

There's something bout the  
Cold wind blowing across your face  
It's not the kill  
It's the thrill of the chase  
It's like being in bed with  
The girl of your dreams  
Or eating a pint of  
Ben & Jerry's ice cream  
Well you can kick me in the knee  
With your ski or your boot  
Well that's cool  
On your head all root  
This is something that  
I will always cherish  
Here to state the fact that  
Skiers Must Perish