

Out of the Frying Pan (And Into the Fire)

Jim Steinman

It's only 2 o'clock
And the temperature's beginning to soar
And all around the city
You see the walking wounded and the living dead
It's never been this hot and I've never been so bored
And breathing is just no fun anymore
And then I saw you like a summer dream
And you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said
I saw you like a summer dream
And you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said
You can feel the pulse of the pavement
Racing like a runaway horse
The subways are sizzling
And the skin of the streets is gleaming with sweat
I've seen you sitting on the steps outside
And you were looking so restless and reckless and lost
I think it's time for you to come inside
I'll be waiting here with something that you'll never forget
I think it's time for you to come inside
I'll be waiting here with something that you'll never forget
Come on, come on and there'll be no turning back
You were only killing time and it'll kill you right back
Come on, come on, it's time to burn up the fuse
You got nothing to do and even less to lose
You got nothing to do and even less to lose
So wander down to the ancient hallway
Taking the stairs only one at a time
Follow the sound of my heartbeat now
I'm in the room at the top, you're at the end of the line
Open the door and lay down on the bed
The sun is just a ball of desire
And I wanna take you out of the frying pan and into the fire
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Fire

Songwriters

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