

# Manhattan Transfer, Nothing Could Be Hotter Than

Adaptation from "Hotter Than That";  
Written by Lillian Armstrong  
Adapted lyric by Alan Paul

## Intro

If you just tell me you'll be true  
And say you love me too,  
Then we'll hit the moon `cause nothing else could be  
Any hotter than that

## Verse 1 (Janis)

When the Fahrenheit hits me it is like a wave in flight  
I'm tellin' you man, it makes me boil to where I'm losin' my sight  
But Babe compared to you, a tropical Bayou that I might discover  
Is like the frozen night air from the Arctic Sea  
Love . . . . . is the fire, the flame that I'm speaking of  
You've cast that spell that voodoo that I want called love  
So if you'll say you'll be true  
And say you love me too  
Then we will hit the moon  
Breakin' the thermostat

## Verse 2 (Cheryl)

Just wait a minute while I spin a little tale  
It's story of . . . romance and mixed emotion  
Far removed from that which most encounter  
When they're lookin' for love.  
It's all about a burnin' yearnin' that I have known too well.  
This flame of fire it overtakes me each time I get movin' to a crazy  
Grindin' little rhythm when the music is up  
Syncopatin' wild music is the aphrodisiac that I adore  
Some folks think I'm a bit spicy but they really don't offend me at all  
A bit carefree like Anais Nin am I in all the little matters  
That pertain to love  
Thanks for the listen don't be missin' all the sizzlin' out of love

## Chorus

It's hotter than a hundred-and-ten in mid-July  
We're sayin' it's  
Hotter than Tabasco or Jamaican fry  
When you say you'll be true  
And tell me you love me too  
The yen for you won't hesitate  
(scat)  
So . . . if you were to say to me babe  
That you find me, oh so fine dear  
When you say . . . you just can not live without me  
Than nothin' baby, could be hotter than that

## Sax solo

## Chorus 2

It's hotter than a hundred-and-ten in mid-July  
We're sayin' it's  
Hotter than Tabasco or Jamaican fry  
When you say you'll be true  
And tell me you love me too  
The yen for you won't hesitate  
(scat)  
So . . . if you were to say to me babe  
That you find me oh so fine dear  
When you say you just can not live without me then  
Laddy, look out Gabe

(Sax solo and scat)

So if you just say you'll be true  
And you cannot live without me  
Then nothing, baby, could be hotter than that

(scat)