

Blake Shelton

"Footlose"

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Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
Ooooo-oh-oh

Been working so hard
I'm punching my card
Eight hours for what
Oh, tell me what I got
I've get 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, footlose
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 footlose

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, footlose
Kick off your 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 footlose.

Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
(Cut footlose)
Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
(Cut footlose)
Yeah, oooh-oh-oh
(Cut footlose)
Ooooooooooh

Weve got to turn you around

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

I'm turning it 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 footlose
(Footloose) 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, everybody cut
Everybody cut, everybody cut
Everybody cut, everybody cut

(Everybody) everybody cut footloose

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