

Wind Chill Factor

The Boomtown Rats

I took a tube train through the subway systems.
I rode those tunnels like a six foot mole.
I came back out and I was gasping for air.
I made it to your place, I was praying you'd be home.
We really shouldn't be alone tonight.
Let's go to a movie where everybody fights
But in the end there's dancing, songs, and smiles
You need lots of smiles....when the

R: Wind chill factor's minus zero
Wind chill factor's minus 10 below.
Wind chill factor's minus zero
Wind chill factor. There you go.

It's one of those days where I don't like myself (uh huh)
But I get along with myself O.K. (O.K.?)
I'll slip beneath these sheets and shiver here awhile (hmmmm)
I find this happening more frequently these days.
Still....I practice nightly, I try to keep ahead.
This art of surfacing is all but dead.
But I keep coming up, with time enough to breathe,
I take what I need.....when the

R:

Do you agree (no)
With anything (no)
Do you believe (no)
In anything (no)
At all (no)

You know when winter comes to visit these big cities,
And the wind starts howling through the elevator shafts.
Well, our love is like one of those older, colder buildings.
But there's cracks in my concrete, I begin to feel the draught.

You start to laugh (no)
You say you've won (no)
It's just I lost (no)
That's not the same (no)

I hobble to my corner and view the situation.
And we'll settle finally for some form of deep freeze
Hibernation.....now the

R: