

# Out Of The Frying Pan

Jim Steinman

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

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

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 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

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chorus And

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