Footloose

The Baby Boomers

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 the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get Mack, 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
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
Oo-wee Marie, shake it, shake it for me
Woah, 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)
Ooooooooh

You've got to turn me around

And put your feet on the ground
Gotta take the hold of all
I'm turning it loose

Footloose, kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get Mack, come on before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose
(Footloose) footloose
Kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get Mack, 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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