

Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor

Gary Stewart

The fiddles're squeekin' the guitars're speakin'
The piano plays a jelly-roll
The man on the drum is far from dumb
And the bassman he plays from his soul
The tables're quakin' and your nerves're shakin'
But you keep on beggin' for more
You keep a havin' your fun
You lucky son of a gun on a honky tonk hardwood floor

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There's a waitress handy
And she don't sell candy
And she don't sell soda pop
And there's a fat bartender who's there to serve you
If you really wanna blow your top

If you got no money then there's a little honey
The girl that you adore
You keep a havin' your fun
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On a honky tonk hardwood floor...

Your payday's Saturday
You're broke on Sunday
Come Monday you're feelin' sore
You got big black eyes that you pick up in a fight
From a little guy the night before
So you swear off to drinkin'
But then you get to thinkin'
Bout the goodtimes you had oh Lord
So keep a havin' your fun
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