

Eddie Cochran, Twenty Flight Rock

Oh well, I've got a girl with a record machine
When it comes to rockin' she's the queen
We love to dance on a Saturday night
All alone, I can hold her tight
But she lives in a twentiest floor up town
The elevator's broken down

So I walked one, two flight, three flight, four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I started to drag
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to sag
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock

When she calles me up on the telephone
Said c'mon over honey, I'm all alone
I said baby, you're mighty sweet
But I'm in the bed with a achin' feet
This went on for a couple of days
But I couldn't stay away

So I walked one, two flight, three flight, four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm ready to drag
Fifteenth floor I started to sag
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock

(Guitar solo)

Well, they sent to Chicago for repairs
'Till it's a-fixed I'm using the stairs
Hope they hurry up before it's too late
Want my baby too much to wait
All this climbin' is gettin' me down
They'll find my corpse draped over a rail

But I climbed one, two flight, three flight, four
Five, six, seven flight, eight flight more
Up on the twelfth I'm ready to drag
Fifteenth floor I started to sag
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock