

# 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)  
Ooooooooooh

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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Woah, Milo, come on, come on let's go

Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose

Yeah, oooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

Yeah, oooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

Yeah, oooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

Ooooooooooh

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