

40 Below

David Lee Roth

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

So the Lone Ranger rides again
I'm gonna blow by you
Like a frozen cold freight train
I'll freeze the smile on your face
Go back, hell no, I just pulled up
An' lil' Jack frost
Gonna bite your little butt
So honey, cut to the chase
Well, your famous last words
Are a hard act to follow
An' too much heat I too hard to swallow
Keep on wonderin' why it's gettin' so damn cold
Call me 40 Below 'cos I'm cold
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Well, call me 40 Below
Well, I could take a little cold shot
And try an' ease your situation
I could sock it to ya non-stop, baby
So dig on my refrigeration
Shiverin' a-shakin'
Yeah, the whole routine
You get a fast crash course in air conditioning
Yeah, my freezer's just hummin'
Stick your face in the artic blast
An' tell everybody they can kiss my ass, oh yeah
'Cause the ice-man's comin'
I'll give you bright red cheeks an' a runny nose
Like when the car don't start an' yo' booty's froze
It's like you been here before
Well, honey, whattya know?
Well, call me 40 Below an' I'm cold, yeah
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Call me 40 Below
An' I'll be whippin' in your window
I'll be lickin' round your knees
I can drop below zero any moment, baby
I'm talkin' forty degrees, oh yeah
So if you seein' down my backstreets

I suggest you button up
I don't think ya wanna test me, mama
I'm a tough little fart Famous last words are a hard act to follow
An' too much heat is too hard to swallow
Keep on wonderin' why it's gettin' so damn cold Call me 40 Below and I'm cold
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go Well, call me 40 Below an' I'm cold
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go Well, call me 40 Below, feelin' so cold
Button up, mama
Yeah, you'd better zip it back up
Stamp my feet, clap your hands together Yeah and pray for sunny weather
Don't light that match no
I'm melting, you're a horrible, horrible girl

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>