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/C# D Well, I could use a little spin on a red brick floor D/B D/A In that crazy ol bar when Tim locks the door D/C# D Where the walls are gonna ring and the strings are gonna bend D/B D/A It s a buss on the cheek from all my old lovers again D/C# D D/B D/A Verse 2 D D/C# And it s the Blue Ridge mountains at the fall of the night D/B D/A It sure feels good when you cross that line D D/C# I ll tip my cup and holler at the moon D/A D/B I ll say-a-great white north, honey, here s to you sleep tight D D/C# D/B D/A Chorus G A7sus4 I ve gone crazy on this road A7sus4 G With all this trav-elin alo-o-one A7sus4 But the asphalt is burnin to-n-i-D D/C# -ight D/B D/A Verse 3 D D/C# Oh, the New England spring s been good to me D/B D/A

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 a	alo-o-one
	G	A7sus4
But th	e asphalt is b	ournin to-n-i-
D		D/C#
-ight		
D/B		D/A

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

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Verse 5
                                     D/C#
              D
   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
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	D/B		D/A	
It s a buss or	n the cheek	from all	my old lovers	again
	D		D/C#	
	D/B		D/A	
(Outro)	D/A		D	