

Sufjan Stevens, Mr. Frosty Man

Common dinner ready!

It's time to party, Mr. Frosty Man! Let's go!

It's time to tango with the frisky, frosty Frosty Man
he's got a temperature of negative degrees again.
He likes ice cream and Yo La Tengo with the jamming pants
You've got to cool it with the hipster costly Frosty Man
He's chilling, illing, thrilling with the Mr. Saucy Pants
He likes to keep it real, he likes to talk a little sense
He's got a friend called Coolio, Vanilla Ice, and Ice-Cube
Banana split and frozen pie, and Mr. Frosty Pants
Mr. ? Frosty ? Man!
Frosty! Frosty! Frosty! Frosty!... Man!

Don't get his goat he just might melt
and then he gets all mean
When summer comes he sits beside the air conditioning
But Mr. Frosty, don't be bossy
Winter's coming soon
And when it snows again? Frosty!