Footloose

NO SAX

I been work-in' so hard. I'm punch-in' my card. Eight hours, for what?

Oh, tell me what I got. I've got this feel - in'___ that time's just hold-in' me down.

I'll hit the ceil - ling

or else I'll tear up this town.___ To-night I got-ta cut

loose,   foot-loose;   kick__ off your Sun-day shoes.   Please,   Lou - ise,

pull me off   of my knees.   Jack,   get back,   come__ on be-fore we crack.

Lose   your blues,   ev-'ry-bod-y cut foot-loose.

You're play-in'   *so cool,*   o-bey-ing ev-er-y rule.   Deep way down   in your heart,

you're burn-ing, yearn-ing for some - bod-y to tell   you   that life ain't a-pass-in' you by.

I'm try-ing to   tell   you,   it will if   you don't e-ven

try.___   You can fly___   if you'd on - ly   cut

loose,   foot-loose;   kick__ off your Sun-day shoes.   Ooo wee,   Ma - rie.

Shake it, shake it for   me.   Oh,   Mi - lo,   come__ on, come on, let's go.

Lose   your   blues,   ev - 'ry - bod - y   cut   foot - loose.

First, you've got to turn me a-round.

Sec-ond, and put your feet on the ground. Third, Now take a-hold of it all.

D.S. al Coda

I'm turn-in' it

Coda

loose, foot-loose; kick off your Sun-day shoes. Please, Lou-ise,

pull me off of my knees. Jack, get back, come on be-fore we crack.

Lose your blues, Ev-'ry-bod-y cut, ev-'ry-bod-y cut,

Ev-'ry-bod-y cut, ev-'ty-bod-y cut. *Ev-'ry-bod-y cut, ev-'ry-bod-y cut.* Ev-'ry-bod-y,

ev-'ry-bod-y cut, foot-loose.