

40 Below

David Lee Roth

So the ol' lone ranger rides again
I'm gonna blow by you
Like a frozen cold freight train
I'll freeze the smile on your face

Go back, hell no! We just pulled up
And little Jack Frost
Gonna bite your little butt
So honey cut to the chase

Well your famous last words
Are a hard act to follow
And too much heat is too hard to swallow
Keep on wonderin' why it's gettin' so damn cold

Call me 40 Below, ooh yeah
'Cause I'm cold, ah
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Well call me 40 Below

Well, I could take a little cold shot
And try and ease your situation
I could sock it to ya non-stop, baby
Dig on my refrigeration

Shiverin' a-shakin' and the whole routine
You get a fast crash course
In air conditioning
Yeah, my freezer's just hummin'

Stick your face in the artic blast
And tell everybody
They can kiss my ass, oh yeah
'Cause the ice-man's comin'

I'll give you bright red cheeks and a runny nose
Like when the car don't start and your booty's froze
It's like you been there before
Well, honey, whattya know...Ho Ho Ho!

Well, call me 40 Below, woah
And I'm cold, yeah
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Call me 40 Below

Feel me whippin' in your window
I'll be lickin' 'round your knees
I can drop below zero any moment, baby
I'm talkin' forty degrees

Ah yeah

So if you sneakin' down my backstreets

I suggest you button up
I don't think ya wanna test me, mama
I'm a tough little fuck

Well your famous last words are a hard act to follow
An' too much heat is too hard to swallow
Keep on wonderin' why it's gettin' so damn cold

Well call me 40 Below, ooh yeah
And I'm cold
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Well call me 40 Below

And I'm cold
One kiss of my lips and a storm begins
Give it up, honey, can't race the wind
Good lookin' here I go
Well call me 40 Below

Yeah, you feelin' so cold baby
Button up mama
Better zip it back up

Clap your hands together
Pray for sunny weather
Don't light that match, no way
I'm melting
Oh, you're a horrible, horrible crowd