

Out of the Frying Pan (And Into the Fire)

Meat Loaf

It's only two 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 street is gleaming with sweat,
I've seen you sitting on the steps outside,
And you were looking so restless and wreckless and lost,
I think it's time for you to come inside,
And i'll be waiting here with something that you'll never forget,
I think it's time for you to come inside,
And 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 will kill right back,
Come on!
Come on!
It's time to burn up the fuse,
You've got nothing to do and even less to lose,
You've got nothing to do and even less to lose, So wander down 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)
Out of the frying pan (and into the)
Out of the frying pan (and into the fire) And into the fire! fire! fire!
And into the fire! fire! fire!
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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