

# Smp

## 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>