

# Shannon Curfman, Playing With Fire

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