

# Fire

Peking Duk

If that's the way it's gonna be  
Leave your shiny yellow key on the doorstep  
And start burning up your ties  
And take your coat, I guess, and the shirt right off my back  
I don't mind, 'cause I'm gonna set this house on

Don't have to hit below the belt  
With those leather shoes you wear so well  
No, you don't have to kiss and tell  
'Cause you're only gonna hurt yourself

The minute that I walk in, you're trying to hold me down  
Tryna sink your claws in, 'til I'm face flat on the ground  
Don't know what you've been drinking  
Every time you come around  
So let me down

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I sent you running for the hills  
I guess by now you know the drill  
The type that only shoots to kill  
And you only do it for the thrill

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