

# Baby, It's Cold Outside

Margaret Whiting & Johnny Mercer

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

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