

Ella Fitzgerald, Baby, It's Cold Outside

Baby, It's Cold Outside

Margaret Whiting & Johnny Mercer (in italics)

Music and lyrics by Frank Loesser

I really can't stay

But, baby, it's cold outside

I got to go way

But, baby, it's cold outside

This evening's has been

Been hoping that you'd drop in

So very nice

I'll hold your hands, they're 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'd better scurry

Beautiful, please don't hurry

Maybe just a half a drink more

Put some records on while I pour

The neighbors might think

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 starlight now

To break the spell

I'll take your hand, your hair looks swell

I ought to 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 out

Ahh, but it's cold outside

I simply must go

But, baby, it's cold outside

The answer is no

But, baby, it's cold outside

This 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 delicious

My brother will be there at the door

Waves upon a tropical shore

My maiden aunt's mind is visious

Eww, your lips are delicious

Well maybe just a cigarette more

Never such a blizzard before

I've got to get home

But, baby, you'll freeze out there

See ya, say, lend me a comb

It's up to your knees out there

You've 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

Making my life long sorrow

At least there will plenty implied

If you caught pnuemonia and died

I really can't stay
Get over that old out

Ahh but it's cold outside