

10CC, You've Got A Cold

Your nose is runnin'
And your eyes are red
Your head is achin'
You'd be better in bed
From the bottom of your fever
To the throbbing in your toes
You've got a cold
You've got a cold

You're searching madly
To find a cure
But the mercury's rising
To a hundred and four
You've got a beauty, a bad ass
The mother of them all
You've got a cold
You've got a cold

Ain't no use in fightin' it
Get into bed and try to sweat it out
Hot toddies won't help you
Warm blankets won't sweat it out
Inhalants just choke you
Hot flushes will tell you

Anyway you've got it
Ain't no doubt about it
Nothin' new about
You can scream and shout it
Hot toddies won't help you
Warm blankets won't sweat it out
Inhalants just choke you
Hot flushes will tell you
Anyway you've got it
Ain't no doubt about it
Nothin' new about
You can't fight it

Foreign bodies in your Kleenex
You've got no taste at all
While your system is dyin'
The bugs are havin' a ball
You've got a beauty, a bad ass
The mother of them all
You've got a cold
You've got a cold