

Twenty Flight Rock

Eddie Cockran '56

Stones, McCartney,
Cliff Richard

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 on a twentieth floor up town
- The elevator's - broken down

So I walked **1, 2** flight, **3** flight, **4**
5, 6, 7 flight, **8** flight more
Up on the **12th** - I started to **sag**
15th floor - I'm ready to **drag**
Get to the top, -- I'm too tired to rock

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

[C] < Gui Lead - 2 >

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 [C] < Piano Lead 1 > [C] //