

# Playing With Fire (Instrumental)

[Andrey Triana](#)

He stays out far too late,  
Drinking alone.  
Likes to hang out at the bar,  
He's the last to go home.  
His world just keeps on spinning,  
He's way out of control,  
He's losing sight and his days turn to night,  
And there's just no letting go. He's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire.  
He can't get no higher,  
Wants to be flying free;  
But he comes crashing down when he hits the ground,  
Less stuck on reality.  
'Cause he's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire, fire. He wakes up 5 hours late,  
In last night's clothes.  
Red eyes with a splitting head,  
Wondering how he got home.  
The ceiling keeps on spinning and he's way out of control,  
He's losing sight and his days turn to night and he just can't let it go. He's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire.  
He can't get no higher,  
Wants to be flying free;  
But he comes crashing down when he hits the ground,  
Less stuck on reality.  
'Cause he's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire. And his heart is racing faster,  
Full of flames, he feels the heat,  
He won't stop until it's over, it's over. He's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire,  
He can't get no higher,  
Wants to be flying free;  
But he comes crashing down when he hits the ground,  
Less stuck on reality  
'Cause he's a real-live wire,  
Gonna get burnt playing with fire, fire,  
fire, fire...

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