

Richard Marx "Playing With Fire"

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Hey, you got the look of a lonely woman's eyes
What'cha thinking when you're standing so close to
me?

Ain't no law says a man can't fantasize
There's a secret locked up in you tight
Ooh, I'd love to turn the key

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, fighting my desire, baby
Whoah, my conscience is a liar
Oh, Lord, have mercy on the shameless sinner

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, walking on a wire, now I
Whoah, I face the crucifier
What'cha doin' to me?

Live by rules made up by society
But I guess I must've missed election day
'Cause so much about you looks so good to me, yeah
For what I'm thinking I could go to jail
But some laws are born to break

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, fightin' my desire, baby
Whoah, my conscience is a liar
Oh, Lord, have mercy on the shameless sinner

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, stakes are getting higher, now I
Whoah, I face the crucifier
What'cha doin' to me?

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, fighting my desire, baby
Whoah, my conscience is a liar
Oh, Lord, have mercy on the shameless sinner

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, walking on a wire, now I
Whoah, I face the crucifier
What'cha doin' to me?

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, fighting my desire, baby
Ooh, I'm beggin' you Lord, have mercy
On a shameless sinner

Whoah, playing with fire
Whoah, stakes are getting higher
I think I'm losin' it

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