

Stones Rolling

"Play With Fire"

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Well, you've got your diamonds and you've got your
pretty clothes
And the chauffeur drives your car
You let everybody know
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

Your mother she's a heiress, owns a block in Saint
John's Wood
And your father'd be there with her
If he only could
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

Your old man took her diamonds and tiaras by the
score
Now she gets her kicks in Stepney
Not in Knightsbridge anymore
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

Now you've got some diamonds and you will have
some others
But you'd better watch your step, girl
Or start living with your mother
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

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