

# 40 Below

## SECRETS

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 goWell, 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 goWell, call me 40 Below, feelin' so cold  
Button up, mama  
Yeah, you'd better zip it back up  
Stamp my feet, clap your hands togetherYeah and pray for sunny weather  
Don't light that match no  
I'm melting, you're a horrible, horrible girl

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