

# 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