

Baby, It's Cold Outside (with K.T. Oslin)

Barry Manilow

Well, honeybuns
It's been fun
But I gotta run Oh, sweetlips
Stay a little while longer won't you
No, it's very late baby
I really got to go But look at the weather
You'll catch cold out there
And I would never forgive myself
Oh you Come on
Just one more night cap
No I shouldn't
Come on No well
I really can't stay
But baby it's cold outside
I got to go away
But baby it's cold outside This evening has been
And hoping that you drop in
So very nice
I'll hold your hands
There just like ice My mother will start to worry
Beautiful what's your hurry
And father will be pacing the floor
Listen to the fireplace roar So really I better scurry
Beautiful please don't go
Well maybe, just a half drink more
Put some records on while I pour The neighbors might think
But baby it's bad out there
Say, what's in this drink
No cabs to be had out there I wish I knew how
Your eyes are like stars tonight
To break this spell
I'll take your hat
Your hair looks swell I oughta say, No, no, no sir
Mind if I move in closer
At least I'm gonna say that I tried
What's the sense of hurting my pride I really can't stay
Baby don't hold on
Ah, but it's cold outside Well I must say
This couch is very comfortable

It's not a couch, puddin' pop
It's a love seat Oh, how you talk?
Oh Barry, I simply must go But baby it's cold outside
The answer is, No
But baby it's cold outside
The welcome has been
How lucky that you dropped in So nice and warm
Look out the window
At that storm My sister will be suspicious
Gosh your lips look good delicious
My brother will be there at the door
Like waves upon a tropical storm
My maiden aunt's mind is vicious
Gosh your lips are delicious Well maybe just a cigarette more
Never said your blues will be for
I've got to get home
But baby you'll freeze out there Say darling can you lend me your comb
It's up to your knees out there
You really been grand
I thrill when you touch my hand But don't you see
How can you do this thing to me
There's bound to be talk tomorrow
Think of my life long sorrow At least there will be plenty implied
If you caught pneumonia and died
I really can't stay
Get over that hold out
Ah, but it's cold outside Well I don't know
I don't got to go home
Hey look it's starting to snow
Oh you arranged that didn't you? See now you gotta stay
Well, I guess I won't be able to find a cab
Yeah, no cabs
And the buses they never run
They'll never run in snow like this Let me take your coat
Well, tomorrow is Sunday isn't it?
And I don't have to go to work
See isn't that better And who knows how long it will keep snowing
It can snow for a long time, Kate
What are you doing?
Well now, yeah

Songwriters
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