

Baby, It's Cold Outside (with Cerys Matthews)

Tom Jones

I really cant stay
But baby, its cold outside
I've got to go away
Ahh, baby, its cold outside This evening has been
Been hoping that you'd drop in
So very nice
Ill hold your hands, they're just like ice My mother will start to worry
Beautiful, whats your hurry
My father will be pacing the floor
Listen to that fireplace roar So really Id better scurry
Oh beautiful, please dont hurry
Maybe just a half a drink more
Why dont you put some records on while I pour The neighbors might think
Oh baby, its bad out there
Say, whats in this drink
Theres no cabs to be had out there I wish I knew how
Your eyes are like starlight now
To break this spell
Ill take your hat, your hair looks well I ought to say no, no, no, sir
Mind if I move a little closer
At least there'll be, oh, that I tried
Whats the sense of hurting my pride I really cant stay
Baby, dont hold out
Ahh, but its cold outside
Yeah I simply must go
Oh, baby, its cold outside
The answer is no
You know its cold outside This welcome has been
Im lucky that you dropped in
So nice and warm
Look out the window at that storm My sister will be suspicious
Oh, your lips look delicious
My brother will be there at the door
Like waves upon a tropical shore My maiden aunts mind is vicious
Eww, your lips are delicious
Well maybe just a cigarette more
Never such a blizzard before I've got to go home
Ahh, baby, you would freeze out there
Say, lend me a comb

You know its up to your knees out there You've really been grand
I thrill when you touch my hand
But dont you see?
How can you do this thing to me Theres bound to be talk tomorrow
Making my life long sorrow
At least there will be plenty implied
If you caught pneumonia and died I really cant stay
Get over and hold out
Ahh, but its cold outside, yeah Bloody, freezin' ain't it

Songwriters

Frank Loesser Published by

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