

Shannon Curfman "Playing With Fire"

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Down at the crossroads
They say he sold his soul
Hell-bent on being king of blues
Deal with the devil
But I swear there's an angel in there
Gotta give credit
Where credit's due

Sittin' in his rockin' chair
He put the mojo in the air
Yeah, hear the black cat moanin'

Twelve bars and a man possessed
Separated from all the rest
He was playing with fire
Six string -- his thing
No waking up from that dream
Took it -- turned it upside down
He rocked woodstock
Jump start -- never could stop
Guitar gods all hit the ground

Heads up when he hit the stage
Sky high in a manic rage
Yeah, and the rocket's red glare
They say the boy really caused a scene
He took a match and he lit that thing
He was playin' with fire

Who's that creeping
Taking ahold of my hand?
Who's that moving
Through my veins?
Must be the spirit
Of those who've gone before
Got their fingers on my strings

Sittin' in my rockin' chair
I feel the mojo in the air
Yeah, I hear the black cat moanin'
Let it roll all over me
Let it take me 'til I'm free

And I'm playin' with fire

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