

Dick Brave & The Backbeats

"Twenty Flight Rock"

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Oh well I get a girl with a record machine
When it comes to rockin' she's the queen
We go to dance on Saturday night
I'm all alone and I hold her tight
But she live on the twentieth floor in town
The elevator's broken down

So I walk one, two flight, three flight four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to drag
I get to the top, then I'm too tired to rock

Well she called me up on the telephone
Said "Come on over, baby, I'm all alone"
I said "Girl, you're mighty sweet
But I'm in bed with the achin' feet"
This went on for a couple of days
But I could not stay away

So I walk one, two flight, three flight four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to drag
I get to the top, then I'm too tired to rock
Yeah, lets rock it

Alright

Yeah, we sent to Chicago for repairs
Till it's a-fixed I'm using the stairs
I love you, baby, wanna see your face
I love you baby, too much to wait
All this climbing is gettin' me down
They'll find my cold feet over the rail

So I walk one, two flight, three flight four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to drag
I get to the top, then I'm too tired to rock
Yeah, fingo

Oh yeah

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