

Brolle

"Playing With Fire"

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She was barely sixteen and too young to be drinking
wine
She belonged to a guy with a car the aggressive kind
I got high on a rush when my eyes locked on hers
She would not look away and from there it got worse
She came up and said I know that pain doesn't hurt
I should have found the words

Refr:

Come on come on it's late and we're way off the
track
Troubles wait for us now
If we kiss there'll be no turning back it's a fact
Troubles wait for us now
Cause we're playing with fire
I'm playing with fire
Playing with you

We went out in the night to the stars and the mystic
moon
We were far from the crowd and a thought shall we get
back soon?
But her face was so close and my mind was a mess
And the stars they said no but the moon whispered yes
She took my hand and said I know a place we can go
No one will ever know

Come on come on it's late...

Cause we're playing with fire
I'm playing with fire
Playing with you
Is playing with fire
And you got me burning now
Don't get me burning now
Oh...

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