On Susan's Floor

Hank Williams, Jr.

Like crippled ships that made it
Through the storms and finally reached a quiet shore
The homeless found a home on Susan's floorI 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 floorWell 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 floorIn 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 smileWell 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 stayed one night more
And sang another song on Susan's floorLike crippled ships that made it
Through the storms and finally reached a quiet shore
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor

Songwriters
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