

# Dickey Lee, On Susan's Floor

Didn't feel so cold and tired stretched out before the fire  
Rolling smokes and drinking up her wine  
And I remember candle light and singin' till we couldn't sing no more  
Then falling warm asleep on Susan's floor  
Now that my song is sweeter Lord I'd like to greet her  
And thank her for the flavors 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 healing in the sunshine of her smile  
Well lots of times and songs have passed I catch myself just looking back  
Reliving all the wonder of those nights  
That's where I'd be today if I had only stay one night more  
And sang another song on Susan's floor  
Like crippled ships that made it through storm and finally reached a quiet shore  
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor hmm hmm