

## David Lee Roth "40 Below"

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So the 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!  
I just pulled up  
An' lil Jack frost  
Gonna bite your little butt  
So honey cut to the chase  
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

Call me 40 Below  
Cos 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  
Well, I could take a little cold shot  
And try an' ease your situation  
I could sock it to ya non-stop, baby  
So dig on my refrigeration  
Shiverin' a-shakin'  
Yeah, 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  
An' tell everybody they can kiss my ass, oh yeah  
'Cause the ice-man's comin'  
I'll give you bright red cheeks  
An' a runny nose  
Like when the car don't start  
An' yo' booty's froze  
It's like you been here before  
Well, honey, whattya know...Ho Ho Ho!

Well, call me 40 Below

An' 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  
An' I'll be 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 seein' down my backstreets  
I suggest you button up  
I don't think ya wanna test me, mama  
I'm a tough little fart, wow!  
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

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  
An' 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  
Feelin' so cold  
Button up mama  
Yeah, you'd better zip it back up  
Stamp my feet  
Clap your hands together  
Yeah, and pray for sunny weather  
Don't light that match no!  
I'm melting  
You're a horrible, horrible girl...

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