

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 time's just 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 the 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'll get by if you'd only cut loose
Footloose, kick off your Sunday shoes
Ooh-whee, Marie, shake it, shake it for me
Whoah, Milo come on, come on let's go
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose
You got to turn me around
And put your feet on the ground
Gotta take the hold of all
I'm turning loose



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych