

# 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 again And 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 tight I've gone crazy on this road  
With all of this travelin' alone  
But the asphalt is burnin' tonight Oh, 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 me I'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' tonight Oh, 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 And 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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