

# 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