

Put More Wood on the Fire

Eartha Kitt

I think my man is getting old
The Moon she is shining through the trees
The temperature is up to a hundred degrees
My husband complains that he's feeling cold
I think my man is getting old

All he says is put more wood on the fire, girl
Put more wood on the fire, girl
Oh, put more wood on the fire, girl
I think my man is getting old

(Close the window, he is so cold, so cold)
(Close the window, he is cold)

I bought him some pills for his energy
To fill him full of life and vitality
But all of those vitamins you can keep
He ate them all and went to sleep

All he says is put more wood on the fire, girl
Put more wood on the fire, girl
Put more wood on the fire, girl
I think my man is getting old

(Close the window, he is so cold, so cold)
(Close the window, he is cold)

I sent for some perfume from Paris, France
Guaranteed to put any man in a trance
I tried it on my husband and finally
He took me in his arms and said to me

Baby, put more wood on the fire, girl
Put more wood on the fire, girl
Put more wood on the fire, girl
I think my man is getting old

I think my man is getting old