

## David McComb

### "Too Hot To Move"

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I can hear the siren ringing, I can hear the whistle blow,  
I can hear the customers, they're saying, "Yes, it's  
time to go."

Everything has been delivered, everyone's called it a  
day.

There's a doorman checking in his pocket for his  
weekly pay.

And from this window I can see the street below,  
I can hear the hit parade on the radio,  
There's dirty dishes, piling up in the sink,  
But it's too hot to move, and it's too hot to think.

Outside the dog is growling in a dark and hollow tone,  
He'll be going out tonight, there's nothing here, to  
make him stay at home.

I can hear the baby crying, listen mama's crying  
too.

No one gets much sleeping done till they've been  
crying through and through.

And from this window I can see the street below,  
I can hear the hit parade on a radio,  
There's dirty dishes, piling up in the sink,  
But it's too hot to move, and it's too hot to think.

From this window I can see the street below,  
I can hear the hit parade on the radio,  
There's dirty dishes, piling up in the sink,  
But it's too hot to move, and it's too hot to think.

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