

May I remind you
May I remind you that you are through
Being the fresh blood
Everyone's seen the tricks you get up to
It's so nice, it's so cold. Your #17

You have a taste for something
You liked to very long ago
Nothing can equal blazing a trail
Through fields of virgin snow
It's so warm, it's so sweet. Your #17
It's so firm, it's so neat. Your #17

You feel cold, you're a whiter shade of pale
Truth be told. Hellhounds on your trail
There goes your final nail
Love is a strange bird
Taking us places we can never dream
Hard to imagine
How does it feel in someone else's skin?
It's so cruel, it's so new. Your #17
It's so fresh, it's all through. Your #17

You've been told
It was in a silent way
You're too old to go on this way
You really should behave
Or face an early grave
There ain't a damn thing
I'll ever say to make you change your mind
So take your fancy
Knowing tomorrow is another time
It's so nice, it's so cold. Your #17
It's so soft, it's so bold. Your #17
It's so warm, it's so sweet. Your #17
It's so firm, it's so neat. Your #17
Your #17