

Goldfinger

"S.M.P."

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There's something bout the
Cold wind blowing across your face
It's not the kill
It's the thrill of the chase
It's like being in bed with
The girl of your dreams
Or eating a pint of
Ben & Jerry's ice cream
Well you can kick me in the knee
With your ski or your boot
Well that's cool
On your head all root
This is something that
I will always cherish
Here to state the fact that
Skiers Must Perish

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