

I been desert hot down in Phoenix
I been smoggy hot out in L.A.
I been high & dry hot in Colorado
I been charred out on the Midwest Plains
I been madhatter flattened by the heat in Manhattan
I been muggy on the Mighty Miss
I been burned like a stick on Route 66
But I ain't never been this

Hot'lanta, how come you do me this way
When you're 99 in the noonday sun
And a hundred and one in the shade
Hot'lanta, I think I prefer your nights
With your cosmopolitan cafe women
How they do go on and on
Down in Hot'lanta

In a fuselage in a crowded sky
I was trying very hard not to think
But in a paranoid vision of the worst that could happen
I asked my stewardess "Just one more drink"

The cabin temperature had me in a blur
I was shaking by the time we touched down
We hit that tarmac
Hell bent for Mary Mac's
Back in your sizzlin' town

[Chorus]