

Ana Johnston, Playing With Fire

No stop in gasoline,
I know I shouldnt but Im playing with fire,
God knows where Ive been,
it has been a struggle and I sure I feel tired.
Try to walk away,
but then you begging me to stay.
What to a game, playing this game.
It seems like Im addicted to whatever help me put me through.
Its spinning in my mind, just bring you playing with fire.
Just blowing all your kind, but your notorious liar.
Try to keep it low, but then you wake my desire. .. you got my wracked up in wire.
Youre sleeping with someone else,
Im not for sure cause I read it in a letter. I keep on fooling myself ,
like you will change into something better,
I try to walk away, but then you begging me to stay,
its all in vain. Im on in your game.
It seems like Im addicted to whatever help me put me through.
Its spinning in my mind,
just bring you playing with fire.
Just blowing all your kind but your notorious liar.
Try to keep it low,
but then you wake my desire. ..
you got my wracked up in wire.

..
I keep on playing with fire
I try to keep it low,
Why do you play with my fire
You burn me out

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Why do you play with my fire
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Try to keep it low, but then you wake my desire. ..
you got my wracked up in wire.