Play With Fire

Rickie Lee Jones

Well, you've got your diamonds and you've got your pretty clothes
And the chauffeur drives your car
You let everybody know
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fireYour mother she's an heiress, owns a block in Saint John's Wood
And your father'd be there with her
If he only could
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fireYour old man took her diamond's and tiaras by the score
Now she gets her kicks in Stepney
Not in Knightsbridge anymore
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fireNow you've got some diamonds and you will have some others
But you'd better watch your step, girl
Or start living with your mother
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

Songwriters
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