

## Steinman Jim

### "Out Of The Frying Pan"

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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  
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

Chorus:

[  
Come on, come on and there'll be no turning back  
You were only killing time and it can 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  
So 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)  
Out of the frying pan (and into the fire)  
Out of the frying pan and into the fire

And into the fire, fire, fire, and into the fire, fire, fire  
And into the fire, fire, fire, and into the fire

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  
Then I saw you like a summer dream  
And you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said

(chorus)

And I wanna take you out of the frying pan, out of the  
frying pan  
Out of the frying pan and into the fire

And I wanna take you out of the frying pan (and into the  
fire)  
Out of the frying pan (and into the fire)  
Out of the frying pan and into the fire (into the fire)

Fire, fire, fire, and into the fire (repeats out)

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