

Footloose
By: Kenny Loggins

Been working so hard, I'm punching my card
Eight hours for what? Oh, tell me what I got
I've got this feeling, that time's just holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling, Or else I'll tear up this town

Now I gotta cut loose
Footloose, kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get back, come on before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose

You're playing so cool, obeying every rule
Deep way down in your heart
You're burning, yearning for the somebody to tell you
That life ain't passing you by

I'm trying to tell you, It will if you don't even try
You'll get by if you'd only cut loose

Footloose, kick off the Sunday shoes
Ooh-whee, Marie, shake it, shake it for me
Whoah, Milo come on, come on let's go
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose

Bridge: You got to turn me around, And put your feet
on the ground Gotta take the hold of all

I'm turning loose, footloose, kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get back, come on before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose
Footloose, kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get back, come on before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut, everybody cut
Everybody cut, everybody cut
Everybody cut, everybody cut
Everybody, everybody cut footloose