

# Play With Fire

## The Rolling Stones

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 fire

Your 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 fire

Your 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 fire

Now 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

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