

# Fatal Passion

Lita Ford

When I was 18, you know I fell in love with you  
But you were the bitch babe  
I guess you'd call it a fatal passion  
You try to pull my trigger, always leading my on  
Makin' up your own rules, I was always the clown  
Times must change now, you'll see it my way  
I just can't take it  
What you don't know, I must say

I guess we both had a lot to learn  
Uh, huh  
You play with fire, you're gonna get burned  
Don't call me insane, 'cause that's not my game  
Turn your head, you're dead  
From a fatal passion  
Cross your heart and hope you survive  
Fatal passion

You're like a broken picture  
A mirrored image I can't see  
You tried to lock me up  
And you swallowed the key  
My mind's been twisted  
Time my wounds must heal

Lookin' back in anger  
Now you know just how I feel  
But tell me where do you draw the line  
Uh, huh  
It's time that you realize

Don't call me insane  
'Cause that's not my game  
Turn your head, you're dead

You try to pull my trigger, always leading my on  
Makin' up your own rules, I was always the clown

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