Playing With Fire

Brandon Flowers

Daddy, I'm not gonna tell you that I'm sorry,
But there aint nothin you can do to change my mind.
I'm not here to know the things I cannot do,
We've seen the outcome of the Boys Who Didn't Fly.
That road outside that you've been taking home forever,
That'll be same road that I'll take when I depart.
Those charcoal veins that hold this chosen land together
May twist & turn but somewhere deep there is a heart.
Playing with fire
You know you're gonna hurt somebody tonight
And you're out on the wire
You know we're playing with fire
Perhaps, this calling is the channel of invention,
I will not blush if others see it as a crime.
However dangerous the road, however distant,
These things won't compromise the will of the design.
Ten thousand Demons hammer down with every footstep,
Ten thousand Angels rush the wind against my back.
The church of mine may not be recognised by steeple,

That doesn't mean that I will walk without a God.
Rollin' River of Truth, can you spare me a sip?
The holy fountain of youth has been reduced to a drip.
I've got this burning belief in salvation and love
This notion may be naive, but when push comes to shove
I will till this ground
You know you're gonna hurt somebody tonight
Oh woah oh woah woah
(out on the wire)
I might not get there.
This little town, this little house,
They seem to be leaning in the wrong direction
I'm not afraid of you no more.
Playing with fire
You know you're gonna hurt somebody tonight
And you're out on the wire
You know we're playing with fire

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