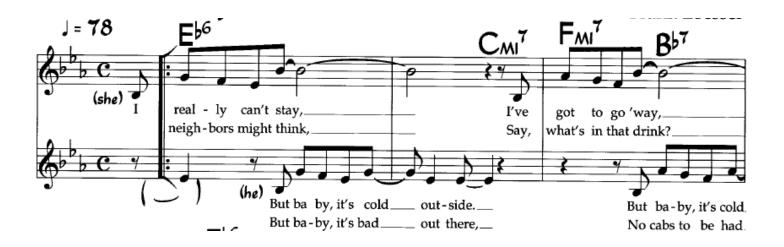
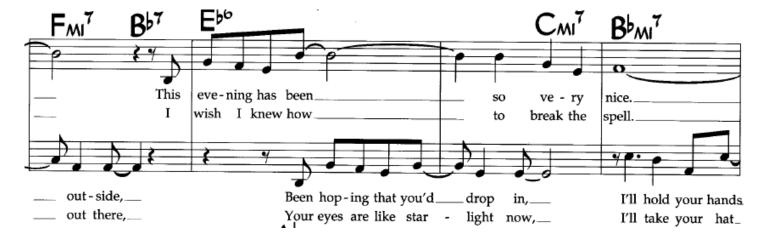
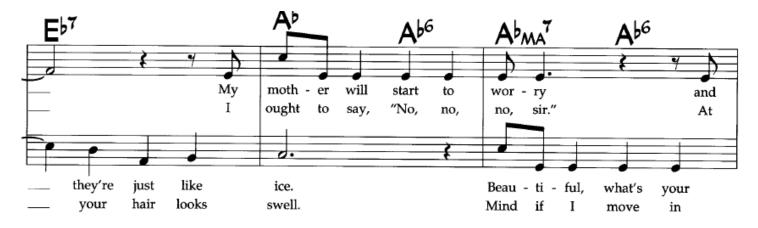
Baby, It's Cold Outside

Medium Slow Swing

Frank Loesser





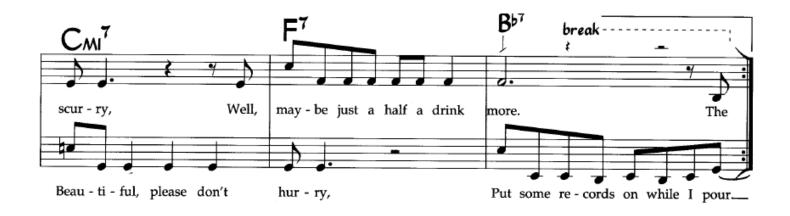


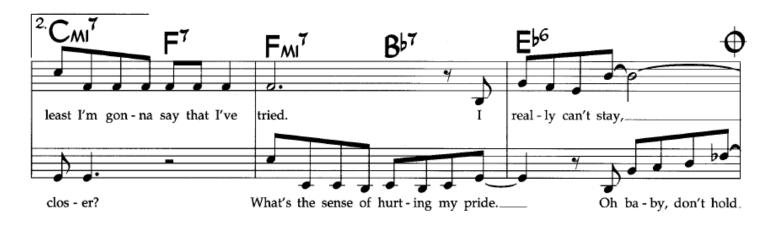


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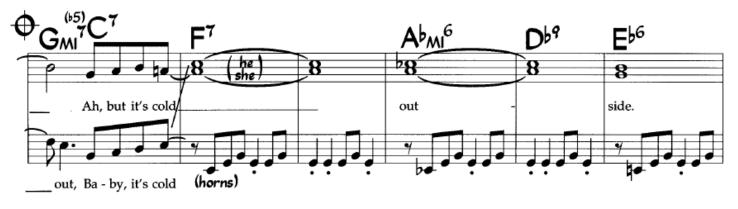
Baby its cold outside – Doris Day & Dean Martin

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She

He

I simply must go, The answer is no, The welcome has been So nice and warm. My sister will be suspicious, My brother will be there at the door, My maiden aunt's mind is vicious, Well maybe just a cigarette more. I've got to get home, Say lend me a comb, You've really been grand, But don't you see There's bound to be talk tomorrow, At least there will be plenty implied, I really can't stay, Ah, but it's cold outside.

But baby it's cold outside, But baby, it's cold outside, How lucky that you dropped in, Look out the window at that storm. Gosh, your lips look delicious, Waves upon a tropical shore, Gosh, your lips are delicious, Never such a blizzard before. But baby, you'd freeze out there, It's up to your knees out there, I thrill when you touch my hand, How can you do this thing to me? Think of my lifelong sorrow If you caught pneumonia and died. Get over that old doubt, Baby, it's cold outside.