

The Manhattan Transfer, Nothing Could Be Hotte

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)