

Footloose

Blake Shelton

I been working so hard
I'm punching my card
Eight hours for what
Oh, tell me what I got
I get this feeling
That times just holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling
Or else I'll tear up this town Tonight 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
Dig 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
Oh-wee Marie, shake it, shake it for me
Woah, Milo, come on, come on let's go
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose (Cut footloose)
Woah-oh-oh-oh
(Cut footloose)
Woah-oh-oh-oh
(Cut footloose)
Woah-oh-oh-oh
(Cut footloose)
Woah-oh-oh-oh We got to turn you around
And put your feet on the ground
Now take a hold of your soul I'm turning it 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) 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

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