

## You've Got a Cold

10cc

Your nose is runnin'  
And your eyes are red  
Your head is achin'  
You'd be better in bed  
From the bottom of your fever  
To the throbbing in your toes  
You've got a cold  
You've got a cold

You're searching madly  
To find a cure  
But the mercury's rising  
To a hundred and four  
You've got a beauty, a bad ass  
The mother of them all  
You've got a cold  
You've got a cold

Ain't no use in fightin' it  
Get into bed and try to sweat it out

Hot toddies won't help you  
Warm blankets won't sweat it out  
Inhalants just choke you  
Hot flushes will tell you  
Anyway you've got it  
Ain't no doubt about it  
Nothin' new about  
You can scream and shout it

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Warm blankets won't sweat it out  
Inhalants just choke you  
Hot flushes will tell you  
Anyway you've got it  
Ain't no doubt about it  
Nothin' new about  
You can't fight it

Foreign bodies in your Kleenex  
You've got no taste at all  
While your system is dyin'  
The bugs are havin' a ball  
You've got a beauty, a bad ass  
The mother of them all  
You've got a cold  
You've got a cold