

Sutton Foster "Air Conditioner"

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Oooh this hot summer has got me down again,
Fry an egg on the street
Heatwaves awigglin' on the sidewalk,
Cops are droppin like flies on the beat,
I need a new lover to take me in,
Protect me from this humid air,
Be you from brooklyn, staten island or queens,
I don't care

It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,
Or how big your apartment might be,
All you need's an air conditioner,
And you're the man for me

You can pour me a glass of Perrier,
You can fan my fevered brow,
You can rub my down with alcohol,
But ain't enough!
No how

You can lay me in a tub of ice,
you can spin me in a cold shower, too,
But if you don't have an air conditioner,
I will not go home with you

It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,
Or how big your ego might be,
All you need's an air conditioner,
And you are the man,
You are the man,
You are the man,
You are my man,
You are the man for me
Bye, bye,
Bye, bye,
Buh buh buh badadadada,
Aoooh aoooh

What's that you say?
You live by the hudson river?
And a breeze blows through your door?
Well, honey, if you don't have

a freidrichs in your window,
I don't want to hear anymore

You say you live in a penthouse,
You got a terrace with a view of the night,
Well, that's swell,
But I really must tell you,
An air conditioner is a much prettier sight

It don't matter kinda lovin' you're into,
Or how big your apartment might be,
All you need's an air conditioner,
And you're the man oh,
You're the man,
I don't care what kinda lovin' you're into,
Or how big your ... might be,
All you need's an air conditioner,
And you're the man oh,
You're the man oh,
You're the man for me

Bada dah dah dah dah

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