

Paul McCartney, Twenty Flight Rock

Well I got a girl with a record machine,
When it comes to rocking she's a queen.
I took her to a dance on a saturday night,
All alone where I can hold her tight.
She lives on the twentieth floor uptown.
The elevator's broken down.

And I walk one, two flight, three flight four,
Five six seven flight, eight flight more.
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag,
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to drag.
I get to the top and I'm too tired to rock.

You know she called me up on the telephone,
Said come on ever baby 'cause I'm all alone.
I said baby you're mighty sweet,
But I'm in bed with aching feet.
This went on for a couple of days,
But I couldn't stay away.

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Five six seven flight, eight flight more.
Up on the twelfth I'm starting to sag,
Fifteenth floor I'm ready to drag.
I get to the top and I'm too tired to rock.

Well I sent to Chicago for repairs,
Till it's fixed I'm using the stairs.
I hope they hurry, before it's too late,
I want my baby too much to wait.
All this climbing is getting me down,
They'll find me hanging over the rail.

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