

The Rolling Stones, Twenty Flight Rock

(Fairchild/Cochran)

Oh I get a girl with a record machine
When it comes to rockin she's the queen
We go to dance on saturday night
I'm all alone and I hold her tight
But she live on the twentieth floor in town
The elevator's broken down

So 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
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock

Well she called me up on the telephone
Said "come on over, baby, I'm all alone"
I said "baby, you're mighty sweet
But I'm in bed with the achin' feet"
This went on for a couple of days
But I could not stay away

So 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
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock

Yeah, we sent to Chicago for repairs
Till it's a-fixed I'm using the stairs
I love you, baby, wanna see your face
I love you baby, too much to wait
All this climbing is gettin me down
They'll find my cold feet over the rail

So 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
Get to the top, I'm too tired to rock