

Playing With Fire

Loretta Lynn

I'm sorry
And the night's not even over
I'll end up hurt
But worse I'll be to blame

After all that I've been burned
You'd think I'd finally learn
Still I keep walking right back through the flame

Lord, I'm playing with the fire one more time
Covering his flamin' lips with mine
Knowing I should let him go
Oh, Lordy
What a fool

I'm playing with fire
And the hotter it gets
The harder it is to keep it cool

Sometimes I curse the day I ever met him
But worse I curse myself
'Cause he's not mine
I always see the smoke
Before I start to choke
It's the same old flame that gets me every time