

Hank Williams Jr., On Susan's Floor

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
[steel]
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 stay one night more
And sang another song on Susan's floor
Like crippled ships that made it through the storms and finally reached a quiet shore
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor