

Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor

recorded by Johnny Horton
written by Tex Atchinson, Eddie Hazlewood, Harrell

[D] Well the fiddles are squeakin'. The guitars are speaking. The [G] piano plays a jelly [D] roll.
The [G] man on the drums is [D] far from dumb. And [E7] the bassman he plays from his [A7] soul
The [D] tables are quakin' and your nerves are shakin', But you [G] keep on beggin' for [D] more.
You keep'a [G] havin' your fun you lucky [D] son of a gun, on a [A7] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor

On a honky tonk hardwood floor. On a [G] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor
You keep'a [G] havin' your fun you lucky [D] son of a gun, on a [A7] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor

There's a waitress handy but she don't sell candy. And she [G] don't sell soda [D] pop.
There's a [G] fat bartender who is [D] there to serve ya, if [E7] you really wanna blow your [A7] top

If [D] you got no money then there's a little honey. She's the [G] gal that you [D] adore.
You keep'a [G] havin' your fun you lucky [D] son of a gun. on a [A7] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor

On a honky tonk hardwood floor. On a [G] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor
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You're payday's Saturday you're broke on Sunday, By [G] Monday you're feelin' [D] sore.
You got [G] two black eyes that [D] you picked up, from [E7] a little guy the night [A7] before.

So [D] you swear off drinkin' but then you get to thinkin', 'bout the [G] good times you had [D] galore
you keep'a [G] havin' your fun you lucky [D] son of a gun, on a [A7] honky tonk hardwood [D] floor

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