

# Richard Marx, Playing With Fire

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 doing 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 doing 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 doing to me

Whoah, playing with fire  
Whoah, fighting my desire, baby  
Ooh, I'm beggin' you Lord, have mercy  
on the shameless sinner  
Whoah, playing with fire  
Whoah, walking on a wire, now I  
Whoah, stakes are getting higher  
I think I'm losin' it