

Play With Fire

The Rolling Stones

Well, you've got your diamonds
And you've got your pretty clothes
And the chauffeur drives your cars
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 diamonds
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