

# 88 Degrees

Cher

Stuck in L.A., ain't got no friends  
And so Hollywood nuts,  
Too many dead ends  
Life on the streets is no where to live  
Do I pack my bags or dare switch  
Just sold my car, I sold it for junk  
I can't pay my rent so I take the bus  
It's the first time  
I been in such a cold place  
Where the temperature is 88

88 degrees  
Lord it's so hot, so damn hot  
Trying to make a deal  
But somehow I'm stopped  
Cause the pace is so heavy  
Maybe it cause the weather  
Yeah, yeah

I'm set in the mood for you  
You remember the time  
You remember the time

Yes, I'm the deal for a whole lot of dough  
I'm hoping success turns ten years to gold  
Finally I'm happening and I set in the press  
You ask me what it's like to be famous

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But somehow I'm stopped  
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Yeah, yeah

Remember the time  
Cause when in your face  
You could start to get angry  
Is it me or just this place  
One thing is for sure  
You got to work so hard  
Sure feels this ain't no place  
For broken hearts  
Just ask me tomorrow if you love you

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