

Baby, It's Cold Outside

Medium Slow Swing

Frank Loesser

$\text{♩} = 78$

(she) I real-ly can't stay, neigh-bors might think, I've got to go 'way, Say, what's in that drink?

(he) But ba by, it's cold out-side. But ba-by, it's bad out there, No cabs to be had.

This eve-ning has been so ve-ry nice. I wish I knew how to break the spell.

Been hop-ing that you'd drop in, I'll hold your hands. Your eyes are like star-light now, I'll take your hat.

My moth-er will start to wor-ry and I ought to say, "No, no, no, sir." At they're just like ice. Beau-ti-ful, what's your your hair looks swell. Mind if I move in

1. fath-er will be pac-ing the floor, So real-ly I'd bet-ter hur-ry? Lis-ten to the fi-re-place roar,

scur-ry, Well, may-be just a half a drink more. The Beau-ti-ful, please don't hur-ry, Put some re-cords on while I pour.