

# 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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