

New Rules – Dua Lipa

Talkin' in my sleep at night, makin' myself crazy
(Out of my mind, out of my mind)
Wrote it down and read it out, hopin' it would save me
(Too many times, too many times)
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
(Nowhere to turn, no way)
(Nowhere to turn, no)
Now I'm standin' back from it, I finally see the pattern
(I never learn, I never learn)
But my love
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself
I tell myself I do, I do, I do

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



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