

Warmer than hell

Spinal Tap

The devil went to Devon
Felt like the fourth degree
He said, is it hot in here
Or is it only me?

Satan sat in Surrey
Sweating like a pig
He said, is this just a fluke
Or is it something big?

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Beelzebub's in Brighton
The last time there he froze
Now he says the sand is far too hot
For his poor cloven toes

Prince of darkness went to Plymouth
Summer all year long
Said, is this global warming
Or just some stupid song?

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When the tarmac bubbles over
And there's sulfur in the air
When the molten gates fly open
You'll wish that you had a friend down there

Sir Lucifer left London
In his chariot of flame
What say I take the credit, then
And you shall take the blame

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