

Old Flame

Dillon Carmichael

Well I don't know what I was thinkin'
I must've lost my mind somewhere in Tennessee
Well it might've been the fuel I was drinkin'
But she locked me up and swallowed the key

I shouldn't have ever dialed her number
I shoulda took my ass on back home
Instead I opened the door to all my past demons
Now I'm spinnin' on this floor

And I'm dancin' with the Devil
And there's no one else to blame
I'm playing with fire
Pouring gasoline on an old flame

Her conversation sounded so innocent
But there was more to that "How ya been?"
There was nothin' casual about it
When them memories came rushin' in

And I'm dancin' with the Devil
And there's no one else to blame
I'm playing with fire
Pouring gasoline on an old flame

Now I'm dancin' with the Devil
And there's no one else to blame
I'm playing with fire
Pouring gasoline, pouring gasoline on an old flame