

Playing With Fire

Oliver Tree

Don't look my way
From my view, it don't look so great
From a mile away
I'm looking like a mighty disgrace

But baby, don't call me a liar
Watch me while I'm playing with fire
Dancing butt naked on a telephone wire
Spinning circles like a busted old tire

Much to my chagrin
Drool hanging down from my double chin
What a life I live
My cowboy tears blowing in the wind

But baby, don't call me a liar
Watch me while I'm playing with fire
Dancing butt naked on a telephone wire
Spinning circles like a busted old tire

This won't kill me
But I can feel it pumping through my veins
I hate these feelings
Bad thoughts floating in the back of my brain

Waiting for the crash
Got my foot slammed down on the gas
Enough horsepower to blast
Baby, the flames are coming fast

Any second I'll crash
Got my fingers crossed behind my back
The end is coming fast
I'm spiraling down, burning out in fact

But baby, don't call me a liar
Watch me while I'm playing with fire
Dancing butt naked on a telephone wire
Spinning circles like a busted old tire

This could kill me
It'll all burn down to the ground, I reckon
This could kill me
Watch it all burn down to the ground any second