Baby, It's Cold Outside

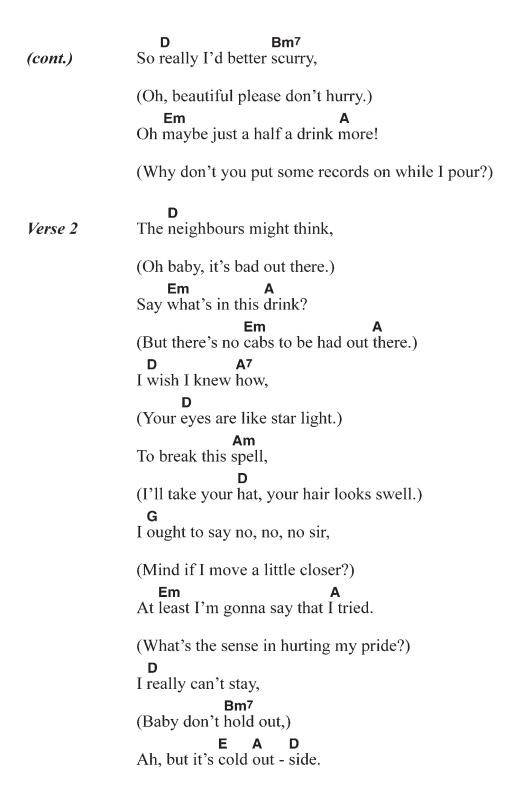
Words & Music by Frank Loesser

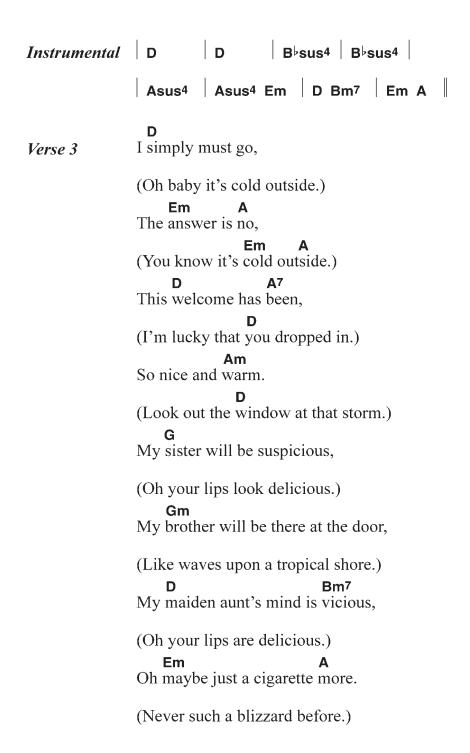


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Verse 4 I've got to go home, (Oh, baby, you would freeze out there.) Say, lend me your comb. Em (You know it's up to your knees out there.) You've really been grand, (I thrill when you touch my hand,) But don't you see, (How can you do this thing to me?) There's bound to be talk tomorrow, (Making my life long sorrow.) At least there will be plenty im - plied, (If you caught pneumonia and died,) I really can't stay -(Get over that old out)

Ah, but it's cold out - side.

4