

## Little Jack Frost, Get Lost

Bing Crosby

Oh, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost  
Little Jack Frost get lost  
You know you don't do a thing but put a bite on my toes  
Freeze up the ground and take the bloom from the rose  
Oh, little Jack Frost go away, go away  
And don't you come back another day

There's lots of cold feet all the lovers complain  
You turn up the heat down on lover's lane  
The bench in the park is alone in the dark  
So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost  
Little Jack Frost get lost

So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost  
Little Jack Frost get lost, get lost  
You don't do a thing but put the bite on my toes  
Freeze up the ground and take the bloom from the rose  
So, little Jack Frost go away, go away  
And don't you come back another day, get gone, go 'way

There's lots of cold feet, all the lovers complain  
You turn off the heat down in lover's lane  
The bench in the park is all alone in the dark  
So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost  
Little Jack Frost get lost

Get lost, get lost, get lost, get lost  
L. J. Frost get lost  
Lost