

## Play with Fire

### The Pretty Things

Well, you've got your diamonds  
And you've got your pretty clothes  
And the chauffeur drives your car, babe  
You let everybody know  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

Your mother is some heiress  
Got a block in Saint John's Wood  
Your father would be there with her  
If he only could  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

(Playing with fire, playing with fire)

Now she's got her diamonds  
And she's gotta get some others  
But she'd better watch her step, now  
Or else be living with her mother  
Oh don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire

No don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire  
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing with fire