

American Idol, Footloose

Been working so hard
I punch in my card
Eight hours, for what
Now tell me what I got
I've got this feeling
That time's just holding me down
I'll hit the ceiling
Or else I'll tear up this town
Now I gotta cut

*Loose, 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 way down in your heart
You're burning, yearning for some
Somebody to tell you
That life ain't passing you by
I try 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