Spin On a Red Brick Floor

Nanci Griffith

Well, 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
It's a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers againAnd it's 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 tightI've gone crazy on this road
With all of this travelin' alone
But the asphalt is burnin' tonightOh, 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 meI'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'And I've gone crazy on this road
With all of this travelin' alone
But the asphalt is burnin' tonightOh, 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
It's a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers againAnd 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
It's a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again

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