

Nanci Griffith, Spin On A Red Brick Floor

I could use a little spin on a red brick floor
in that crazy 'ol bar when Tim locks the door
Where the walls are gonna ring and the strings are gonna bend
and it's a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again

Oh, the Blue Ridge mountains at the fall of the night
it sure feels good when you cross that line
I'll tip my cup and holler at the moon
I'll say-a-Great White North ... honey here's to you sleep tight ...

I've gone crazy on this road ... with all of this travellin alone,
but the asphalt is burnin' tonight ...
The New England Spring's been good to me
there's been warmth to lend and good lines to sing
But, how I miss my native tongue
'cause ... New York City sorta brings out the stupids in me

I've got one more stop down in Tennessee
My sweetheart is there just a-waitin' on me
Then it's on down the road kickin' East Texas dust
I'll catch my breath with that hot Houston neon buzzin'

I've gone crazy on this road ... with all of this travellin alone,
but the asphalt is burnin' tonight ...
The New England Spring's been good to me
there's been warmth to lend and good lines to sing
But, how I miss my native tongue
'cause ... New York City sorta brings out the stupids in me

Oh, here comes a little spin on a red brick floor
it's a crazy 'ol bar and Tim's locked the door
The wall's are ringin', the strings are gonna bend
and it's a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again