

# Sufjan Stevens, Mr. Frosty Man

Common dinner ready!

It's time to party, Mr. Frosty Man! Let's go!

It's time to tango with the frisky, frosty Frosty Man  
he's got a temperature of negative degrees again.  
He likes ice cream and Yo La Tengo with the jamming pants  
You've got to cool it with the hipster costly Frosty Man  
He's chilling, illing, thrilling with the Mr. Saucy Pants  
He likes to keep it real, he likes to talk a little sense  
He's got a friend called Coolio, Vanilla Ice, and Ice-Cube  
Banana split and frozen pie, and Mr. Frosty Pants  
Mr. ? Frosty ? Man!  
Frosty! Frosty! Frosty! Frosty!... Man!

Don't get his goat he just might melt  
and then he gets all mean  
When summer comes he sits beside the air conditioning  
But Mr. Frosty, don't be bossy  
Winter's coming soon  
And when it snows again? Frosty!