

New Rules – Dua Lipa

Talkin' in my sleep at night
Makin' myself crazy
Wrote it down and read it out
Hopin' it would save me
My love
He makes me feel like nobody else
Nobody else
But my love
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself
I tell myself
One: Don't pick up the phone
You know he's only callin' 'cause he's
drunk and alone
Two: Don't let him in
You'll have to kick him out again
Three: Don't be his friend
You know you're gonna wake up in his
bed in the morning
And if you're under him
You ain't gettin' over him
I got new rules, I count 'em
I got new rules, I count 'em
I gotta tell them to myself
I got new rules, I count 'em
I gotta tell them to myself
I keep pushin' forwards
But he keeps pullin' me backwards
No way
No
Now I'm standin' back from it
I finally see the pattern
But my love
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself
I tell myself I do, I do, I do
One: Don't pick up the phone
You know he's only callin' 'cause he's

drunk and alone

Two: Don't let him in

You'll have to kick him out again

Three: Don't be his friend

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Practice makes perfect

I'm still tryna learn it by heart

Eat, sleep, and breathe it

Rehearse and repeat it, 'cause I

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I gotta tell them to myself

Don't let him in, don't let him in

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't be his friend, don't be his friend

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't let him in, don't let him in

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't be his friend, don't be his friend

Don't, don't, don't
You're gettin' over him



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych