

Paul McCartney **"Twenty Flight Rock"**

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Ooh, well, I got a girl with a record machine
When it comes to rockin', she's a queen
Went to a dance on a Saturday night
All alone where I could hold her tight
She lives on the twentieth floor uptown
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
Fifteen before I'm ready to drag
Get to the top and I'm too tired to rock

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

I walk one, two flight, three flight four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag
Fifteen before I'm ready to drag
Get to the top and I'm too tired to rock
You know I'm too tired, babe

Well, sent to Chicago for repairs
Till it's fixed I'm usin' the stairs
I hope they hurry, before it's too late
You know, I love my baby too much to wait
All this climbing is getting me down
They'll find my corpse draped over the rail

But I walk one, two flight, three flight four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag
Fifteen before I'm ready to drag
I get to the top and I'm too tired to rock
Ohh, woh

Ooh, well, I got a girl with a record machine

When it comes to rockin', you know she's a queen
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Well, I walk one, two flight, three flight four
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I get to the top and I'm too tired to rock

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