

Little Jack Frost, Get Lost

Bing Crosby

Oh, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost
Little Jack Frost get lost
You know you don't do a thing but put a bite on my toes
Freeze up the ground and take the bloom from the rose
Oh, little Jack Frost go away, go away
And don't you come back another day

There's lots of cold feet all the lovers complain
You turn up the heat down on lover's lane
The bench in the park is alone in the dark
So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost
Little Jack Frost get lost

So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost
Little Jack Frost get lost, get lost
You don't do a thing but put the bite on my toes
Freeze up the ground and take the bloom from the rose
So, little Jack Frost go away, go away
And don't you come back another day, get gone, go 'way

There's lots of cold feet, all the lovers complain
You turn off the heat down in lover's lane
The bench in the park is all alone in the dark
So, little Jack Frost get lost, get lost
Little Jack Frost get lost

Get lost, get lost, get lost, get lost
L. J. Frost get lost
Lost