

Baby It's Cold Inside

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

You really must go
I've forgotten my fleece
Blockaded by snow
I'll call the police

Theatre queues, traditional pubs
Unwanted touches and overlong hugs
From Alcatraz to Wormwood Scrubs
Baby it's cold, your chat up lines old
Baby it's cold inside

You've tried being subtle, you've ended up rude
In between sarcastic, foul mouthed and crude
But this gathering storm is not one you brewed
Baby it's cold inside

You're ruining my night
You'll soon change your mind
Let's kiss and not fight
Go kiss my behind

Driving instructor's hand on the knee
Too drunk to drive or just lost his key
Stick 'em in slammer at the old HMP
Baby it's cold, maybe he's bold
But baby he's better inside

You've tried being subtle, you've ended up rude
In between sarcastic, foul mouthed and crude
But this gathering storm is not one you brewed
Baby it's cold inside

You've told him that he's ugly
Implied that you're gay
STD you're carrying
It just won't go away
Tell him that you'll call police
See what they might say
Baby it's cold inside

Once they get started, rarely it stops
Arm round your shoulder at Top of the Pops
Only a punch or a slap round the chops
Baby it's cold, he's tightened his hold
Baby he's better inside

You've tried being subtle, you've ended up rude
In between sarcastic, foul mouthed and crude
But this gathering storm is not one you brewed
Baby it's cold inside