

# Footloose

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 times are holding me down  
I'll hit the ceiling  
Or else I'll tear up this town

Now I gotta cut loose, footloose  
Kick off your 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 some  
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 can fly if you'd only cut loose, footloose  
Kick off your Sunday shoes  
Oo-wee, Marie, shake it, shake it for me  
Whoa, Milo, come on, come on let's go  
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose

Yeah, ooooh-oh-oh  
(Cut footloose)  
Yeah, ooooh-oh-oh  
(Cut footloose)  
Yeah, ooooh-oh-oh  
(Cut footloose)  
Ooooooooooh

(First) You've got to turn me around  
(Second) And put your feet on the ground  
(Third) Now take the hold of all

I'm turning it loose footloose,  
Kick off your 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) footloose  
Kick off your 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