

# 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