

Walkin' the Floor Over Me

[Alan Jackson](#)

Theres 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 hallShe told me somebody hurt her feelings
The hurt thats in her eyes is plain to see
Slowly shes been wearing out my ceiling
Walkin the floor over meEvery night I hear her cryin
Cryin over some old memory
A little of my heart is down here dyin
'Cause shes walkin the floor over meBack 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

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