

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 cold.
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.

out - side, Been hop - ing that you'd drop in, I'll hold your hands
out there, 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,

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C_{MI}^7 F^7 B^b7 break

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.

2. C_{MI}^7 F^7 F_{MI}^7 B^b7 E^b6

least I'm gon - na say that I've tried. I real - ly can't stay,
 clos - er? What's the sense of hurt - ing my pride. Oh ba - by, don't hold.

$G_{MI}^{7(b5)}$ C^7 F^7 B^b7 E^b6 (B^b7)

Ah, but it's cold out - side. (I)
 out, Ba - by, it's cold out - side. **(Solo on form)**

$G_{MI}^{7(b5)}$ C^7 F^7 $A^b_{MI}^6$ D^b9 E^b6

Ah, but it's cold out side.
 out, Ba - by, it's cold (horns)

F_{MI}^7 $F^{\#o7}$ F_{MI}^7 $D^7(\#9)$ G^{13} $C^7(\#5)$ F^{13} $B^b7(\#9)$ $E^b6/9$

(horns)

Lyric for second verse:

She

I simply must go,
The answer is no,
The welcome has been
So nice and warm.
My sister will be suspicious,
My brother will be there at the door,
My maiden aunt's mind is vicious,
Well maybe just a cigarette more.
I've got to get home,
Say lend me a comb,
You've really been grand,
But don't you see
There's bound to be talk tomorrow,
At least there will be plenty implied,
I really can't stay,
Ah, but it's cold outside.

He

But baby it's cold outside,
But baby, it's cold outside,
How lucky that you dropped in,
Look out the window at that storm.
Gosh, your lips look delicious,
Waves upon a tropical shore,
Gosh, your lips are delicious,
Never such a blizzard before.
But baby, you'd freeze out there,
It's up to your knees out there,
I thrill when you touch my hand,
How can you do this thing to me?
Think of my lifelong sorrow
If you caught pneumonia and died.
Get over that old doubt,
Baby, it's cold outside.