S.m.p.

Goldfinger

There's something 'bout the cold wind
Blowing across your face
It's not the kill, it's the thrill of the chase
It's like being in bed with the girl of your dreams
Or eating a pint of Ben & Jerry's ice cream
Well you can kick me in the knee with your ski or your boot
Well that's cool on your head all root
This is something that I will always cherish
Here to state the fact that skiers must perish

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