

The Iowa weather was 13 below  
I had come to Des Moines for a radio show  
I awoke in the evening from a traveler's sleep  
With notions of something to eat

The old elevator slid down past the floors  
My head and my eyes said "You should have slept more."  
The man at the desk said the restaurant was closed  
Outside it was 14 below

The lounge was still open and so I walked in  
In place of my food I had two double gins  
I looked 'round the room, as a tourist would do  
That's when I saw the girl in the booth

She sat there and cried in the smoky half-dark  
The silent type crying that tears out your heart  
Her clothes were not cut in the new modern way  
And her suitcase had seen better days

Nobody asked her what caused her such pain  
Nobody spoke up, yet no one complained  
Without even asking, I knew why she cried  
Life is just like that sometimes

The man at the desk said, "It's 15 below."  
The bellhop said "Yeah man, that's cold...that's cold."  
I went back to my room and I wrote down this song  
Oh it sure can get cold in Des Moines