I dreamt
She was walkin' the floor over me

Every night I hear her cryin'
Cryin' over some old memory
A little of my heart is down here dyin'
'Cause she's walkin' the floor over me
That woman is walkin' the floor over me