

Walking On Thin Ice

Tila Tequila

Walking on thin ice
I'm paying the price
For throwing the dice in the air
Why must we learn it the hard way
And play the game of life with your heart

La la la la la la

I gave you my knife
You gave me my life
Like a gush of wind in my hair
Why do we forget what's been said
And play the game of life with your hearts

La la la la la....

I may cry some day
But the tears will dry whichever way
And when our hearts return to ashes
It'll be just a story
It'll be just a story

La la la la la la