

Tom T. Hall, It Sure Can Get Cold In Des Moines

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