

Gene Watson, Fightin' Fire With Fire

You came here on purpose in front of me, Diana
To be seen with some other man
You're wantin' me a-watchin' him enjoyin' the freedom
You're lettin' him take with his hands
Should you tell or must I tell him, Diana
Or does it matter to that kind of man
Anyplace he touches or kisses, Diana
Is some place I already been

You're just fightin' fire with fire
Over something that broke us apart
But at least I was hidin' and tryin', Diana
To keep it from breakin' your heart

I was foolish, Diana, for takin' advantage
Of the fact that you weren't around
But she was soft and pretty and she made a promise
That she'd never utter a sound
Could you tell a mistake, I tell you, Diana
It's a hot burnin' hell that I'm in
'Cause anyplace he touches or kisses, Diana
I'd gladly crawl back there again

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(fade)To keep it from breakin' your heart