

# Alan Jackson, Walkin' The Floor Over Me

(Alan Jackson/Don Sampson)

There's a lady living right above me  
Pretty as a picture on the wall  
Once I helped her with a bag of groceries  
We met a time or two out in the hall

She told me somebody hurt her feelings  
The hurt that's in her eyes is plain to see  
Slowly she's been wearing out my ceiling  
Walkin' the floor over me

Every night I hear her cryin'  
Cryin' over some old memory  
A little of my heart is down here dyin'  
'Cause she's walkin' the floor over me

Back and forth I followed every footstep  
Countin' long enough to fall asleep  
Had the sweetest dream last night 'cause I dreamt  
She was walkin' the floor over me

Every night I hear her cryin'  
Cryin' over some old memory  
A little of my heart is down here dyin'  
'Cause she's walkin' the floor over me  
That woman is walkin' the floor over me