

Footloose

"Footloose"

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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 still holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling
Or else I'll tear up this town
Tonight I gotta cut

We got to go cutloose, footloose
Kick off your Sunday shoes
Please, Louise
Pull me offa my knees
Jack, get back
C'mon before we crack
Lose your blues
Everybody cut footloose

You're playing so cool
Obeying every rule
Dig a way down in your heart
You're burning, yearning for 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 can fly You can Fly
(Ren) If you'd only cut

Footloose whoa whoa
Cut foot loose

(Dialogue between ren and ethel)

First we got to turn you around
And put your feet on the ground
Now take a hold of your soul
Now take a hold of your soul

(Then comes church scene)

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