

# Room On The Third Floor (acoustic)

[McFly](#)

Room on the third floor, not what we asked for  
I'm not tired enough to sleep  
One bed is broken, next room is smokin'  
Air conditioning's stuck on heat And outside it's raining, and the guest upstairs is complainin'  
'Bout the room that's got their TV too loud  
'Cause the times like these remind me  
That I've got to keep my feet on the ground Wake up early, 'round seven thirty  
House keepings knockin' on my door  
Do not disturb sign, the back of her mind  
I must have left it on the floor  
Yeah, My eyes are hurting 'cause the cheap nylon curtains  
Let the sunlight creep in through from the clouds  
'Cause it's times like these remind me  
That I've got to keep my feet on the ground  
Yeah Na na na  
Na na na  
Na na na Na na na  
na na na  
na na, Oh Yeah, I guess the times like these remind me  
I guess the times like these remind me  
I guess the times like these remind me  
That I've got to keep my feet on the ground Na na na  
Na na na  
Na na na No, no I guess the times like these remind me  
I guess the times like these remind me  
I guess the times like these remind me  
That I've got to keep my feet on the ground

Songwriters

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