

# A Little More Sawdust On the Floor

Marty Raybon

A LITTLE MORE SAWDUST ON THE FLOOR (F)

By Marty Rayborn

1. The dirty streets of this old city, well it's a far cry, from the life ,I recall.

Where a bright eyed boy is barely breaking twenty,

And is with a girl of his dreams until dawn.

People just don't seem to take the time to kick up, their heels no more,

This world needs a little more sawdust on the floor.

2. Seems this old world is goin crazy, spinnin more and more each day out of control.

With the measure of success these days is money,

Friends and family seems to be a thing of old.

People just don't seem.....

Bridge: Well we get in such a hurry, we're headed nowhere fast,

We've forgotten, to, remember when, life was just a dance.

Where we found, forever, in our hearts, the fiddle, struck a chord.

This world needs, a little more sawdust on the floor. (instru)

3. Put on your faded blue jeans baby, grab your boots out of the closet in the hall.

Well tonight we're goin out and find that magic,

Well dosie doe, twirl around and have a ball.

Turnin up that old eternal flame, behind those swinging doors,

This world needs a little more sawdust on the floors. (Bridge)

End: Ya we sure could use, a little more sawdust on the floor,

Ya, this world could use, a little more sawdust on the floor.

Lyrics Submitted by Gregory A. Nickerson

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