

Footloose

Blake Shelton

I've been working so hard, I'm punching my car
Eight hours, for what? Oh, tell me what I got
I get this feeling, that time's just holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling or else I'll tear up this town
Tonight I gotta cut loose, footloose kick off your
Sunday shoes
Please, Louise pull me off a 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 if you'd only cut loose
Footloose kick off your Sunday shoes
Oowhee, Marie shake it, shake it for me
Whoa, Milo c'mon, c'mon let's go
Lose your blues everybody cut footloose, Cut footloose, Whoa
Cut footloose, Whoa
Cut footloose, Whoa
We got to turn you around
And put your feet on the ground
Now take a hold of your soul
I'm turning it loose
Footloose kick off your Sunday shoes
Please, Louise pull me off a my knees
Jack, get back c'mon before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose
Footloose kick off your Sunday shoes
Please, Louise pull me off a my knees
Jack, get back c'mon before we crack
Lose your blues
Everybody cut everybody cut
(Everybody) Everybody cut everybody cut
(Everybody) Everybody cut everybody cut
Everybody everybody cut footloose

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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