

# Air Conditioner

Sutton Foster

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oooh this hot summer has got me down,  
You can fry an egg on the street  
Heatwaves awigglin' on the sidewalk,  
Cops are droppin like flies on the beat,  
I need a new lover to take me in,  
Protect me from this humid air,  
Be you from Brooklyn, Staten Island or Queens,  
I don't care It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,  
Or how big your apartment might be,  
All you need's an air conditioner,  
And you're the man for me You can't pour me a glass of Perrier,  
You can't fan my fevered brow,  
You can't rub me down with alcohol,  
That ain't enough!  
No how You can't lay me in a tub of ice,  
you can't stand me in a cold shower, too,  
But if you don't have an air conditioner,  
I will not go home with you It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,  
Or how big your ego might be,  
All you need's an air conditioner,  
And you are the man,  
You are the man,  
You are the man,  
You are my man,  
You are the man for me Bye, bye,  
Bye, bye,  
Buh buh buh badadadada,  
Aoooh aoooh What's that you say?  
You live by the Hudson river?  
And a breeze blows through your door?  
Well, honey, if you don't have  
a Freidrichs in your window,

I don't want to hear anymore You say you live in a penthouse,  
You got a terrace with a view of the night,  
Well, that's swell,  
But I really must tell you,  
An air conditioner is a much prettier sight It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,  
Or how big your apartment might be,  
All you need's an air conditioner,  
And you're the man oh,  
You're the man,  
I don't care what kinda lovin' you're into,  
Or how big your ... might be,  
All you need's an air conditioner,  
And you're the man oh,  
You're the man oh,  
You're the man for me Bada dah dah dah dah

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