

Kenny Rogers, Fightin' Fire With Fire

You came here on purpose, in front of me, Diana
To be seen with some other man
You're wanting me to watch him, enjoy the freedom
You're letting him take with his hands.

Did you tell or must I tell him, Diana
Does it matter to that kind of man?
Any place he touches or kisses, Diana
Is some place I've already been.

You know you're fighting fire with fire
Over something that broke us apart
At least I was hiding and trying, Diana
To keep it from breaking your heart.

You must've been crazy, for taking advantage
Of the fact that you weren't around
But she was so soft and pretty
And she made a promise, never to utter a sound.

Can you tell or must I tell you, Diana
It's a heart burning hell that I'm in
And any place he touches or kisses, Diana
I'd gladly crawl back there again.

You know you're fighting fire with fire
Over something that broke us apart
At least I was hiding and trying, Diana
To keep it from breaking your heart...