

## 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 floor

I 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 floor

Well 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 floor

In 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 smile

Well 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 floor

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