

Spin On A Red Brick Floor
Nanci Griffith

Capo on 2nd (chords relative to capo)

Intro

D	D/C#
D/B	D/A
D	D/C#
D/B	D/A

Verse 1

D	D/C#
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Well, I could use a little spin on a red brick floor

D/B	D/A
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In that crazy ol' bar when Tim locks the door

D	D/C#
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Where the walls are gonna ring and the strings are gonna bend

D/B	D/A
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It s a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again

D	D/C#
D/B	D/A

Verse 2

D	D/C#
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And it s the Blue Ridge mountains at the fall of the night

D/B	D/A
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It sure feels good when you cross that line

D	D/C#
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I ll tip my cup and holler at the moon

D/B	D/A
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I ll say-a-great white north, honey, here s to you sleep tight

D	D/C#
D/B	D/A

Chorus

G	A7sus4
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I ve gone crazy on this road

G	A7sus4
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With all this trav-elin' alo-o-one

G	A7sus4
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But the asphalt is burnin' to-n-i-

D	D/C#
----------	-------------

-ight

D/B	D/A
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Verse 3

D	D/C#
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Oh, the New England spring s been good to me

D/B	D/A
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There s been a warmth to lend and good lines to sing

D **D/C#**

But, how I miss my native tongue

D/B **D/A**

Cause New York City sorta brings out the stupids in me

D **D/C#**

D/B **D/A**

Verse 4

D **D/C#**

I ve got one more stop down in Tennessee

D/B **D/A**

My sweetheart is there just a-waitin on me

D **D/C#**

Then it s on down the road kickin East Texas dust

D/B **D/A**

I ll catch my breath with that hot Houston neon buzzin

D **D/C#**

D/B **D/A**

Chorus

G **A7sus4**

I ve gone crazy on this road

G **A7sus4**

With all this trav-elin alo-o-one

G **A7sus4**

But the asphalt is burnin to-n-i-

D **D/C#**

-ight

D/B **D/A**

(Break) **D/A** **D** **D/C#**
D/B **D/A**

Verse 5

D **D/C#**

Oh, here comes a little spin on a red brick floor

D/B **D/A**

It s a crazy ol bar and Tim s locked the door

D **D/C#**

The wall s are ringin , the strings are gonna bend

D/B **D/A**

It s a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again

D **D/C#**

D/B **D/A**

Verse 6

D **D/C#**

And here comes a little spin on a red brick floor

D/B **D/A**

It s a crazy ol bar and Tim s locked the door

D **D/C#**

The wall s are ringin , the strings are gonna bend

	D/B	D/A
It s a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again	D	D/C#
	D/B	D/A
(Outro)	D/A	D